THE

MISCELLANEOUS DOCUMENTS

OF THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

FOR THE

SECOND SESSION OF THE FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS,

1882-'83.

VOLUME 8.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1883.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS

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ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

WILLIAM M. LOWE,

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM ALABAMA)

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

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47TH CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 30.

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[PUBLIC RESOLUTION—No. 11.]

JOINT RESOLUTION to print certain eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late William M. Lowe.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late William M. Lowe, a member of the Forty-seventh Congress from the State of Alabama, twelve thousand copies, of which three thousand shall be for the use of the Senate and nine thousand for the use of the House of Representatives; and the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said William M. Lowe, to accompany said eulogies; and for the purpose of engraving or printing said portrait the sum of five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be, and the same is hereby, appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved, February 23, 1883.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF WILLIAM M. LOWE.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
December 4, 1882.

Mr. HERBERT. Mr. Speaker, I rise to announce that since the adjournment of this House in August my colleague, Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE, died at his residence in Huntsville, Alabama; and making to-day simply this sad announcement that he has gone from among us forever, I give notice that on some future occasion a motion will be made to fix a day upon which this House shall pay appropriate honors to his memory.

I now yield to the gentleman from Ohio, who has a similar announcement to make.

Mr. TAYLOR. Mr. Speaker, with feelings of the deepest personal sorrow I have to announce the death of my honorable colleague, JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, late a member of this House from the State of Ohio. The experience of Mr. UPDEGRAFF in this Hall, his fidelity to the public service, his integrity, and his ability cause his loss to be deplored by this body and by the country. His private character and social qualities give to his death ground for peculiar grief to those who knew him best.

I ask the action of the House on the following resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death during the late recess of H n. WILLIAM M. LOWE, late a Rep-

resentative f om the State of Alabama, and of Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolution to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The resolution was unanimously adopted; and accordingly the House adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
February 3, 1883.

Mr. OATES. The hour having arrived, according to the order of the House, for eulogies on the late Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE, of Alabama, I submit the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has received with profound sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE, late a Representative from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That the business of this House be now suspended, in order to afford an opportunity for the expression of proper tributes to the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House, at the conclusion of such memorial services, adjourn, and that these resolutions be transmitted to the Senate for its action thereon.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously.

Address of Mr. OATES, of Alabama.

Mr. SPEAKER: "Paint me as I am," said Oliver Cromwell to young Lely; "if you leave out the scars and wrinkles I will not pay you a shilling."

One of Shakespeare's great creations, in contemplation of immediate death, exclaims, "Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice;" and so shall I speak in paying the last sad tribute to my late colleague and friend. In the plainest language and without the employment of figures of speech I shall

endeavor to paint him as he was, although I am conscious of my inability to do so according to his merits.

WILLIAM MANNING LOWE was born in Huntsville, Madison County, Alabama, on the 16th day of January, 1842, and died in that town on the 12th day of October, 1882, in the forty-first year of his age. His ancestry was of the highest respectability. On the paternal side he descended from a family of Marylanders who came over from England with Lord Baltimore. His father, General Bartley M. Lowe, was born in Edgefield District, South Carolina, in the year 1797, but soon thereafter his father, who had been a captain of volunteers in the Revolutionary war, removed to Florida and accepted service under the Spanish Government, for which he received large grants of land. General Lowe upon reaching manhood located in Huntsville, and engaged in merchandising with such success that he soon became the "merchant prince" of that town.

He married a Miss Manning, who was of a wealthy and intelligent family. He was for many years president of the State bank at Huntsville. He took an active part in politics, and was at one time a Presidential elector and supporter of General Jackson. In the later years of his life he was engaged in the commission business in New Orleans, where he became well known, as he was at home, for his ability as a financier, his high integrity, and public spirit. He died at his home in Huntsville in 1867 at the age of 70 years, respected and honored by all who knew him. He left six children, three sons and three daughters. Dr. John T. Lowe, who was chief surgeon of General Loring's division of the Confederate army during the late war, is an eminent physician. Robert J. Lowe, the next oldest, was a lawyer, and represented Madison County in the State legislature in 1859 with signal ability for one so young. He attended the Baltimore convention, and was a warm supporter of Breckinridge for the Presidency in 1860. When Mr. Lincoln was elected he was fired with the spirit of secession, volunteered in the first company that left his county in 1861, and from the fatigue and exposure incident to camp life and the forced march of General Johnston to reach the first battle of Manassas, contracted typhoid fever, of which he died.

My late colleague, the youngest son, was the brightest and most intellectual of the inmates of that grand old homestead situated on one of the picturesque hills of the classic town of Huntsville. The father, justly proud of his fair-haired, bright-eyed boy, was so indulgent that the latter scarcely knew restraint. This too great but perhaps pardonable indulgence made its impression on the youthful mind, and, coupled with his native independence, so shaped the character of the man that he never could gracefully submit to a line of discipline opposed to his conviction or inclination.

His father gave him the best opportunities for mental training. He attended school at Florence, Alabama, the University of Tennessee, and the University of Virginia, and acquired a classical education.

In 1860, long before he attained his majority, he was a strong advocate of the election of Douglas, notwithstanding his father and brothers were active supporters of Breckinridge for the Presidency. And, on the election of Mr. Lincoln, when they were for secession, he, with equal firmness, opposed this doctrine, contending that there was no sufficient cause for a dissolution of the Union. But when the tocsin of war was sounded and his State called for troops, he volunteered as a private in the same company with his brother, in the Fourth Alabama Regiment of infantry, with which he participated in the first battle of Manassas, and in the midst of that conflict fell severely, and it was thought at the time mortally, wounded. He was left upon the field among the dead until the battle was over before he was removed and cared for.

After several months of suffering he recovered, but a deep scar on his forehead ever remained an infallible testimony of his gallantry upon that momentous occasion. He was afterward promoted to a captaincy and served for a time on the staff of General Withers, and was again wounded near Murfreesborough, Tennessee. He was subsequently, at his own request, transferred to General Clanton's staff in the cavalry arm of the service, and was soon after promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, serving with Clanton through his campaigns in Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee until captured at the battle of Franklin. Thence he was taken to Camp

Chase and Fort Delaware, where he was confined as a prisoner of war until three months after the surrender. He was offered his parole much earlier upon taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, but this he persistently refused, and remained in prison till President Johnson, who knew something of his antecedents, caused him to be released without taking any oath at all.

In the fall of the year 1865 Colonel LOWE was elected solicitor of the Huntsville circuit, which office he held and discharged the duties thereof with great credit to himself and satisfaction to the people until displaced by the reconstruction measures of Congress in 1868. During his official term he developed such strength of character and so much political tact in reorganizing the Democratic party that he at once became a leader in the politics of the State. He was a delegate from his district to the national Democratic convention, held in New York in 1868, which nominated Mr. Seymour for the Presidency. I met him for the first time in that convention. I favored the nomination of General Hancock upon a platform accepting as accomplished facts the reconstruction of the Southern States, recognizing them as acts of the conquering power, and pretermitting the constitutionality, wisdom, and injustice of the reconstruction measures to be dealt with by the people under the mellowing influences of time. When I made my views known to Colonel LOWE I found a happy concurrence of opinion. But we were the youngest members of the delegation from our State and unable to control its action. Some lively discussions, however, were had in the committee-room. Perhaps the liveliest of these occurred when our chairman, who was one of the four ex-governors on the delegation, deliberately proposed a resolution recommending the Democrats of Alabama to hold the Presidential election independent and in defiance of the then existing State government. I trust that I commit no breach of propriety in mentioning this circumstance, since that distinguished chairman's loyalty has long since been assured beyond question by a change in his party relations.

Standing together upon every question under consideration, at our first acquaintance, a strong personal attachment sprang up be-

tween Colonel LOWE and myself, which continued unabated to the close of his life, although we differed—intensely, radically differed—politically during the last four years.

In November, 1870, he was elected from his county to the lower house of the general assembly, a house composed largely of such men as Hons. G. W. Hewitt, B. B. Lewis, Taul Bradford, N. N. Clements, subsequently members of Congress, and J. P. Hubbard, H. T. Taulmin, Oliver Semmes, R. K. Boyd, J. M. Carmichael, and others, whose names I cannot at this moment recall, who have since risen to distinction, and proven themselves men of first-class ability. At the organization Colonel LOWE received several votes for speaker, but was not a candidate. I was also a member of that house, which brought me in close personal contact, and gave me the best opportunities for observing his character, habits, and mental endowments.

He was abstemious and never indulged in strong drink, although cheerful, sportive, and fond of the gay world.

It cannot be said that he was either a hard worker or a great student. He was a thinker. He read much, and was quite familiar with a large number of books, but he thought more. His mind was broad and comprehensive, yet critically exacting and accurate in controversy, except when disposed to indulge in irony or ridicule, in which his wit claimed the privilege of exaggeration. He possessed a splendid legal mind, yet he was not a great or profound lawyer. No man ever did or ever will attain eminence in this the greatest of professions except through long years of laborious and unremitting study and application, which the world calls genius.

While my departed friend esteemed the law a great science, it had no such enchantment for him. His tastes were political. They were in accord with his ambition, to which he subordinated all other considerations consistent with honor and integrity. He was an accomplished scholar, profound thinker, strong, terse, and elegant in diction; he was a convincing writer, and, with a keen appreciation of the ridiculous and his unsurpassed conversational powers, he was one of the most companionable and entertaining men I ever knew.

His literary taste was of a high order and his mind well stored with the most select and useful information which could be made available as the basis of a statesman's character. He possessed poetic genius and wrote some beautiful fugitive verses. One of these little poems was reproduced some years ago in the Saturday Evening Post of New York, and pronounced by that paper to be quite equal to some of the best stanzas of Lord Byron; yet he never esteemed himself a poet nor sought reputation as such. He had a purpose in life, a destiny chosen by himself. Keenly alive to either praise or censure, yet reputation won in other fields than such as tended to political preferment was by that fact, in his estimation, shorn of half its value.

His thoughts and methods were peculiarly his own. They were original and eccentric. He never imitated. His respect for precedent was marked by expediency. His reverence for antiquities was moderate and he refused to adhere to a practice or principle merely because it was hoary with age. He cared little for what men had done or were inclined to do. He adopted the line of policy which suited him best, and like a railroad bridged streams, tunneled mountains, and took his own independent course.

Original in thought, he was yet more original in the skillful utilization of ideas which he extracted from others and dressed in his own peculiar garb with such consummate art that all the world acknowledged them his own. Hence during his service in the State legislature I feel assured that the surviving members of that body will bear me out in asserting that Colonel LOWE, legitimately I concede, made more reputation out of the work he did than any other member of that unusually able house of representatives.

In 1875 I served with him in the convention of one hundred delegates which framed the present excellent constitution of Alabama. These delegates were chosen not on account of personal popularity so much as for their knowledge and experience in matters of statecraft, legislative, judicial, and executive. In that convention of distinguished men Colonel LOWE not only sustained the high reputation he had previously won, but added fresh laurels to it.

In 1876 he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress in the eighth district. The convention assembled at Decatur, and in its organization adopted that foolish and mischievous two-thirds rule, which has no place in any code of parliamentary law and should never have found one in any State or district nominating convention. Other candidates were before the convention, but Colonel LOWE was the choice of the majority. He never could, however, receive the two-thirds of the votes which the rule required to secure his nomination. Hence, after between one and two hundred fruitless ballotings, the names of all the candidates were withdrawn, and Hon. W. W. Garth, who had not been a candidate, but was a LOWE delegate in the convention, was then nominated, and subsequently elected.

Although disappointed, if not mortified at the action of the convention, Colonel LOWE supported Mr. Garth as he was in honor bound to do.

In 1878 Mr. Garth was again nominated by the Democrats. Colonel LOWE refused to go before the convention, inferentially, I would say, because he saw that he could not be nominated on account of another old party custom of giving a member a second nomination if he behaved himself during his first term. But be this as it may, Colonel LOWE announced himself an independent Democratic-Greenback candidate against Mr. Garth.

Up to this time he had been a prominent and consistent Democrat. It was claimed by many, and I believe denied by no one, that he had done more for the success of that party since the late war than any other man in North Alabama. He was constitutionally and by education a Democrat; not a political martinet, or what he styled "Bourbon," but a Democrat of liberal, enlarged, and conservative views on questions of economy and policy.

But as to the character, powers, and purposes of the fundamental law of our Government, he was as sound a Democrat as I ever heard discourse upon that subject. He felt that his party had not recognized his services nor rewarded him as he was entitled, that he had been set aside unjustly, and his proud and ambitious soul rebelled against it. He seized upon the Greenback policy,

which as a Democrat he was inclined honestly to believe the best financial policy in the administration of the Government, and advocated it with such signal ability that he won to his standard many supporters.

A considerable number of Democrats, from personal admiration and attachment, believing that his merits entitled him to higher consideration than the Democratic conventions had accorded him, gave him their support with alacrity. While on the other hand many equally warm personal friends, standing firmly by the action of their party in convention, became alienated and put forth strenuous efforts to defeat him. The contest was an exciting one. Two-thirds of the wealth and intelligence and all the newspapers but one in the district supported Mr. Garth.

The opposing candidates met in joint discussion and were greeted everywhere by large and enthusiastic audiences. The Republicans of the district being in a hopeless minority, so that they could not elect a candidate of their own, flocked to LOWE'S standard as birds fly to cover in a tempest. His supporters, composed of incongruous elements, were united alone upon the question of his election. They constituted, therefore, a great personal following—in fact a "LOWE party." He was successful. He defeated Mr. Garth by over 2,000 majority.

Colonel LOWE at the time he broke from his old party repudiated none of its fundamental principles, but only its methods; and, while doubtless he felt that his grievances fully justified his course, I am constrained to believe that it was the great mistake of his life. The sense of justice in men of any party, however tardy in action, will eventually assert itself and reward true merit within their own ranks if he who possesses it uncomplainingly exercises the virtue of patience. Had he adhered to his party and retained his health he would most likely have held a seat in the other end of this Capitol to-day. His prospects were more promising than those of any man in the State of his age. But of splendid physique, manly form, a mind well stored with the choicest literature and politcal information, his countenance radiant with intelligence, a voice as clear and musical as the lute of Orpheus, his

sublime courage and confidence in his own ability to make his fame so brilliant as to obliterate forever any dark spots of inconsistency upon it conspired to lead him resistlessly forward. He could not possess his ambitious soul in patience.

In the Forty-sixth Congress he was not conspicuous and added but little to his former reputation. Like every observing and sensible man who becomes a member of this House of Representatives, he saw that here he became a student for a time, instead of a teacher, and that it was best for his reputation that he should wait and learn from more experienced members before he undertook to apply the metewand of legislation to the most important and complicated proceedings.

In 1880 he was a candidate for re-election. The Democrats nominated General Joseph Wheeler, who was personally very popular, particularly on account of his brilliant career in the late war. As in the previous election, except with greater energy, every effort was made by the Democracy to defeat Colonel LOWE. Nearly every newspaper in the district and throughout the State opposed him and advocated Wheeler's election. The best speakers and campaigners were sent into the district from different parts of the State to canvass and speak against him. He met upon the stump any who wished a joint discussion with him.

He possessed the courage of his convictions, was aggressive and bold, with a sarcasm that was withering and a power to ridicule which was unique and unrivaled. At times he was pathetic and eloquent; not a great orator in the popular sense of that word, but an earnest, impressive, effective, and captivating speaker. Always cool, courageous, and self-possessed, he was a fearful antagonist in debate.

General L. P. Walker, an eminent lawyer, statesman, and polemic, at the bar meeting held in Huntsville on the death of Colonel LOWE, among other things gave utterance to the following high estimate of his deceased townsman's ability:

> Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE was a man of exceptionally rare abilities. As a political debater he was the only peer of William L. Yancey. Had his conversations been reduced to writing they would have been as readable as those of Dr. Johnson. Two years ago when I was assigned to meet him in political

debate at Tuscumbia I felt that my position was infallible. I made my speech and thought it unanswerable; but when Colouel LOWE had concluded his reply I had very grave doubts as to whether I had been right.

His speech in his own behalf—

Said General Walker—

in the late remarkable contest between himself and General Wheeler for the seat in Congress was the most exhaustive argument in defense of the justness of his side of the case that could have been made; and if posterity will do itself the credit to read it carefully it will certainly be benefited thereby.

The election was close, but General Wheeler was awarded the certificate by a majority of 43 votes on the face of the returns. Colonel LOWE contested, and was seated by this House in June last. The speech to which General Walker alluded was not delivered before the House, but merely printed in the Record.

Prior to the assembling of the present Congress Colonel LOWE had lost his magnificent voice and could only converse in a whisper. Before that affliction he was one of the finest singers I ever heard. Often have I been enraptured by hearing him play upon the guitar and sing with deep, melodious voice that beautiful song, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," composed by the brave, the heroic General W. H. Lytle, the night before he fell, September 20, 1863, in front of my regiment at the battle of Chickamauga. But now the voice of the singer, like that of the composer, Federal and Confederate, brethren of a common country, alike honored and lamented, is silent in death.

Colonel LOWE left Washington in July last, while Congress was still in session, and went to Colorado in quest of health, and remained there until September under the impression that the pure and rarefied air of that elevated country was greatly benefiting him. In the latter part of August the Democrats of his district met in convention and nominated for Congress Hon. Luke Pryor, a man of high character and acknowledged ability. Colonel LOWE saw in this that if he would be his own successor in Congress another terrible intellectual battle had to be fought and won.

Disease could not repress his ambition nor curb his plucky spirit. He came home and entered the field as a candidate for the Forty-eighth Congress. He and his friends thought his health somewhat improved. He engaged actively in the canvass, but on the 8th of

October he returned home from the western part of his district very much exhausted and took to his bed. Growing worse, he was removed to the house of his widowed sister, Mrs. Nicholas Davis, where he received his friends, was very cheerful, and seemed to have no apprehension of approaching dissolution. Even on the 11th he discussed his campaign, with great confidence in the certainty of his election. His difficulty in breathing increased as the evening wore away, the family became alarmed, and his physicians were summoned, but their skill was unavailing. That deceptive and dreadful destroyer of human life, consumption, had found a permanent lodgment within the breast of that once robust and powerful man. No human agency could arrest it, and at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 12th day of October last that fiery and ambitious soul took leave of its earthly tenement, and WILLIAM MANNING LOWE was dead. The next day, at a meeting of the members of the bar, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, In the death of Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE the Huntsville bar feels itself bereaved of one of its honored and distinguished members. He was a man of rare abilities, superior literary attainments, unusual powers of discrimination, and cogent, powerful, and deductive eloquence. He possessed a judicial mind, and his legal arguments were always clear and lucid, and had he confined himself to the profession of the law he would have reached high eminence as a lawyer.

Captain Humes, who presided at the meeting, said:

Colonel LOWE'S conspicuous and distinguished career, his pre-eminent talent and personal virtues deserve the highest eulogy, and I cannot, feeling as I do upon this subject, mar the solemnity of the occasion by any ill-timed impromptu remarks.

George S. Gordon, esq., said:

Colonel LOWE'S mind was, I have often thought, like a conservatory filled with exotics, his diligent gleanings from the field of letters; and no florist could utilize and arrange more effectually or skillfully than he the cuttings from his mental treasures; and if amid its beauties were found the flowers of fragrance too overpowering, flowers with danger-petals springing from golden calyxes, plants with luxuriance of bloom and growth too unrestrained, let us remember that the same God who made the perfect flowers made also these, and made ourselves and our departed brother. * * * I recall the rich melody of his voice in song as it often thrilled me. * * * I hear distinctly now his whispered tones, produced by disease, which by the very contrast bring to mind the clarion notes of one of his finest songs.

Mr. Speaker, such were the sentiments expressed upon that sad occasion by those who knew him well. These show the estimate placed upon him by his professional brethren and fellow-townsmen who had opposed him politically since his defection from the Democratic party. The newspapers of the country generally paid high editorial tributes to his memory, while a deep sorrow was felt by his constituents for the death of one so courageous, so brilliant, and of such rare attainments. At Cholet, when young Bouchamps fell before the unerring fire of Kleber's intrepid battalions, the sorrow felt by the Vendeans was no less poignant and the demoralization not much greater than that which prevailed among Colonel LOWE's immediate supporters when their intrepid leader fell before the scythe of Time. He had faults, for he was human. Perhaps the greatest was his impatient and lofty ambition. But he sought its gratification by the boldest and most defiant methods, and never would stoop to conquer. He was altogether heroic, and sought rather than shrank from controversy and responsibility, and was a born leader of men.

He never married, and, after the war had swept away the family patrimony, resided with and aided in the maintenance of his sisters. The Huntsville Independent speaks of his attachment to his sisters in the following beautiful language:

> Through his stormy and eventful life his strong and unselfish fraternal devotion to a household widowed and orphaned shone out as a star on a dark and tempestuous sea.

He has crossed over the turbulent river of death, and in Christian faith, let us hope, rests under the shade of the trees on the other side. He has finished the labors of this life and passed beyond human vision into "the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns."

> Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
> 'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.
> How little do we know that which we are!
> How less what we may be! The eternal surge
> Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
> Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
> Lashed from the foam of ages; while the graves
> Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

Address of Mr. HERBERT, of Alabama.

Mr. SPEAKER: The biography and character of WILLIAM M. LOWE have been so fully and so ably portrayed by his intimate friend, my colleague, that little is left for me to say. I come simply to lay a flower on the grave of my dead friend.

I remember well when I first heard his name. It was in the winter of 1867–'68. That political revolution known as reconstruction was in progress in Alabama. The future was as dark and uncertain as the past had been bloody and disastrous. The deepest anxiety pervaded every heart, and men who had not lost hope were taking counsel together for the welfare of the State.

I remember well a letter written during that winter to General Clanton from North Alabama. It was from Colonel LOWE. Living in different portions of the State and having served in different portions of the Confederate army, he and I had never met; but that letter, written in confidence to a trusted friend and leader, impressed me so that I shall never forget it. It was conservative in tone, wise in its counsels, statesmanlike, patriotic, and there was a brave, cheery ring about it that sounded like the distant notes of the bugle that betokens help in the coming battle.

We met afterward, and the admiration I had for the writer of that letter increased when I knew the man. And I watched his course long afterward with sincere admiration. He was, as my colleague has said, a born leader of men, and as such, though but a young man, he took and held his place during that never-to-be-forgotten conflict for supremacy that waged with varying success between the two great political parties in Alabama from 1868 to 1874. By his courage, his fidelity, his activity, and unsurpassed services in that memorable struggle he won for himself all over the State hosts of friends, who, though when he had felt himself impelled to change his political relations wished him defeat, could never yet quite forget to love him and never ceased to admire him.

He was born to be admired. Stately in figure, dignified in his carriage, he was ever fearless in his purpose.

> Yet of manners mild
> And winning every heart he knew to please,
> Nobly to please; while equally he scorned
> Of adulation to receive or give.

He was from his youth ambitious of political preferment. He aspired to become a pillar of state. He was and avowed himself to be a politician, for he declared that statesmanship, the science of governing men wisely and well, was the noblest of all sciences.

His was not the common ambition hit off by the satirist:

> All would be deemed, e'en from the cradle, fit
> To rule in politics, as well as wit;
> The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce
> Start up (God bless us) statesmen all at once.

Colonel LOWE'S ambition was not only to occupy but to fill and adorn the place of a statesman. He well knew he could not reach the goal of his ambition by his talents alone; that broad culture, liberal and polite learning, were necessary; and so ambition and inclination hand in hand led him to explore the domain of literature, philosophy, biography, and history.

Neglecting in great part the law, which to him was but a stepping-stone, he reveled in these fields of thought and amassed a fund of information on political topics greater than was possessed by any man of his age in his State. Fertile in resources, dexterous in debate, magnetic in his influence, he was a powerful champion of whatever cause he espoused, and the impress of his opinions, whether those opinions were right or wrong, will long be felt in the district he represented on this floor at the time of his death.

I will not attempt further to portray his character, Mr. Speaker; but I cannot refrain quoting one remark of which I am reminded by the saying which has just fallen from the lips of my colleague that Colonel LOWE never knew restraint. During last summer Colonel LOWE was talking to a lady about her four-year-old child. He said: "Madam, your boy is bright and promising. I hope he has a great future before him; but let me impress upon you one thing—teach him to obey. This is a lesson I never could learn.

The failure to learn it has been the bane of my life." The remark impressed me. Perhaps he felt that the magnificent strength and splendid self-confidence that had enabled him like a strong swimmer to swim against tide might, if it had been disciplined, have enabled him to achieve even greater results.

He was indeed a strong man. Of this the devotion of his followers was a splendid testimonial. But, alas! sir, strength, what is it? Ambition, what does it avail?

Two years ago, when in the splendid prime of his young manhood, disease came like a cloud on his horizon. The cloud grew and grew ever and ever more ominous, until at last the "dark Plutonian shadows" of death gathered about him when in the midst of one of life's bitterest conflicts; the bright weapons he had forged for the battle of life dropped from him, and he sank into the dark and silent grave. His conflicts are over; his battles are ended; his bright ambition has gone down, even as a star that sinks to rest. Peace be to his memory.

Address of Mr. FORD, of Missouri.

Mr. SPEAKER: As one of the fifteen Greenback members of the Forty-sixth Congress I very soon became well acquainted with Mr. LOWE. Our relations and intercourse were pleasant—indeed I may say confidential—and in him I found elements of true worth that impressed me most favorably. To-day, dedicated to his memory, I add my word of regret that his country and friends have suffered an irreparable loss in his early demise.

As will be remembered, the first or extra session of the Forty-sixth Congress was somewhat disturbed and excited; political discussion was indulged in with much vigor, occasionally bitter if not violent. To all of this Mr. LOWE was opposed, regretted the acerbities and spirit evoked, and in our conferences, which were frequent, deprecated a policy that could only tend to arouse antagonisms and sectional animosities.

He was thoroughly devoted to his Government, attached to

American institutions, and uncompromising in his fealty to that cardinal Republican principle that a man's worth should be the true touchstone of merit; hence, the accidents of birth and wealth were of little consequence in his estimate of character.

I have never known a man who was impelled to serve his people and country by loftier motives, purer instincts. He believed his mission was to do good, and with all the enthusiasm of the poet and prophet, his hopes wafted him into that better future where the unhappy past of his country might be forgotten.

Colonel LOWE had been identified with the effort to establish the Southern Confederacy, had accepted the dangers and responsibilities of war ardently, honestly, but his great soul abhorred a feeling of estrangement, and he recognized the solidarity of the nation, the unity and affection that should and must characterize the whole people within the limits of the Republic. Profoundly erudite and philosophic, he had evolved a system of ethics for his own government. To that system he loyally adhered, and he loved to revel in the beautiful as portrayed by eminent thinkers of the past and present.

He has gone from our midst, a brave, true, gentle spirit, admired by all familiar with his virtues, mourned by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Integrity wreaths his character, his life the verification of the poet's truism:

> The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man 's the gowd for a' that.

Address of Mr. JONES, of Texas.

Mr. SPEAKER: Our late colleague, WILLIAM M. LOWE, was born in Huntsville, Alabama, January 16, 1842, and died in his native city October 12, 1882.

The affluent and social circumstances of his family offered every advantage for literary and social culture. Of a philosophic turn of mind, with an ardent thirst for knowledge, he embraced with alacrity and improved with assiduity his advantages. Besides the

schools at home, he attended successively a school at Florence, Alabama, the University of Tennessee, and the University of Virginia. In 1860, though just turned into the nineteenth year of age, profoundly impressed with the magnitude of the issues involved, he entered the political arena in support of Stephen A. Douglas, the exponent, in his judgment, of Union and Liberty; an ardent disciple of Jefferson, local self-government and the maintenance of the Union had taken deep root in his generous and heroic soul.

Interference by the Government with the local affairs of any part of the people, whether in State or Territory, in whatever pretense disguised, was to his mind the same tyranny attempted by England upon the colonies. Besides, he foresaw that such interference would provoke a sectional conflict, imperiling institutional liberty on the western continent and ending in disunion or the humiliation of the South. His father and two brothers, older than himself, supported Breckinridge. They also favored secession, but, true to his convictions, he opposed it. His confidence in the virtue and intelligence of the masses of the people was too great to be shaken by the election of a President in accordance with the Constitution and laws of his country. He believed that whatever of error or danger involved in it would be overcome and corrected by the sober second thought of the people.

Profoundly imbued with Americanism and the genius and philosophy of our constitutional Government, he could see but little to fear within and but little to hope without the Union. He loved the Constitution and Union for past blessings and future capabilities. Beneath the Star-Spangled Banner our people had increased from three to thirty millions, and throughout our vast domain, extending from ocean to ocean, were the freest, happiest, and most prosperous of any age or country.

In his own native State such were the conditions of prosperity as to leave but little to desire. For the sake of kindred, friends, State, country, and humanity he deprecated separation, and opposed it with all the earnestness of a patriotic heart. The evil hour came; the die was cast; the people of Alabama declared for

secession. He recognized the right of the people "to change, alter, or abolish their government" and to form new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as, in their judgment, best calculated to secure life, liberty, and property.

He accepted as truth "The voice of the people is the voice of God;" that in the nature of things and of necessity there is a supreme authority, inalienable and indestructible, residing in the people to fix the allegiance of all citizens who elect to remain within the actual jurisdiction of organized government. Besides, he felt that the Union he loved was gone, and could not be restored by force; and all that was left to him was to take his life in his hand and obey the voice of his people, leaving the consequences to God. He was a volunteer private in the first company that left Huntsville, and was severely wounded in the first battle at Manassas and left on the field as dead. His fortitude and physical resources sustained him, and after a severe and protracted illness, relieved by the most attentive nursing, he was so far recovered as to enable him to serve as captain on General J. M. Withers's staff in Smith's Kentucky campaign, and was again wounded near Murfreesborough, Tennessee. Subsequently he served with the rank of lieutenant-colonel on General James H. Clanton's staff until captured at the battle of Franklin, Tennessee. Refusing to take the oath, he remained in prison for three months after the war, when he was released by order of President Johnson.

His father, General B. M. Lowe, a man of superior ability and great force of character, died soon after the war. At its close his large fortune had been swept away, reducing his family to poverty and devolving on Colonel LOWE the charge and maintenance of two single sisters, to whom he seems to have devoted his life. On his return home after his release he applied himself assiduously to the study and practice of law. He rose rapidly in the profession and soon attained the first rank at the Huntsville bar. From 1865 to 1868 he was solicitor of the fifth Alabama circuit. He was displaced by reconstruction. He served in the house of repre-

sentatives of Alabama in the sessions of 1871 and 1872. Among his colleagues were G. W. Hewitt, B. B. Lewis, N. V. Clements, Taul. Bradford, and W. C. Oates. He was a prominent and leading member, especially in the session of 1872. He framed an election law remarkable for perspicuity and fairness, which passed the house with great unanimity, but failed in the senate. His eulogy upon the death of General Clanton delivered in the session of 1872, as characterized by a colleague there and here [Mr. Oates], "is unsurpassed in the English language." In 1875 he was a prominent member of the constitutional convention, and contributed largely to the present excellent constitution of Alabama.

He was from boyhood a Democrat, and acted with that party until 1878, when, disapproving the position of the party on the financial questions then agitating the public mind, and in his judgment presenting the paramount issue of the day, with characteristic independence of thought and courage of conviction, he avowed himself a Greenbacker. His eminent abilities and distinguished moral courage rendered him at once the hope of his party and the dread of the opposition in the State of Alabama. By acclamation he became the candidate of his party for the Forty-sixth Congress. The opposition was alarmed and exerted its utmost endeavors to defeat him. The ablest and most popular speakers from all parts of the State hastened to the help of the opposition in the district. The contest was active and earnest, and on the part of his political opponents often vituperative and vindictive. But bold in the right and strong in the love and confidence of the good people of North Alabama, the district, largely Democratic, rallied to the support of North Alabama's favorite son, and he was triumphantly elected.

Entering Congress at the extra session on the 18th of March, 1879, he was a leading and influential member of his party in Congress. He participated in the memorable debate on "political riders," and delivered a speech cogent in logic, earnest, and eloquent. His eulogy on the death of Senator Houston, delivered in the second session of that Congress, in appropriateness, diction, and pathos, is rarely equaled and never excelled on like occasions.

Mr. LOWE was a candidate for re-election. His political opponents again rallied and concentrated all their forces against him. The storm burst upon his head with redoubled fury; but, sustained by the devotion of his constituents and inspired with fervid patriotism, his personal resources of intellect and courage were equal to the occasion, and he was again triumphantly elected.

Soon after the election a painful and alarming malady developed in his throat. During the winter of 1881 he gradually grew worse, so much so that he was unable to attend the House. At New York he submitted to a surgical operation, and under the advice of his physician visited the State of Colorado. His health so improved that he returned home and engaged in the canvass of '82, and in the heat and burden of the strife died suddenly from constriction of the throat, and thus closed the career of one who died too soon. The day after his death, at a meeting of the Huntsville bar, to pay tribute to the memory of their deceased brother, the speakers, Democrats, Republicans, and Greenbackers, spoke in the highest terms of him as a gentleman, lawyer, patriot, and statesman. General Pope Walker, speaking of his pre-eminent powers in political debate, said "He alone of all of Alabama's gifted and illustrious sons was the peer of Yancey."

Though born in affluence and of the highest social rank, his philosophy was too comprehensive and his sympathies too universal for the narrow training of class. In all the elements of humanity, its hopes, fears, and liabilities, he felt and appreciated common lot and universal brotherhood. Incapable of envy, he valued wealth for its benefits and deplored poverty as misfortune. To kindred affectionate and devoted, to friends faithful and unfaltering, to opponents generous, and to enemies placable, he illustrated without ostentation the virtues of a Christian.

By nature and culture fitted for the highest rank in his profession and for any place in the councils of state, it was natural and laudable that he should be ambitious. Self-poised without egotism, and self-reliant without vanity, he devoted his rare powers of intellect to truth and progress.

In the ascent of the hill of life, ere he attained its summit, he fainted and fell. Peace to his ashes; blessings on his memory.

Address of Mr. BURROWS, of Missouri.

Mr. SPEAKER: I would be false to my kindlier and better emotions if I failed to bring my tribute, small as it is, and lay it down upon the newly-made grave of my political colleague, Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE, of Alabama, to whose memory we have set apart and dedicated this hour; and I am pleased to listen to the high encomiums from those who knew him far better than I, his colleagues upon this floor; and although they differed from him politically, it affords me no small degree of pleasure to hear them speak of him as a man, neighbor, and friend, as a citizen and soldier; for it is in these relations of life that we know and prove men and learn to place a proper estimate upon their real worth to society and mankind.

The vicissitudes and circumstances surrounding human life in the transit through this earthly pilgrimage is sure to bring out and develop our capabilities and powers, and by them we are known and read of men; and we are told that the good that men do lives after them. It is a strange comedy, however, upon human action that we rarely find and speak of this good until the person is dead and the ear into which it was our privilege to have spoken many words of cheer is forever closed and they who might have been animated and encouraged to still loftier deeds or noble endeavors have passed from the theater of action.

Still may we trust that the tributes of thought, whether couched in poetry, in beautiful and well-rounded sentences, or in broken and homely phrases, as are mine, that have, may, or shall be spoken within these walls will not be entirely lost, whether they be spoken in memory of a martyred President, a dead Senator, or deceased Representative. But may the lives which are here briefly caricatured, as they shall be read in after years and by other generations, inspire with lofty thought and pure and ennobling purposes and spirit the sons and daughters of our race.

It is with this incentive before me and a profound respect for

the deceased that I rise in my place to say that when I received the mournful intelligence last October that WILLIAM M. LOWE was dead I felt then, as I do to-day, that the people of this country, and especially those upon whose shoulders the industries and burdens of the nation rest, had lost an advocate, a defender, a friend indeed; for in him every power of his being throbbed with keenest sympathy for the "sons of toil," let them be under a Southern sun, a Northern sky, or on a Western plain.

Mr. Speaker, it was not my good fortune during the months of the first session of this Congress to become as intimately acquainted with the deceased as I wished, from the fact that when he came here from the closely-contested election from the eighth district of his State in the campaign of 1880, he did so with broken constitution and an impaired voice, scarcely able to speak above a hoarse whisper, and conversed with great pain and effort to himself; and although the embodiment of sociability and mirth and blessed with a most genial nature and possessing the rare faculty of interesting and attracting others to himself when in the enjoyment of health, during the weary weeks of his waiting for the tardy action of this body in the contested-election cases, of which his was one, and after his admission as a member upon this floor, his caged spirit, as he moved in and out among us, ever seemed chafing under its physical restraints and chagrined that it could not burst the bars of its environment and once more be free.

Mr. Speaker, WILLIAM M. LOWE was a lover of truth and justice—yea, and of liberty; and for the maintenance and advancement of these fundamental principles he was willing to do and dare all things in the measure of his power. His premature death and early grave, "For his sun went down at noon," are the best evidences of his ardor, convictions, and zeal; of his ardent attachment to measures for relief and the correction of abuses that he believed were pernicious of the best interests of the people, and destructive to the prosperity of and general good of the whole country.

In proof of this we point with pride to his acts and votes in the Record of the Forty-sixth Congress.

But we are not here to speak of him as a partisan, but as a citizen, soldier, and statesman, for in all these relations he acquitted himself as a man. His bearing was noble, brave, manly, chivalrous, his reputation untarnished. His character stands out to be read and admired of all men. His precepts and examples will not perish with the body, but the maxims of his life, charity, patience, justice, honor, gratitude, and friendship, shall teach others, when my feeble words of praise shall have passed away. Rest, noble fellow! Thy name shall not soon perish from the earth, but will be for long, long years embalmed in the hearts and affections of those whom thou loved and served so nobly. Mourned, beloved, respected, and cherished be thy name and character forever.

The SPEAKER. In pursuance of resolutions already adopted, the Chair now declares this House adjourned until Monday next, at eleven o'clock a. m.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

December 5, 1882.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. McPherson, its Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Mr. WILLIAM M. LOWE, late a member of the House from the State of Alabama, and of Mr. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, late a member of the House from the State of Ohio, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. PENDLETON. Mr. President, I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions just communicated from the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Acting Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death, during the late recess, of Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE, a Representative from the State of Alabama, and of Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolution to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

Mr. PENDLETON. Mr. President, as a mark of respect to the memory of these deceased Representatives, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at one o'clock and fifty-eight minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
February 3, 1883.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. William K. Mehaffey, one of its clerks, transmitted to the Senate the resolutions adopted by that body concerning the death of WILLIAM M. LOWE, late a member of the House from the State of Alabama.

Mr. MORGAN. Mr. President, I ask that the resolutions just received from the House be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House, which will be read.

The Acting Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has received with profound sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE, late a Representative from the State of Alabama.

Resolved, That the business of this House be now suspended in order to afford opportunity for the expression of proper tributes to the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this House, at the conclusion of such memorial service, adjourn; and that these resolutions be transmitted to the Senate for its action thereon.

Mr. MORGAN. Mr. President, I present resolutions on the subject of the resolutions just sent to us by the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions offered by the Senator from Alabama will now be read.

The Acting Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the communication from the House of Representatives announcing the death of Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE, of Alabama, while a member of that body, is received by the Senate with sympathy in the expressions of sorrow in the resolution of the House and with regret.

2. That the Secretary of the Senate transmit a copy of the proceedings of the Senate on this occasion to the family of the deceased.

3. That as a mark of respect to the memory of Mr. LOWE the Senate do now adjourn.

Address of Mr. MORGAN, of Alabama.

Mr. PRESIDENT: WILLIAM MANNING LOWE was a native of Alabama. He was born in Huntsville, near the place where he died. His family were of the best class. His father was eminent for his ability and high character in the mercantile circles of the South, and was greatly esteemed by a large and most respectable class of acquaintances.

In his youth Colonel LOWE had advantages which he industriously improved to acquire learning and to accomplish himself by the study of the best authors in literature. His attainments were rich and varied and gave him a power of expression that was singularly strong and eloquent. He was educated at Florence, Alabama, and in the University of Tennessee, and afterward took a law course at the University of Virginia. His knowledge of the law was put to good account for the public in the office of solicitor to prosecute the pleas of the State, which he held from 1865 to 1868.

The public career of Colonel LOWE began in the army of the Confederate States, and in a time that extinguished in death so many splendid lives and developed so many men of great powers who otherwise would have had no opportunity to impress the world with their genius or strength.

Wars have been the subjects of lamentation by all Christian nations through every generation, but they come nevertheless, and seem to increase in frequency as the enginery of destruction and death becomes more efficient.

It seems to be true that every generation has its time of warfare, and will incur any risk to identify itself with the history of some great military struggle. It is not merely the fame that men win in such conflicts that induces them to engage in war, but there is in the breast of every spirited man a love of martial exercises, a courting of danger, a love of adventure, a *guadium certaminis*, that urges him to engage in arms upon almost any occasion that is "justified by honor."

One hundred millions of annual taxation to give pensions to those who were disabled in the late civil war is justified, even in the minds of those who were the enemies in arms of the pensioners, by a sense of grateful appreciation of the services they rendered to their country, and of the gallant manner in which they demeaned themselves in the theater of war where the people were such anxious and often such delighted spectators. And so, when any gallant soldier dies, whatever may have been his social character, the people pass by his delinquencies, if he had any, not in mere charitable forgetfulness, but as matters of little moment, while they can recall with pride and satisfaction the honors he has won in the bloody fields of battle.

It is also rarely the case that civic honors of the highest class are withheld from men who have earned a reputation for courage, devotion, and skill in the fields of battle. Six times in our comparatively short history men have been chosen to the Presidency who had evinced great skill in military command but had not been conspicuous for statesmanship until after they had been elected and inaugurated in office.

Mr. LOWE laid the foundations of his political career in his gallant conduct in the ranks of the Confederate army, and so strong was his hold upon the affection of the people from this cause that many of them supported him who believed that his course as a politician was not the best for those he represented.

The first battle of Manassas was the most striking incident in American history. All that had preceded it in the history of the war was mere preliminary skirmishing. That was the first general engagement between the opposing armies. The field was open, gently undulating, wide in extent, and without natural or artificial obstacles to obstruct any great military maneuver; either army could have marched for four or five miles on that field in line of battle. Neither army had its flanks covered by any natural protection or military works. The forests that once covered the field had long ago disappeared; a few low stone fences and patches of young pine and a few scattering houses were the only shelter that even small bodies of men could find. On such a field neither army

could possess any considerable advantage even in the positions of field artillery. The members of the opposing hosts were much the same. The infantry arms then in use were all of old patterns and were of short range. Neither army had been long in the field, and the great body of the officers were without military training such as is found in well-organized standing armies.

Each army was made up for the greater part of citizen soldiery. They were armies of militia, many of the soldiers scarcely accustomed to the cumbrous harness and heavy baggage that they were then required to carry until they were weary and discouraged.

The men were in all essential respects the same in each army except the difference in political opinions which divided them. The battle in which they were about to engage was the first great act in a tragedy of warfare that has never been equaled in all that makes war grand, destructive, and terrible in the history of Christian nations.

The scene they were about to open was nothing more than political controversy intensified into war by a universal appeal to arms. It is no disparagement to later and better trained and better equipped armies to say that no armies that were ever marshaled were composed of better material. They were volunteer armies such as it is likely no other country could produce, and their fighting on that field has demonstrated that in three months' time, or less, we can improvise an army of citizen soldiery that are equal to the defense of our country against any possible combination of military power.

If there is a genius of American liberty, which we represent on the dome of our Capitol in the bronze image there as a goddess, she looked with sad eyes on the field of Manassas on that Sabbath morning, when the dun cloud of war obscured the rising sun and left the earth to be lit up with the fierce flashes of artillery and musketry, when, under the light of a July sun, for hours together the contending ranks could only discern the lines of their antagonists by the lines of fire which rolled without ceasing from the muzzles of their guns. It was not the sudden charge and as sudden retreat that usually characterizes the action of raw troops

which describes the tactics of that field; it was the obstinate and death-defying conflict of men who had no thought but victory and no sentiment but duty to hold them steady in their dreadful work.

Strategic changes in the positions of the forces were made on that field in accordance with settled plans of military operations carefully prepared beforehand on both sides, and during all of that long and sultry day these plans were executed until the shattered columns could no longer be mustered in proper military organizations, the one army retiring, the other not being able to pursue. The troops were steady and firm, and were moved with the precision and celerity of trained soldiery. The staff of both armies was incomplete, and sometimes brigades and divisions were in command of officers who had never before seen their regimental and company officers under their control. The losses on both sides were heavy, the field was almost without supplies of water, the ambulance corps were imperfectly organized and were poorly supplied with vehicles or stretchers, and the wounded lay upon the field almost without attention.

Mr. LOWE entered the Confederate army in the Fourth Regiment of Alabama Infantry as a private soldier, and in that capacity was fighting in that battle. Then the post of a private in the ranks was the post of honor. Personal preferment was almost unknown among those who took up arms on either side. They understood the questions involved in the contest, and were fighting to maintain their convictions. No man in the ranks of either army probably understood those questions more perfectly than this accomplished young scholar and lawyer. I doubt if he could have been induced to fight in defense of a cause that did not command the honest suffrages of his sedate judgment. His heart did not rule his judgment where the issues to be decided affected the welfare of the country.

The Fourth Alabama Regiment has become renowned in Southern history for the gallantry of its men on that field. Its gallant colonel, Egbert Jones, and its major, Charles S. Scott, fell on the field, the first to die and the other to survive dangerous wounds and to render to his countrymen the duty and advantage of a true

heart and a superior intellect. That regiment was almost cut to pieces after a long and fierce struggle with a gallant foe. When its field-officers fell, the scattered companies attached themselves, with decimated ranks, to other commands, and continued the arduous conflict until the field was won.

As the day receded, the body of Private WILLIAM M. LOWE was borne from the field in the arms of his comrades, to die, as was then believed. He was wounded with a musket-ball in his forehead. The deadly missile spared his life only by the breadth of a hair. His vigorous constitution triumphed over death, and he struggled back into life to enjoy the honors he had nobly won in the hearts of a people who will never cease to honor his memory as a faithful and brave soldier.

Later in the war he rejoined the army and held the ranks successively of lieutenant, captain, and lieutenant-colonel, commanding troops in the field and acting on staff duty with distinction and with the approval of his superior officers and his comrades.

When the war had closed Mr. LOWE again took up his profession, in which he acquired a good reputation for ability. During the period of reconstruction he was very intense in his opposition to that policy, and took a leading and influential place in the opposition. His high intelligence and courage soon gave to him a prominent position, and he found in the public service his most congenial employment. He was elected to the legislature from his native county in 1870, and his service there disclosed an enterprising spirit which indicated his mental independence of the thraldom of fixed opinions and methods of government sanctified by time. He was incisive and aggressive in the enforcement of his convictions.

He was next elected to the constitutional convention of Alabama, in 1875, and exhibited in that body the ability to deal with the gravest questions of constitutional law.

He then became, in 1879, a candidate for Congress as a Greenback-Democrat, and had the support of the Republican party in his district. He was elected over a gentleman of much ability after a heated canvass of the district.

That contest gave rise to much ill-feeling between Mr. LOWE and his former Democratic associates. This feeling was much intensified in the next campaign, in which his opponent, Hon. Joseph Wheeler, got the certificate and was seated, but afterward, on a contest, was held not to be entitled to the office.

In the midst of all these contests before the people Mr. LOWE was distinguished for remarkable ability as a popular leader. Great numbers of men who apologized to themselves for a departure from their political convictions followed him and became his personal partisans because they admired and loved him. As a friend he was worthy of their affection, for he was true to his friends. I opposed his political course with inflexible determination, but I admired his genius and courage in leadership, and remembering how his public life had been gallantly prefaced with a glorious devotion to his convictions, I never spoke of him except in terms of respect.

I now express with pride the voice of the people of Alabama, who esteem him for the tender care which he has ever bestowed so freely and generously upon those dear to him by kindred ties; they admire him for his distinguished abilities as an orator and scholar, and honor him in his grave for his patriotism.

Address of Mr. LAPHAM, of New York.

Mr. PRESIDENT: It was not until a short time since that I was asked by the Senators from Alabama to take part in the memorial services in memory of their late colleague in the House. I come, therefore, without time for preparation to the consideration of those topics suggested by the occasion.

Mr. President, my acquaintance with Mr. LOWE began with his entrance into the Forty-sixth Congress as a member of the House of Representatives, where I had the honor of a seat. He bore by nature the marks of being more than a common man, of being a man designed, if he had lived and carried out his aspirations, to have made his mark in the world. Although he was

comparatively young, he had already achieved what may be regarded as an unusual distinction. He rose from the ranks of a private to the position of lieutenant-colonel in the army of the Confederacy during his service there. He acted as the solicitor of the fifth judicial district of his State from the year 1865 to 1868, inclusive, a period of four years. He was then chosen to the legislature of his State, as has been said, in the year 1870, and so marked were his abilities in that body that in the year 1875 he was elected as one of the members of the convention to frame a constitution for that State. That constitution, as I remember the reading of it, bears evidence that it was the work of men of genius and of high character.

But little occurred to indicate much with respect to the temperament, character, and sentiments of Mr. LOWE during the first sessions of the Forty-sixth Congress, but in the third session of said Congress, and soon after the opening of that session, he introduced into the House and had referred to the Committee on the Judiciary a series of resolutions relating to the laws of the several States of the Union with reference to the right of suffrage. Those resolutions went, if I remember right, to the Judiciary Committee of the House. Whether they were acted upon by the committee or became the subject of further action by the House I am not advised. These are the resolutions:

Whereas the laws of several of the States of this Union regulate within their respective jurisdictions the exercise of the elective franchise by prescribing certain conditions, taxes, or requirements which are claimed by citizens of those States and by a report of a committee of the United States Senate in this Congress to be a violation of the Constitution of the United States and of the rights of citizens thereunder; and

Whereas such regulations of the elective franchise in such States, especially in the States of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, and Georgia, are claimed to be restrictions upon the elective franchise whereby certain citizens are excluded from participation in the right to vote; and

Whereas it is made the duty of Congress to secure to each State a republican form of government, and once in ten years to apportion among the States their shares of representation in Congress pursuant to the Constitution: Therefore,

Be it resolved, That a committee of this House, consisting of five members, be appointed by the Speaker to examine into the matters relating to the ex-

ercise of the elective franchise in the several States so far as the same may be in violation of the Constitution of the United States or affected thereby; and to report to this House whether such regulations or restrictions of suffrage should diminish the representation of such State or States in Congress pursuant to the fourteenth article of the Constitution, and to what extent such representation should be diminished under the apportionment to be made pursuant to the census of 1880.

And be it further resolved, That said committee shall have power to sit during the sessions of the House, or otherwise, and shall have power to send for persons and papers, administer oaths, and to employ a stenographer, clerk, and two messengers; and that the sum of $3,000 be, and hereby is, appropriated for the expenses of said committee from the House contingent fund, to be paid on drafts of the chairman of said committee.

Mr. LOWE was elected to represent his district in the present Congress, but the certificate of election was given to his competitor, and he was able to obtain his seat only after a long and protracted controversy, and at the end of that controversy we find him repeating the same sentiments with which he entered the third session of the Forty-sixth Congress. I quote from the remarks submitted by him to the House at the conclusion of that contest:

Mr. Speaker, I am glad that the time has come at last when I may speak for myself, and not only for myself, but for the disfranchised people of my district. I am glad, sir, that I have an opportunity to be heard before a body which is the sole judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its members, and which is bound by public interest and private conscience to do justice in the cause.

* * * * * * *

The prevalent idea of a strong government in other countries is the weakest of all governments with us. What is the power of standing armies and the menace of great navies to the desperate purpose of an outraged people? Sir, our ancestors were right. That government is the strongest which rests upon the consent of the governed, which enlists the respect and affection of the largest proportion of its people. The iron despotism of the Czar or the military empire of the Kaiser is the weakest government in the world, because it lacks this vital principle upon which strong and free governments are founded. It lacks this principle, which all experience teaches us cannot be destroyed by force or denied by fraud without assailing the social compact itself. It stands pre-eminent in government and society like the chiefest of all the virtues; "whether there be prophecies they shall fail; whether there be tongues they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away," but the right preservative of all rights will remain. I shall not despair, Mr. Speaker, of free suffrage until I despair of free government itself. It is the sanction by which the House now sits

in judgment upon me and the basis of the confidence with which I now address you. It is the glory and safety of our system, as we believe our system is, by the blessing of God, the hope and refuge of the world.

It will be seen, Mr. President, from these sentiments that Mr. LOWE had marked out for himself a career in Congress upon one of the great issues which are now before the country; and his having been providentially called away illustrates, whatever may be our opinions with respect to ourselves or others, how little in truth we are; "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue." The sentiment was well expressed by that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln, in the memorable debate between himself and the late Senator Douglas, in which, after speaking of the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence and the necessity of preserving them, he used substantially these words:

> In a great contest like this I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing; no man is anything; the preservation of these great principles is paramount to all personal considerations.

From this scene of activity and of apparent and prospective usefulness Mr. LOWE has been suddenly summoned away, and we may say in conclusion what has been written by one of the best of our poets with regard to such an event:

> When we are gone,
> The generation that comes after us
> Will have far other thoughts than ours. Our ruins
> Will serve to build their palaces or tombs.
> They will possess the world that we think ours,
> And fashion it far otherwise.
> * * * * * * *
> Men die and are forgotten. The great world
> Goes on the same. Among the myriads
> Of men that live, or have lived, or shall live,
> What is a single life, or thine or mine?
> We must make room for others.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions offered by the Senator from Alabama [Mr. Morgan].

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and the Senate adjourned.

Jonathan T. Updegraff.

Bureau, Engraving & Printing.

47TH CONGRESS, } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
2d Session. }

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND SERVICES

OF

JONATHAN T. DOLLIVER,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM THE STATE OF IOWA.

DELIVERED

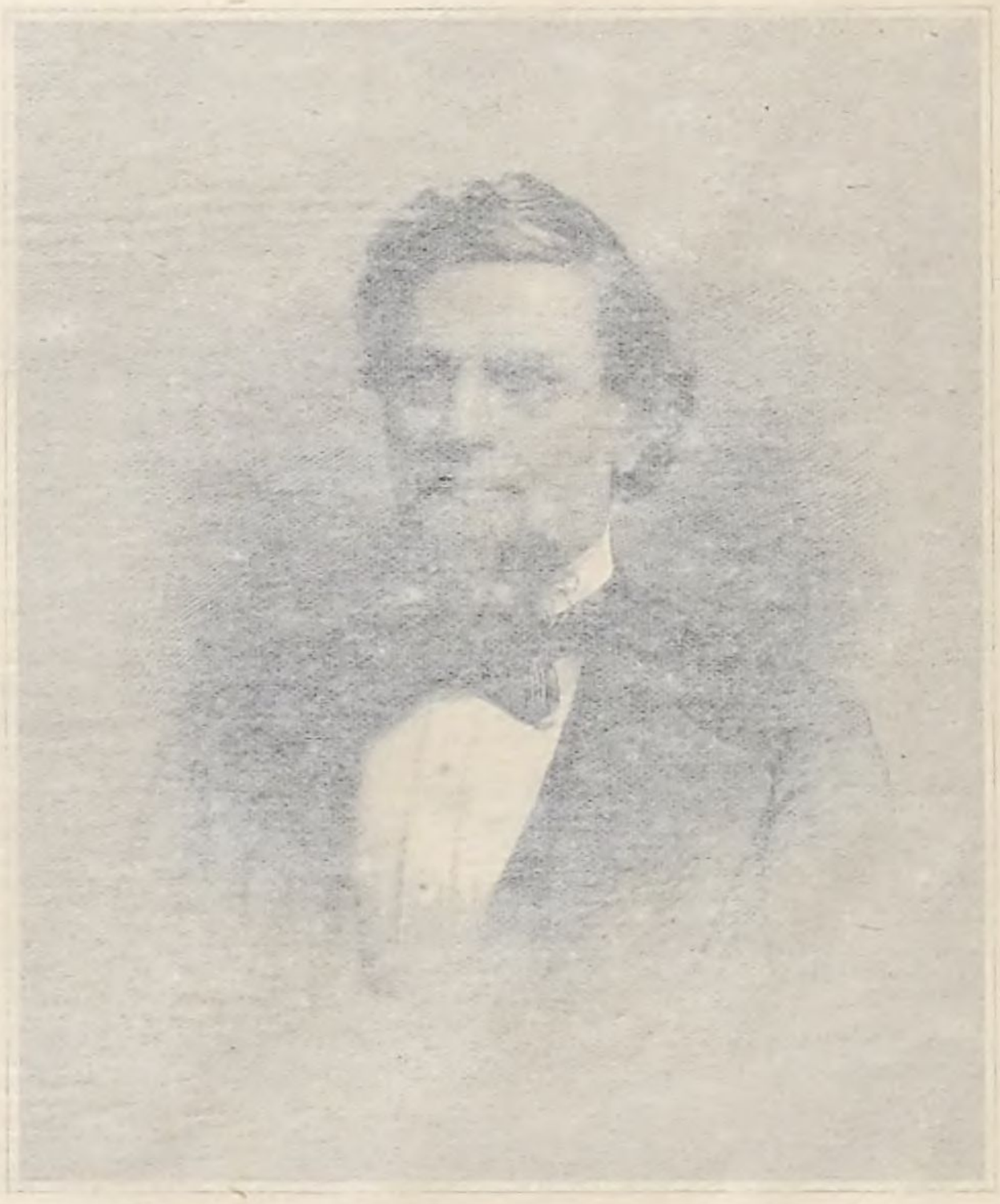
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1883.

0171



Jonathan F. Updegraff.

47TH CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 31.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF,

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM OHIO)

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1883.

0171

JOINT RESOLUTION to provide for the publication of the memorial addresses delivered in Congress upon the late Jonathan T. Updegraff.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed twelve thousand copies of the memorial addresses delivered in the Senate and House of Representatives upon the life and character of Hon. Jonathan T. Updegraff, late a Representative from the State of Ohio, together with a portrait of the deceased; nine thousand copies thereof for the use of the House of Representatives and three thousand copies for the use of the Senate. And a sum sufficient to defray the expense of preparing and printing the portrait of the deceased for the publication herein provided for is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved February 23, 1883.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
December 4, 1882.

Mr. HERBERT. Mr. Speaker, I rise to announce that since the adjournment of this House in August my colleague, Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE, died at his residence in Huntsville, Alabama; and making to-day simply this sad announcement that he has gone from among us forever, I give notice that on some future occasion a motion will be made to fix a day upon which this House shall pay appropriate honors to his memory.

I now yield to the gentleman from Ohio, who has a similar announcement to make.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
December 4, 1882.

Mr. EZRA B. TAYLOR. Mr. Speaker, with feelings of the deepest personal sorrow I have to announce the death of my honorable colleague, JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, late a member of this House from the State of Ohio. The experience of Mr. UPDEGRAFF in this Hall, his fidelity to the public service, his integrity, and his ability cause his loss to be deplored by this body and by the country. His private character and social qualities give to his death ground for peculiar grief to those who knew him best.

I ask the action of the House on the following resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death during the late recess of Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE, late a Representative from the State of Alabama, and of Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolution to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The resolution was unanimously adopted; and accordingly the House adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
January 20, 1883.

Mr. JOSEPH D. TAYLOR. I ask unanimous consent that Tuesday, February 6, at 2 o'clock p. m., be fixed as the time for the consideration of suitable resolutions of respect, and for paying appropriate tributes to the memory of my deceased predecessor, the Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
February 6, 1883.

Mr. JOSEPH TAYLOR. The hour assigned for exercises dedicated to the memory of the late Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF has now arrived, and I am directed by my colleagues to present for the consideration of the House, the resolutions which I send to the desk to be read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. J. T. UPDEGRAFF, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that suitable honors may be paid to the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House do communicate these resolutions to the Senate of the United States.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House, at the conclusion of these memorial exercises, shall adjourn.

Address of Mr. JOSEPH D. TAYLOR, of Ohio.

Mr. SPEAKER: The dark shadow of death has fallen heavily upon the Forty-seventh Congress. Nine times has the sable messenger glided across the floor of this House, bearing from the busy scenes of its activity Fernando Wood, of New York; Michael P. O'Connor, of South Carolina; James Q. Smith and William M. Lowe, of Alabama; Robert M. A. Hawk, of Illinois; Thomas Allen, of Missouri; JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, of Ohio, Godlove S. Orth, of Indiana; and John W. Shackelford, of North Carolina. And they passed away in the order in which I have named them.

Mr. Smith, of Alabama, whom the House, July 20, 1882, adjudged elected to represent the fourth district of Alabama, died in this city pending the contest of his election, and before the decision of the House in his favor.

To this list of mortality must be added Senator Burnside, of Rhode Island; Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin; and Senator Hill, of Georgia.

Ohio has been singularly fortunate during the eighty years of her history as a State. In this long period but seven of her members of Congress, including both Houses, have fallen at their posts of duty:

In 1821, Senator Trimble; in 1844, Representatives Brinkerhoff and Moore; in 1850, Representative Wood; in 1867, Representative Hamilton; in 1870, Representative Hoag; and in 1882, Representative UPDEGRAFF.

We are here to-day to pay tributes of respect to the memory of my honored predecessor, the Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, and the delicate and responsible duty of opening the remarks of this occasion has been assigned to me by my colleagues.

On the 30th day of November last, when the flowers of summer had faded and when the leaves of autumn had fallen, there came to the home of Dr. UPDEGRAFF, in the picturesque village of Mount

Pleasant, Ohio, a messenger which no human power can turn away. On that day of national thanksgiving, when family greetings and domestic joys were filling other homes and other hearts, the darkness and desolation of death settled upon the home and hearthstone of that once happy family. The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, and the husband, father, neighbor, statesman, friend, closed his eyes forever upon the scene of his earthly struggles and triumphs and was numbered with the dead. I do not rise here to indulge in any fulsome adulation of our deceased brother. No meed of eulogistic praise can add to the measure of a life rounded up, completed, the volume ended, the record closed, and sealed with the clasp of death. I may but bring my tribute of memory to cast with yours at the dead feet of one whose familiar form we shall see no more until we too shall pass—

> At God's commandment through the shadowy gates,
> To reach the sunlight of the eternal hills.

The observance of ceremonies of this kind is not a recent custom. The ancient Greeks and Romans were wont to gather about their fallen heroes and recount their virtues and the trophies they had won. Memorials in brass and marble, in undying verse and imperishable utterances, have come down through all ages to inspire the ambition of youth and stir the pulses of manhood. More than three thousand years ago a monument was erected by divine direction, on the shores of the Jordan, of stone taken from the bed of the river where the feet of the priests had stood, which should be for a memorial unto Israel forever. And, sir, it is fitting that we should pause a brief moment, amid the absorbing cares of daily life, and mark the foot-prints of those who have attained a worthy prominence among men; and while we weave a garland of flowers to deck the grave of our friend who has gone from among us, we should take note of those circumstances which press upon us the lesson of our own mortality and the claims of our spiritual nature.

Dr. UPDEGRAFF was born in York, now called Updegraff, in Jefferson County, Ohio; was the son of David Updegraff, a minister of the Society of Friends, and a grandson of Nathan Upde-

graff, one of the framers of the first constitution of Ohio. His father moved to Ohio about the beginning of the present century, and of his eight children two only survive—David B. Updegraff, an eminent minister of the Society of Friends, who resides in Mount Pleasant and is the owner of a farm about a mile distant, where the Updegraff family have their burying-ground, and Mrs. Sarah Jenkins, who is a lady of culture and a prominent member of the same society. The devoted wife, whose kindly presence is well known in Washington circles, still resides with her two little boys at the family homestead in Mount Pleasant. Of his other children three survive him—two sons and a daughter, the eldest being Judge R. D. Updegraff, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. UPDEGRAFF'S boyhood was spent on his father's farm until his nineteenth year. He was educated in the common schools and in Franklin College, one of the oldest and most respectable institutions of learning in Ohio. Having chosen medicine as his profession, he entered the office of Dr. Flanner, of Mount Pleasant, completed his course of studies, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania.

He began the practice of medicine and surgery at the early age of twenty-one, and soon became an eminent and successful physician, adding much to his reputation and usefulness by completing his studies, in 1851 and 1852, in the medical schools of Edinburgh and Paris. Toward the close of the war, following still in the line of his profession, he served as a surgeon in the Union Army.

In 1872 he was Presidential elector in the electoral college which gave the vote of Ohio to General Grant. In 1872 and 1873 he was a member of the Ohio State senate. In 1873 he was temporary president of the Republican State convention of Ohio. In 1875 he was chairman of the State Republican central committee. In 1876 he was a delegate to the national Republican convention at Cincinnati which nominated President Hayes. And in 1878 he received the Republican nomination for Representative to the Forty-sixth Congress and was triumphantly elected. He was re-nominated and re-elected two years later to the present Congress, and in October last, only a few weeks prior to his decease, he was

re-elected to the Forty-eighth Congress. But Death, the inexorable destroyer, cut him down in the midst of his public career and in the zenith of his usefulness.

His record in this House I shall leave for those who were associated with him here, and who can speak from a more intimate knowledge of his career since he became a member of Congress. His speeches upon education, temperance, agriculture, and the tariff, attracted the attention of the country, and greatly added to his popularity. His decision of character and unconquerable will made him a tower of strength in anything he undertook. When he once resolved to do a thing no power on earth could deter him. Opposition and obstacles which would induce most men to abandon an undertaking seemed only to inspire him with increased vigor. And hence it is no wonder that his ambitions were always gratified and his successes always assured. He was a man of great industry and wonderful tenacity of purpose.

His scholarly attainments, his extensive reading and travel, had given him breadth of thought; and his contact with men had added a knowledge of human nature that aided his judgment and made him quick to grasp an idea and carry it out to its logical sequence.

From an honored and liberty-loving ancestry he inherited an uncompromising hatred of oppression in every form, and through all his life, public and private, he cherished a regard for the poor and the down-trodden, and whenever and wherever they needed a champion he was ready in their defense.

He was active in the organization of the Republican party, and was its firm and faithful adherent through all his public life. In his own and in other States he gave much time to the discussion of its principles. Among his most prominent characteristics was his faithful allegiance to his friends, and especially to those whom he had known in his earlier years. And it may be mentioned here, as one of the commendable features of human nature, that the friends of his youth, and those for whom he had been permitted, in the exercise of his large opportunity, to do acts of public and private favor, remained his firm and steadfast friends through

all the vicissitudes of political life, and stand to-day a sorrowing multitude around his fresh-made grave. And if there are those among his constituency who feel that their personal desires were overlooked, they should remember that it was because it was impossible for him to meet all the demands that were made upon him, and not because of any indifference or neglect upon his part.

With his strong and aggressive nature it was inevitable that the friction of political life should provoke some resentments, but in the hottest contest he was frank and open in his opposition, and never descended to that vindictive calumny so often resorted to by those who manage the political campaigns incident to a Republic like ours.

If he had faults—and who has not?—let him who is without any cast the first stone. There has never been but one perfect life lived on earth, and faults and frailties are the common heritage of humanity. "But the grave covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment; from its peaceful bosom come only fond regrets and tender recollections."

If we err, in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that hides away,
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.

To the farmers of Eastern Ohio his death comes with a sense of personal loss. He was long identified with that class of nature's noblemen, the honest labor of whose hands is hallowed by the sacred promise of the God of Harvests, whose long line of descent runs back through the circling ages to the days of the patriarchs, and who stand to-day throughout the length and breadth of our land, on hillside and prairie, in sloping valley and blooming meadow, the coadjutors of a benign Providence, making the solitary places glad and "the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Dr. UPDEGRAFF was not a man to be lightly forgotten. His was not a negative nature, to sink into oblivion when the grave

closes over it. His positive qualities stamped themselves too legibly upon the events of his time to be lost sight of or ignored; but in the sacred precincts of his home, among the loving circle of kindred and friends, will the finer qualities of his character find their most fragrant immortality. For nearly two years he suffered from the malady which resulted in his death, but he was uniformly cheerful and bright, and bore his sufferings, which were at times intense, with remarkable patience. No gloomy shadows hovered about his sick chamber. During the six weeks of his confinement to his room he arranged his business, received his friends, and as the scenes of earth receded, he grasped with a firmer hold and a more triumphant faith the enduring realities of the life to come.

He was reared in the peace-loving principles of the Society of Friends, that noble denomination of Christians, who for more than two hundred years have kept the simple tenor of their quiet way in the midst of the rushing din of the world's clashing conflicts, undaunted by persecution, unspoiled by flattery, bearing with meekness alike the fury of fanatical hate and the seductiveness of worldly favor.

In his last illness he gave much time and thought to the life that is beyond. He talked frequently of death and invited his Christian friends to read the Scriptures and pray with him. He realized better than his friends that his work was done and that the end was drawing nigh. A few days before his death the people of his district were cheered by hopeful words from his family and physicians, and many thought that he would certainly recover, but his strength was too nearly exhausted, and the vital currents of life ran too low to be permanently rallied. While he had himself the gravest apprehensions of the result, he was anxious that nothing should be left undone that might afford a hope of benefiting him, yielding only when the inevitable was upon him.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned—
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

Though clinging to life with all the vigor of a strong and successful man's interest in its activities, he yet faced death with a spirit of calm submission, and breathed his last in the assured faith of immortality.

His funeral was one of the largest and most impressive gatherings that has been known in that part of the State. A solemnity brooded over the village of Mount Pleasant, a hush as of the stillness of death. Emblems of mourning floated from every dwelling, places of business were closed, flags draped in black swayed in the chill air, and every face was tearful and sorrowing. Slowly the long procession, headed by the Congressional escort, moved out from the home he had loved, bearing the inanimate form of him who should return to it no more. Upward of two thousand people gathered in the spacious Friends' meeting-house to take a last look at the features, lately so familiar, now stamped with the mysterious nobility of death. The beautiful burial casket bore upon its silver plate the words: "Dr. J. T. UPDEGRAFF, died November 30, 1882, aged 60 years."

Appropriate addresses were made, and he was laid away to rest in the burial-place of his fathers and close beside the play-ground of his boyhood.

There the flowers of spring will bloom in beauty above his sleeping dust. There the snows of winter will weave about his lowly bed a covering of spotless purity. The years will come and go; other feet will press the sod of his familiar home; time and change will write their inevitable legend upon all nature; the earth itself will shrivel and decay and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll, but his immortal spirit will live when the universe shall be no more and when time itself is a forgotten thing.

The sun is but a spark of fire,
  A transient meteor in the sky—
The Soul, immortal as its Sire,
  Shall never die!

Address of Mr. ATHERTON, of Ohio.

Mr. SPEAKER: On the 30th day of November, 1882, the people of the United States, responding to Executive proclamation, were rendering thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of all good for the bounties and blessings of a most fruitful and prosperous year.

In terrible contrast to the general rejoicing on that very day our brother whose life and virtues we pause to commemorate on lay a bed of suffering and death.

His well-beloved family surrounded him with loving but suffering hearts and fain would have snatched him from the grim monster, but all human aid and sympathy were powerless and unavailing, and in the early evening of that day he was released from his suffering and slept the quiet sleep of death.

The sad news flashed over the wires while many of us were on our way to the national capital.

Pursuant to the request of the Speaker of this House, and prompted by an earnest desire to pay a last tribute of respect to all that remained of our distinguished brother, I formed one of the number composing the Congressional delegation who attended his obsequies.

Leaving Washington and passing the grand scenery of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad we in due time arrived at Wheeling.

We there took carriages and crossing the Ohio River we ascended the glorious hills of my own native State. Arriving at the summit a scene of beauty was spread out before us in magnificent panorama.

On one side the Ohio River wound through the valley like "a ribbon of silver," and away beyond us were high hills and deep valleys decked with large and beautiful farm-houses and covered with the richest products of agricultural wealth.

The whole scene illustrated the character of the inhabitants. Industry, virtue, and intelligence had joined together and laid their

talismanic hands on the rugged hills and covered them with prosperity and rural wealth.

We moved on a few miles, and looking other miles ahead beheld a beautiful little village crowning the summit of a distant eminence, overlooking the country for a long distance on all sides.

Crossing a deep valley and making a slow and laborious ascent we at last reached the town. It was Mount Pleasant, the life-long home of Dr. UPDEGRAFF, the home of his boyhood, of his professional career, and his riper manhood.

Its location, its surroundings, the intelligence and virtue of its people, its proud elevation and pure atmosphere, its clean streets and grand perspective made it seem what its name imports, Mount Pleasant. Almost on the summit of the town stood the home of Dr. UPDEGRAFF. Large and commodious and yet attractive, erected for utility and comfort rather than display, it contained every mark of culture and refinement.

In this little hamlet of perhaps three hundred inhabitants stands an immense church, of unique design, capable of seating two thousand inhabitants or many times the whole number of the residents of the village. It belongs to a denomination of Christians that discard the fashions and "haberdashery" of the world and yet contain more of the essence of real benevolence, goodness, and pure religion than any other—the Society of Friends.

Of this church Dr. UPDEGRAFF was a member, and in that church his funeral was preached and the last honors paid to the lamented and illustrious dead.

To that church the teeming inhabitants of all that region wended their way to pay a parting tribute of respect to a citizen who, when living, was most illustrious, most loved, and when dead the most lamented.

I have given this hasty and imperfect sketch of the home and surroundings of our brother not without a purpose. It reflects the character of the man. Who could arrive at social, professional, and political distinction with such surroundings and breathing such an atmosphere without honesty, truth, true manhood, and a high order of intelligence? There was no place there for the sluggard,

the vicious, or even the man of mere selfish ambition. He would necessarily breathe purity from the clear air and acquire industry from the busy scenes. He would imbibe true religion from both the precept and daily example of those surrounding him who believe in and practice honesty and religion seven days in the week instead of one.

The life and character of Dr. UPDEGRAFF illustrated the beneficence and value of his fortunate surroundings. He was born without great wealth and at the same time free from the privations and rigors of poverty. His birthright of fortune was the golden mean. It furnished him with a full opportunity and means to successfully pursue the study of his chosen profession without alluring him into the tortuous paths of vice or dissipation. He selected the practice of medicine and surgery as his life-work. He studied it faithfully and with great success in America and in the schools of Edinburgh and Paris. He practiced it with great honor to himself and profit to his people.

But eminence in his profession did not fill the measure of his honorable ambition.

He entered the political arena. He worthily represented a constituency in the senate of Ohio, when his talents made him a conspicuous member. He was elected to the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Congresses, and, after the most memorable and exciting contest for renomination ever known in the political history of Ohio, was at the end triumphantly reindorsed and re-elected to the Forty-eighth Congress.

At the date of his death he was in the very zenith of his prosperity and usefulness. He had served long enough in Congress to have gained reputation and a position of influence. He had passed the period of Congressional probation and had just arrived at the point where he could demand a hearing and be valuable to his constituency.

He had one session of the present Congress before him assured and a whole Congress besides.

He had already left his mark on the legislation of the country. On matters relating to agriculture he was authority. While his

past Congressional life had been largely probationary, the coming time was the promised years of fruition.

Touching his life-work I do not intend, if I could, to deal in glittering eulogism, but simply to state the facts as they appear to me.

He was industrious and faithful to his noble profession, with a conscious regard to his duties and responsibilities, as one who assumes to assist nature in restoring from sickness to health the wonderful organism of man. He sought faithfully and diligently all that modern learning and science unfolds, both as to the cause of human ailments and the remedy for human ills. How well he succeeded the mourning thousands who flocked to his funeral and lamented his death will bear witness.

When he entered politics he pursued a like course. He faithfully conned anew both the fundamental and statute law of his country. He earnestly studied the philosophy of proposed legislation. In the discussions of the last session on the tariff question, physician as he was, a comparatively new member as he also was, he so treated, and discussed this important but threadbare subject that he arrested the attention of the country; and (as I know from a modest statement from his own lips) the first copies of any document ordered for distribution by the Congressional committee of his party for that year, were 10,000 copies of that speech. It was a manly, noble, earnest, and eloquent effort. It displayed deep thought and great power of penetration. As old as the subject was, as much as it had undergone discussion by the master minds of the ripest statesmen of the world in some points of view and in some of its phases at least, it seemed clearer by his discussion of it. Certainly no better exposition of the question from his stand-point was ever addressed to or more fully brought within the comprehension of the common, untrained mind. Its clearness of statement and its lucid logic contributed largely to that end.

I believe our deceased brother to have been thoroughly honest and incorruptible. Although his very antipode on most political questions, I always believed his real power as a speaker arose largely from the thoroughly honest conviction he brought to the discussion

of all questions. He always spoke and acted from what to him were the very promptings of truth.

But at the very noonday of his success and usefulness disease laid its heavy hand upon him. With the monster he battled manfully. Delusive hope held out to his imagination the benison of returning health. In the midst of the most painful disease came the period of renomination. Others coveted his place. Hoping for health and battling with pain and agony, he made his memorable campaign. His resolution was undaunted.

One convention was called, and after a contest lasting for days dissolved. It was the doctor against the field. He could not be nominated nor could he be defeated. The delegates surrendered their powers to the people and relegated the question to them. New primaries were held, new delegates selected, a new convention assembled, and with unconquerable resolution he and his devoted friends continued the battle and at last victory perched on their banners. He was elected to the next Congress against all opposition.

But there was an enemy that no human resolution could conquer and no human power withstand. Cruel and insatiate he visits the palace and the hovel, he knocks impartially at the gates of the rich and the poor, and strikes down the high and the low. The dread reaper reaps the stocks of the ripened golden grain, "and spares not the flowers that grow between."

My memory reverts to the memorable word I heard so oft repeated in the quaint old Quaker church at Mount Pleasant:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

How they now echo in the chambers of memory!

In the mysterious dispensation of His providence, for reasons hidden from the wisdom of man but of the highest wisdom when viewed in the light of that intelligence that spans all time and all space, the Master permitted the reaper to come. Our brother was not unprepared. The visions of earthly ambition vanished, the bright hope of future achievement melted into air, but in their stead he saw the dawning light of blissful eternity. The sun of that

Thanksgiving Day went down in darkness. All the morning seemed to bring to earthly eyes was death, a coffin, and a shroud; but let us hope as well we may—

"That when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies
He passed through glory's morning-gate
And walked in Paradise."

Address of Mr. McKINLEY, of Ohio.

Mr. SPEAKER: I cannot permit this occasion to pass without arresting the attention of the House to bear testimony to the worth of my departed friend. "There is nothing certain in man's life but this, that he must lose it." JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, who participated in the deliberations of this House at its first session, and who last August parted company with his associates in robust health and full intellectual strength, is dead. I will not detain the House with a history of his early life and public achievements; these have been fully recited by his successor [Mr. Taylor] and others who have preceded me, more in detail and better than I could possibly do. I shall content myself with a brief statement of some of the features of his personal character which impressed me during an acquaintance of many years.

In public station, whether in State or national affairs, he was respected and honored; in private life, beloved by a large and influential circle of friends. He was simple in his habits and tastes, strong in his friendships, tender and devoted in his family relations, generous and confiding in his nature, firm and unyielding in his convictions of duty. He hated shams and despised pretensions, and his simple nature esteemed candor and sincerity above everything else. He regarded any labor or sacrifice for principle a religious duty, and he would go out of his way to help a friend.

He had the advantage of early and thorough instruction, and through his whole life was an apt student of men and affairs. He was literary in his tastes, fond of the best books and best thoughts, old and new, and his library at home evidenced the dis-

cerning hand of a man of culture. He was interested in general education; not the technical merely, but that broad and enlightened instruction which makes good men and intelligent and self-respecting citizens.

He was well equipped for the trust to which an admiring people elevated him in 1878. Possessed of great intellectual force, ripe attainments, experience in public matters, and integrity of character, he was splendidly prepared for public life and official trust. He was a positive man—a nature full of convictions and with a courage to utter them. He therefore had his antagonisms, and was not without opposition in his own party ranks, but these were fully compensated by the devotion and steadfastness of friends by whom he was always surrounded, and whose loyalty to him never lagged and whose devotion never abated. In this House he was a careful, studious, painstaking, intelligent Representative, seldom, if ever, absent from his post of duty, watching with interest and intelligence the course and effect of legislation; and while he did not often participate in debate, he never spoke without adding something to the subject under discussion.

He was a staunch friend and an earnest advocate of the agricultural interests of the country, and to him we are indebted, in a large degree, for some of the best legislation of the past four years touching that interest. A farmer himself, he knew their needs, and never hesitated to advocate and enforce them. He was closely identified with the agricultural interests of his State, and his frequent addresses upon that subject made him well and favorably known, and gave him a high place among that large and intelligent class of citizens. His most notable speech on the floor of this House during his four years of service, and the one which will be most remembered, was made at the first session of the present Congress on the general subject of the tariff. That speech was comprehensive and statesmanlike, and elicited deserved applause from his associates and the country at large. It was circulated in large editions in many of the States, and proved a valuable contribution to the volumes of tariff debates.

Large-minded, unselfish, and generous, he commanded the respect and esteem of both sides of this chamber; men of all parties

believed in his honesty of purpose and fidelity to convictions, and we all miss him from these halls.

He was a member of the Friends' Society, and conspicuous in that strong and influential body of Christians. They, too, will miss him. His own friends and fellow-townsmen cannot supply his place. The love of his neighbors was demonstrated on the occasion of his funeral; every business house in his village was closed; tokens of love and sorrow were seen on every hand; every house bore its badges of mourning. The little village of Mount Pleasant was strewn with the emblems of sorrow, and the neighborhood assembled without distinction of sect or party to pay a final tribute to their deceased friend, brother, neighbor, representative.

During his illness the nobleness of his character appeared at its best. Uncomplainingly he suffered, and so sensitive for the feelings of his friends that he denied most of them presence in his sick chamber lest his suffering might give them pain. He was patient and brave in his great affliction, submitting with Christian faith to the call of death. He closed his life with messages of love to present and absent friends, confident of friendly greetings beyond from those who had passed on before. From one who was nearest to him I learn that he daily and hourly repeated the words of the Psalmist:

> "The Lord has chastened me sore, but He hath not given me over unto death. Open to me the gates of righteousness; I will go into them and praise the Lord."

The nursing of a devoted wife could not save him. The prayers of friends could not restore him.

> "God's finger touched him and he slept."

The gates were opened and he entered in.

Address of Mr. WILLIS, of Kentucky.

Mr. SPEAKER: We pause to-day in the midst of busy duties to lay the laurel wreath of memory and affection upon the grave of a departed colleague.

Half a year ago, at our midsummer adjournment, I parted with Dr. UPDEGRAFF in this hall. Erect in form, of strong physical

constitution, and the most temperate habits, glowing with health and vigor, length of days seemed to be as surely his as if held by a bond to fate. We exchanged friendly words of good-will and of farewell, and separated with the mutual hope that we would soon "meet again."

But a few short months had passed; the green meadows upon the high and fertile plateaus which encircle his far-off Western home were yet fresh and beautiful when we did "meet again." But how sadly changed, how different the circumstances from what we had hoped. The heart whose generous ministrations had won my regard and the regard of all who knew him had ceased to beat; the hand, open as day to "sweet charity," whose warm grasp I had so recently relaxed, was cold and pulseless; the voice whose persuasive eloquence had so often charmed was mute forever; after a brief but painful illness Dr. UPDEGRAFF had answered the solemn and mysterious summons, and joined the "pale nations of the dead."

Dead in the vigor of his manhood and in the hour of his greatest political triumph; dead in the bosom of his family; dead in the midst of faithful friends and admiring fellow-citizens.

Dead, did I say? And yet has not the poet well and truly declared—

> To live in hearts we leave behind
> Is not to die.

And to quote the chaste and eloquent words of Dr. UPDEGRAFF himself:

> Is not influence immortal? Shall not a worthy example, a true thought, a noble act, no matter how humbly born, wear its life and do its work through all the years to come. It was a beautiful thought of a great scientist that every sound which ever stirred the air went on vibrating to eternity. It is true, at least, of all moral and spiritual forces.

Never did I realize more fully the truth and beauty of these words than when, as a member of the funeral *côrtege*, I gathered with his friends and loved ones at the bier of him who spoke them. When I witnessed the deep sense of personal bereavement which pervaded that circle and the entire community—how the humble cottage and the little workshop, as well as the more stately mansion, were robed in the habiliments of sorrow; when I heard there and

everywhere the tender and appreciative words which came from full hearts, I felt that though dead he yet liveth. The golden bowl of a true and noble life may be broken, but the gentle virtues, the kindly deeds, and great purposes which have filled it with beauty and value will remain, and, like incense from an altar, will sweeten and consecrate the air, and that, too, for unnumbered years.

What those virtues were—what the noble ends which marked the career of Dr. UPDEGRAFF, and what the means by which he secured those ends, I might here give in detailed particularity. I might speak of him as a man, courteous, amiable, brave, and generous; as a citizen, full of energy, enterprise, and patriotism; as a public servant, repeatedly honored with the responsibilities of high station and always upright, conscientious, and faithful to the trust. I might refer to various measures with which he was identified here and elsewhere as illustrative of his broad, liberal, generous statesmanship. As a Representative of that part of our country most vitally affected, I might especially mention his active and intelligent support, as a member of the Committee on Epidemic Diseases, in behalf of the bill to prevent the introduction and spread of yellow fever—that fearful pestilence which "walketh in darkness and destroyeth at noonday," whose consuming breath has destroyed so many of the bravest and best of our land.

Nor would I forget his equally earnest and unselfish efforts, as chairman of the Committee on Education and Labor, to secure the passage by Congress of the bill to prevent the growth and spread among our people of ignorance—that curse more enduring in its effects and more blighting to the happiness and prosperity of a country than either war or pestilence. For his support of these two measures alone Dr. UPDEGRAFF will always be held in the grateful remembrance of our people as a benefactor and wise lawmaker. Such legislation redounds to the best interests of the whole Union; it bears "healing upon its wings" for political as well as physical ills, and will ever be welcomed by our people as the messenger of fraternal affection—the witness of enlightened, generous statesmanship.

But it is not my purpose to recount at length the virtues and characteristics of our lamented associate—they are known to his friends and to fame—they have been embalmed in our memory by the

affectionate hands of his immediate colleagues. I could not, if I would, add a single line to the tender and beautiful, but most accurate, portraiture they have placed before us to-day. But their voice nor mine can "provoke the silent dust," or "soothe the dull, cold ear of death." Fortunate, however, will each of us be if we shall so imitate the virtues which adorned his life that when death comes we may be, like him—"at rest"—until our freed spirits awaken to the pure light and blissful scenes of immortality beyond the grave.

And how soon, Mr. Speaker, to all of us will that unseen world be revealed? How often during the past year, unbidden and unheralded, has the weird spirit of the glass and scythe entered this hall. Hardly a month has passed that the half-masted flag and the vacant chair, clad in its "vestments of woe," have not reminded us that another colleague had heard his dread summons and gone hence forever. Since the Forty-seventh Congress convened eight of these United States have stood as mourners around the open graves of their chosen representatives. How suggestive this of the uncertainty, the instability, the utter helplessness of life and of life's highest hopes and dearest ambitions. And how solemn the admonition so to discharge our duties here as to secure the rewards of the great hereafter.

Yes, the shores of life are shifting
Every year,
And we are seaward drifting
Every year,
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year,
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year,
Earth's hold on us grows slighter
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter
Every year.

Address of Mr. SKINNER, of New York.

Mr. SPEAKER: The summons which must sooner or later come to us all has again been heard, and this occasion reminds us anew how frail is our hold upon that strange thing called life. Once more this great department of the Government stops its accustomed work, the ponderous wheels of legislation cease their revolutions, and we gather here to pay fitting tribute to the memory and to speak kind words of a brother who has finished his work and gone home.

But yesterday these halls resounded with the inharmonious tones of excited discussion. There was the hurried confusion of heated debate, the almost angry conflict of party strife, the busy commingling of contrary opinions, and the earnest grappling for personal or party advantage. Words were not at all times rounded with charity or good will.

To-day there is the invisible presence of a spirit all about us which hides the excitement of partisan feeling, and words of passion pass away in the hush of sympathy and in the memory of grief.

Kind words alone are spoken now, tempered by feeling only; words which seek to paint on invisible canvas the virtues of a well-spent life, words of praise for the honored dead, of consolation to living.

How often in reading the eloquent eulogies which have been pronounced in this chamber have we wished they could have been heard by the living ears of those who have gone. Alas, too often we wait until our friends have left us forever before we tell their virtues. And we ofttimes wonder if the words here spoken will have life beyond their utterance. May we not hope that like the fragrance distilled from the flowers, which floats upward on the balmy air, like incense from the burning oil, they will rise into the celestial region of eternal rest and reach the ear of him we mourn, who sits near the great white throne and sends us back greetings of gratitude and brotherly love.

Those who knew Dr. UPDEGRAFF best in life, who followed his public career with the interest which close friendship imparts, who were associated with him in fraternal intercourse, who knew him as a public servant in his own great State, have fittingly told of his busy life and how well he lived it. Those to whom his friendship was just unfolding as a new possession, who were learning to value his acquaintance as something to be treasured among pleasant memories, who could see and admire the ability, the industry, and the intelligence which he threw into his work among us—those who were the recipients of his cordial greetings and kindly advice, can only hope to lay a small tribute of regard upon this altar of good will. It is not the length of man's friendship which gives it value; it is, rather, the life-long impressions which it plants and the good that grows out of it. A few months were sufficient to impress one with the height and breadth of Dr. UPDEGRAFF'S culture and worth. They will live far beyond the life of the man, to inspire those who felt the influence of his example and who learned the true worth of the precepts which always governed his actions. It was a grand thing to know such a man and to count him a friend.

It was a privilege to visit the place where he lived and died. Over the mountains to a pretty village went one December day those who had been designated by you, Mr. Speaker, to participate in the funeral ceremonies as representatives of this body. There were seen the beautiful village wearing the garb of mourning at the loss of a respected citizen; a stricken household, where wife, children, and relatives gathered in mutual grief, and bemoaned the lost love of a husband, father, and brother; a church filled with sad faces of Friends who had lost a friend indeed; a community mingling its tears together at the death of one who had made the world better for his living.

There were heard the glowing and affectionate tributes of pastor and friends paid to the finished life and character of him whom we mourn to-day—the testimony paid to his virtues and varied accomplishments of mind and heart by those who knew him so well, and among whom he had steadily grown in strength, influence, usefulness, and honor. The tears which followed these testimonies to his worth spoke as eloquently as the words from the lips. There was

universal proof of the loss which family, and village, and State, and country had sustained. An upright man, an earnest Christian, an enterprising citizen, and an honest public servant had gone to his reward. In the record he had made for himself we know—

> He wore the white flower of a blameless life.

Just as the Congress in which he had already proved his usefulness was about opening its second session the last honors were being paid our departed friend. After a hard struggle with a mighty pain he lay at rest in a peaceful sleep which has no waking this side the shores of the dark river.

Nearly fifty years ago these words were spoken in the halls of Congress of one whose work had just ended. They seem to be fitting now:

> His name should be his epitaph; and however blank it may appear to the vacant eye of the passing stranger, it will always have the power to call up the recollections of his virtues in the bosom of friendship and the tear of undissembled sorrow in the eye of affection—offerings more grateful and congenial to the disembodied spirit than the proudest monument which human art can erect or the most studied eulogy which human eloquence can pronounce.

Dr. UPDEGRAFF left his impress upon this House; he left it upon the world. It was always for good; and is there not a creed which holds that nothing good is ever lost? Is not his influence still over and about us? Is not the example of upright life and earnest action eternal—always pressing forward to the accomplishment of noble purposes? We know that he held this belief. In an address delivered before the young ladies of the Steubenville Female Academy a few years ago his theme was "A Purpose in Life," and he gave expression to the following graceful thoughts:

> If your life shall have a true and noble purpose it shall so enlarge your capacity for enjoyment that your deeper joys shall contrast with the mere pleasures of youth as the rapture of a seraph is higher than the prattling laughter of a child. The joy of a conscious dedication to some worthy work exalts the whole being. It makes plain the beautiful thought of an eastern fable: "I was common clay till roses were planted in me." An absolute consecration to a purpose becomes inspiration and commands victory.

In speaking of influence he said:

> In the immortality of influence there are no trifles. A worthy example, a true thought, a noble act, no matter how humbly born, shall wear its life and

do its work through all the years to come. It was a beautiful thought of a great scientist that every sound which ever stirred the air went on vibrating to eternity. It is true at least of all moral and spiritual forces.

In closing his address he makes this beautiful wish and prayer, almost prophetic of the eternal joys which now must be his own :

May life in the nobleness of its purposes, in the beneficence of its results, in the richness and glory of its rewards be for each of you only fit prelude and preparation for the ineffable fruition of changless joys.

To those of us who remain, occasions like this may well seem like admonitions. To-day our brother sleeps. It is we who speak. To-morrow our lips may be silent and other voices speak as we are speaking. In the lottery of death there are no blanks.

It is a part of life to mourn. Death is a rest in peace. Those who live must grieve. Those who leave us have no sorrows. With them all is over and the eternal problem solved.

Unless we anchor our hopes in the hereafter we find the sum of earthly happiness borne down by its sorrows. This is only one sad chapter in life's history. The dread moment is sure to come when the happiness of a life-time melts away in one sad hour. Yesterday it was the child just unfolding into the beautiful mysteries of life, and whose death breaks our hearts and spoils our lives. To-day it is the middle-aged, just ready to reap the fruit ripening under his culture ; to-morrow the aged go, full of years and usefulness, whose light goes not out in darkness but burns to the socket in a well-rounded life.

Our friend is dead. And yet what is death ?

> To live in hearts we leave behind
> Is not to die.

Whether we shall see him face to face in that undiscovered country ; whether we shall know him there as we knew him here ; whether body and soul separate here to be again united "over there ;" whether that better life is a commingling of kindred spirits, while the body returns to dust ; whether it is all of life to live or all of death to die ; whether his pure soul is hovering around us still or marching on to glories which we cannot see, and which with him are just begun, are problems which we shall all solve in God's good time.

Until then it is happiness to trust that we shall all live again.

With us, as with his loving family, it is a blessed hope, a comforting belief, yes, a happy conviction, that it is not all of death to die, that it is but an entrance into eternal life. To those who are soothed by this "unfaltering trust"—

There is no death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call Death!

Address of Mr. NEAL, of Ohio.

Mr. SPEAKER: "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes." Thus all that was mortal of our late associate, colleague, and friend, Dr. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, was by his bereaved family, sorrowing friends, and neighbors who thus did homage to his private virtues and public worth, consigned to the dark and silent tomb, the final resting place of all the races of mankind.

I shall not attempt to make any extended statement of his life and public services. Others who have known him longer and more intimately than I, have already discharged that loving, yet melancholy, duty most appropriately and eloquently. Suffice it, then, for me to say that the distinguished deceased parted from us upon the adjournment of the first session of this Congress in August last, full of life, in the expectation of a pleasant sojourn at his country home which he loved so well, during the brief vacation intervening before the commencement of the present session of the Forty-seventh Congress.

Like all of us, he confidently expected to return hither and perform his part in the great and important work of legislating for the 50,000,000 of human beings who now inhabit the territory of this free and mighty Federal Republic, happily once again united, not only by the strong bonds of law and order, but the still stronger ones of patriotic allegiance, fidelity, and love, from the pine-clad forests of the North to the everglades of the South, from the rock-bound coast of the East to the Golden Gate of the West.

There was no outward appearance of the insidious disease which

was even then preying upon his vitals. No one of his associates upon this floor, I apprehend, had any suspicion that the great enemy, or shall I say friend, of the human race, Death, had then selected him for his own, and ere the expiration of ninety days would take him hence. On the contrary, many of us would gladly have exchanged his chances of earthly existence for our own. How our expectations perish! How our hopes are disappointed! Behold him, the strong man, the man of heart and brain, the man with the mind to conceive, the will to dare, and the hand to execute; the man of force and of action, animated by every high and holy aspiration, controlled by every right impulse, cut down in the meridian of an active and useful life, with his armor girt upon him, and, sword in hand, battling manfully for the right. Once again we are reminded that the battle is not to the strong nor the race to the swift. But death is not an eternal sleep, a never-ending, always enduring Nirvana; it is rather the approaching of our night to be followed by a day more brilliant, the fading of the transient flower of our life, that it may rebloom in another world of joy resplendent and of happiness supernal.

Cicero, the wise, grand man of ancient Rome in her golden days of history, philosophy, and of poetry—one of the world's most sincere seekers after truth and after God, in contemplating this interesting subject of bodily dissolution thus discourses: "Some men make womanish complaints that it is a great misfortune to die before one's time. I would ask what time? Is it that of nature? But she indeed has lent us life as we do a sum of money, only no certain day is fixed for payment. What reason then to complain if she demands it at pleasure, since it was on this condition we received it."

It was thus our friend died. Not with blenched cheek, with unmanly fear in his heart, dreading to meet the King of Terrors face to face; but fearlessly, as the brave man dies who has performed well his part, saying in his heart, if not by voice, "It is the will of God; His will be done."

No doubt he loved life, as we all love it. This beautiful world, with its green fields and blooming flowers, was attractive to him, as it is to every well-ordered person who lives a true life. He could

look upon the past without blushing for time unprofitably spent, or charging himself with having been slothful or insincere; and the future was glowing with bright hopes and high expectations. Why, then, should he not have desired to linger longer in his earthly tabernacle? When death came—

> "It was to him but as another life.
> We bow our heads at getting out;
> We think, and enter strait
> Another golden chamber of the King's;
> Larger than this we leave, and lovlier,
> And then in shadowy glimpses disconnect.
> The story, flower-like, closes thus its leaves,
> And God is all in all."

Mr. Speaker, our late friend and associate has disappeared forever from our earthly view. We shall see him no more with mortal vision. If our lives are as earnest, sincere, truthful, and useful as his was, we will go to him. He comes no more to us; but while forever gone he will not be forgotten, for in the ocean of memory there is an island upon whose shores the waves beat with ceaseless roar.

Address of Mr. BUTTERWORTH, of Ohio.

Mr. SPEAKER. We are charged to speak nothing but good of the dead. I doubt the merit of that maxim. It draws no line between those lives that were worthy and those that were barren wastes.

But if the maxim is wise and humane, the life and character of Dr. UPDEGRAFF were such that we would not invoke the shield which an observance of the maxim might afford.

He was one of those who well might challenge even his enemies to scan his record closely, released from the restraints of the charitable maxim mentioned, and speak nothing but the truth.

If our late colleague could have left an injunction which should bind those who speak of him here to-day, it would have been, "Speak of me as I was. Speak of me as you knew me. Say the truth or say nothing." A worthy life may challenge praise, while

that one which presents to the world a desert waste is entitled only to the charity of silence. Men's vices teach as well as their virtues, and if we must learn from each let the instruction be such as may give profit. For a single moment I will speak of Dr. UPDEGRAFF as I knew him, as I think he was.

I knew him well; his strong points and his weaknesses; his manner of study and his mode of thought. He first squared his purpose to the requirements of a clean, clear conscience. The work his judgment and his conscience approved he addressed himself to with a will inflexible and unyielding. He resolved all doubts in favor of the end he sought. He did nothing rashly, but all things with care. He never recognized the possibility of discomfiture or defeat. He considered carefully before he acted; but once embarked in an enterprise he seldom failed to accomplish what he undertook. Strong in will power, great in moral courage, he had no patience with cowardice, and held the vacillating in contempt.

He was of a race that possessed those great qualities of serious earnestness and dogged continuity of purpose which characterized the Dutch and made that people more than a match for the towering strength and boundless resources of Spain at the zenith of her glory and power. He was unpretending in his life and manner. He was the embodiment of thoughtfulness, of earnestness, and energy. His natural endowments were excellent; his mental furnishings suggestive of strength and usefulness, rather than grace and ornament.

He was, while serious and reflective, a wit, and when in the society of congenial friends a most delightful conversationalist. He was a careful student. He never wasted a minute reading or coining a sentence that was barren of mental nourishment. He was very fond of studying the English classics. He read over and over again the works of Bacon and Macaulay; was especially charmed with the style of the latter. UPDEGRAFF never read a line which contained or suggested some great thought that he did not commit it to memory. His mind was a storehouse well filled, nor would an examination of that store reveal the waste and rubbish that is found in the invoice and effects of common minds. He obtained

knowledge for use, and as the foundation of wisdom unto which he was growing.

In the storehouse of his mind he was methodical. Every fact he learned, every utterance he treasured up in his memory, every thought he cherished, was ever at his command and available to grace his conversation or strengthen his argument. He studied history less to ascertain the facts recited than to learn the philosophy they teach. The labor of his life was to attain for himself and mankind to the better things, to improve the conditions with which he was surrounded, to lift men up to a higher and more rational plane of enjoyment. His disposition to have the better things was apparent in all that he did, even in the corn he raised and the cattle he cared for.

He was frank and candid, sometimes painfully so, and his honest and forcible manner of stating plain truths tended to write him down as an unamiable man. True it is that he had little patience with that disposition of society which is so much concerned about the graces of social intercourse that it prefers polite insincerity to blunt candor, and rather tolerates polished hypocrisy than plain, plodding truth.

UPDEGRAFF was honest, stubbornly honest. It was a rugged honesty that did not wear away by use, as much of modern honesty does. His integrity was for all times, all places and occasions, such as could ride out the storm of temptation even with rasping poverty for its companion. How much our country needs that type of honesty! I say this because it must be apparent that in our day there are more who are worshiping with Aaron the golden calf at the foot of the mountain than are in spirit with Moses at the top worshiping the true God.

No man could mistake Dr. UPDEGRAFF'S honesty for that too prevalent and all-pervading spirit of accommodation which leaves no margin between that which is right and that which is purely expedient. Neither in his public nor his private life did he do or sanction that which tended to blur, much less obliterate, the line that marks the boundary between right and wrong. He was a fearless champion of the former. He never compromised with the latter.

The consequence to him of profit or loss, of preferment or defeat,

formed no important factor in shaping his conduct in the matter of recognizing and discharging his just moral obligations. He knew that "Duty is ours, results are God's."

When the path of duty led away from that of profit or pleasure he never hesitated. With him duty was supreme. He was a successful business man. He was successful as a physician, successful as an agriculturist, successful as a politician; for in all those callings he had the elements which insure success, the qualities I have mentioned. He always took aim; had no confidence in luck. He said success was for him who deserved it. His faculties and powers matured slowly but healthfully. He was stronger at fifty than at forty-five. He was not of the type of that school of men who ripen early and then rot.

In religion he was a "Friend," called in common parlance a Quaker. His connection with that society threw us much together. His membership in the society had ceased, but he was still in the faith. And the injunction of that religion to "walk in the light" was ever present with him. "Walk in the light" was the injunction of our fathers. Dr. UPDEGRAFF did not forget it, having faith that his way would be lighted by the spark of divinity within him.

His philosophy taught him that this life is but the beginning, not the end; that after death he would open his eyes in another sphere of existence. In that faith he lived; in that faith he died.

His thoughts were clean and his language fitly chosen. He appreciated the power of right words. He scorned flattery and despised flatterers. He was not slow to rebuke the fawning sycophancy that would pay him compliment to win his favor. He was sincere and constant in his friendship and too outspoken in his enmity. He was a stoic in many things. He suffered the most acute pain for many months before his death, but no ear heard a murmur escape his lips. He was of the material of which martyrs are made. Dr. UPDEGRAFF would have walked to his death with calmness and without a murmur to save a cause to which he was devoted as a matter of conscience.

He was not, in the generally accepted sense, a brilliant man. His qualities of head and heart were for a lifetime, not for an occasion.

The light of his intellect was constant and sure. It is said that

the world is made better by the constant efforts of a few and the fitful efforts of a few more. Dr. UPDEGRAFF was of the constant few—the constant few to whom the world is so greatly indebted for facts accomplished, for labors done. He did not know how to dodge an issue or shirk a responsibility. He never had occasion to suddenly remember that he had an engagement which called him away from this floor just as an important vote was about to be taken.

I do not criticise those who have such memories, since, of course, it is a mere matter of memory, and the fact that it awakens at such a moment is the merest coincidence. I only note that UPDEGRAFF'S memory was not of that kind. Do you think I have been too kind to the memory of my deceased friend? If so, you do not know him as I did—as one who furnished an anchor for the society in which he lived, one who never drifted from the moorings of right, whose soul was large and a fit receptacle for pure and noble emotions, and unlike some in which such sentiments are cramped and crippled by the dwarfed dimensions of the tenement.

He was so constituted that the thoughts that drift through vulgar minds found no open way to his. This Republic could better spare ten thousand meteors that flash constantly across our political horizon than one fixed star. This country in her political sky has a vast milky way of twinkling orbs of doubtful magnitude, the uncertain reflection of which tends rather to make obscure than to make clear the highway of public duty. In the presence of such conditions we may well regret the eclipse by death of a single luminary whose light, if not brilliant, was certain and constant. Dr. UPDEGRAFF will be missed more than some who have filled a larger place in the public eye. Those who study healthful precepts and profit by wise example will regret him whom we mourn. His influence for good will be felt when the memory of many of his contemporaries who deemed him plain and plodding is forgotten.

Address of Mr. PEELLE, of Indiana.

Mr. SPEAKER: Having been one of the committee appointed to attend the funeral of the late Dr. UPDEGRAFF may account somewhat for the propriety of my saying something on this occasion. My acquaintance with Dr. UPDEGRAFF began with this Congress, and in that brief acquaintance I found him to be a man of decided conviction, possessing that courage which is essential to enforce it. His speech in this House at the last session on the tariff will long stand as a model speech, as it affects especially the agricultural interests of this country.

He was a man of large experience, and, as I take it, a close observer and a student. He must have been both, as his storehouse of knowledge was full. His speeches, both in this House and elsewhere, entitled him to high rank as an original thinker and as an analyzer of thought, always keeping close to those eternal truths which make a man formidable in debate and as a speaker, while at the same time it poises a man for good citizenship.

He died without complaint and with that bravery which always characterizes the life of a man whose courage rests in the wisdom and in the goodness of God.

As the committee approached the little village of his residence we discovered the town filled with citizens, young and old, while every house was draped in mourning. Sir, are not these higher tributes to his memory and worth than can possibly be paid by any one on the floor of this House? The large Quaker church where the funeral was held would not hold the multitude which came to pay the last sad tribute of respect. To each he was esteemed a friend, and his large heart and kindly nature always responded to the wants of the needy and the oppressed. These are jewels in the crown of immortality, and well worthy the imitation of us all.

But, Mr. Speaker, the life and public services of our late friend have been so fully pictured by his colleagues and others that I can

add nothing. The poet Burns has given the proper epitaph on our comrade and our friend, and with his lines I will conclude:

An honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blessed;
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, the guide of youth.
Few hearts like his with virtue warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed.
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

Address of Mr. PARKER, of New York.

Mr. SPEAKER: It was my fortune to first answer to a roll-call as a member-elect of this Forty-seventh Congress in that hall at the fair city of Cleveland where the meeting was held to prepare to accompany to its last resting-place the sacred body of James A. Garfield. Many of the members now present first met on that day, and none who there met will ever forget the impressive associations of that solemn occasion. All hearts were melted in the consciousness of personal and national loss in the presence of the dead President and of a people's mourning. Those who had been opponents met as friends, and strangers met as brothers. Every man realized that his companion bent under the same disappointment and unavailing sorrow. The prizes and the honors of life seemed but trifles indeed in the presence of the universal affliction and of the calm sleeper there.

By fortunate chance my position in the funeral procession fell in companionship with the honorable JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, whose decease we now mourn. Of all the vast throng no man could have been a more sincere, a more unselfish mourner than this good, honest friend, who has now himself passed over the one broad pathway where the foot-prints of all of us must finally disappear.

The conversation was upon, and only upon, the deceased, and many an affectionate and touching tribute did he whom we now mourn pay to the great departed. He told us of their labors and their services together; of the close and sympathetic intercourse of years;

of the simple grandeur of his great-hearted leader; of the affection and absolute confidence with which the people who had witnessed his every-day life had trusted that leader; of the tenderness of his friendship; of the exalted nobility of his mind.

And the pure human goodness of the man glowed in his face and a tear dimmed his eye while describing how the great leader, then the idol of his party, of national fame, and conscious of his almost irresistible strength, in the considerate kindness of his heart turned back as he was leaving the hospitable home of his old Quaker friend to call for, and bid good-by to, and shake hands with the poor uncultured colored domestic.

He exhibited his sense of justice, for, physician as he was, and well aware of the criticisms visited upon his brothers of the medical profession who had borne the fearful responsibility of seeking to save the life of his friend through the long months of agony, he yet fearlessly commended their faithfulness and skill and resignedly said that they had done all that they could do and all that men had a right to expect.

From the acquaintance thus formed, and because of the qualities and characteristics he disclosed, and by reason of the frank, genial, and kindly nature of the man, I came to feel better acquainted with the deceased than with almost any other member of the House I had not previously known. More than once I had occasion to be grateful to him for a good word and a kind act. He was the very spirit of kindness and good-will. He was so plainly and naturally honorable that no one ever thought of it as possible for him to be otherwise.

He was a plain man, unassuming, but always clearly seeing and doing his duty. He was especially watchful of agricultural legislation and ready to lead or follow to secure the rights of the farming interest. He was faithful and attentive, always in his place in the House, doing his whole duty intelligently, but without ostentation or self-seeking. He was a man of quick judgment and strong sense, and upon adequate occasion an eloquent speaker. He instinctively touched the hearts of the common people, for he knew them, he was from and of them. His political addresses delivered in the State of New York will not soon be forgotten.

Knowing this man as one of pure and blameless life, honest and true, faithful and without guile, I claim the privilege to-day of joining those who were his neighbors and long-time associates in doing honor to his memory, and beg to place reverently upon his coffin my sprig of northern evergreen.

Address of Mr. TOWNSEND, of Ohio.

Mr. SPEAKER, as we stand by the casket in which lie the remains of a loved friend we cannot but contemplate the uncertainty of human life and the certainty of death. We are reminded of the destiny that awaits us all. Without any effort of our own there arises in the breast of every beholder one question: "What is death?" It is the unsearchable mystery which every man, from the dawning of the world to the present day, has tried in vain to penetrate. This feeling of the infinite and dark beyond caused the ancients to speculate upon the life of man on earth compared with the uncertain time beyond. "Life appears for a while, but what," ask they, "is the time which comes after, the time which was before."

Such shadows of human existence scarcely darkened the pathway of JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF. "Life is real, life is earnest," says Longfellow, and so it was interpreted by our dead friend. He strove to live well, not to live long.

Of the events of that busy life he lived I need not speak. They have been more fitly pictured by those who have preceded me. I can only speak of a few of the noble qualities of his character as they appeared to me during a long personal acquaintance. One of the most noticeable of his traits was his ambition. His ambition, however, was an unselfish one. He sought position and power that he might do good and use it for the benefit of his fellowman.

He was a man of robust mental and physical energy, capable of long-continued application to any task to which he set himself. So untiring was his energy that he seldom failed to attain the object for which he sought. No labor discouraged him, no contingency appalled him, no disadvantage disheartened him, no defeat

depressed him. Possessed of indomitable will, he had courage equal to his convictions, and was ready to express them upon all proper occasions. Scrupulously honest, he was conscientiously devoted to the discharge of his duties. Whatever he undertook to do he did well.

He was well educated and thoroughly read on all subjects He had enjoyed unusual advantages in preparation for his career as a physician, and was a successful practitioner. But not alone for pecuniary reward did he labor. His poorest neighbor could expect the most patient and careful treatment without money and without price. Agriculture was his favorite pursuit, and to its service he devoted many pleasant hours, looking upon it as a branch of science contributing most to the immediate wants of man.

His Congressional career, too, was one characterized by deep devotion to duty. He was always present in his seat, and few votes are to be found in the records while a member of this body where his name was not recorded upon the one side or the other of a question. In the Forty-sixth Congress, as a member of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, he devoted a great deal of time and labor to the investigation of claims referred to him, and many a poor and maimed soldier and many a veteran's widow and orphan children are indebted to him for the relief they now enjoy. While painstaking and upright in these investigations, his sympathy for the soldiers inclined him to the side of the applicant for the pension. His professional knowledge of diseases and medicine made him a most valuable member of the Select Committee on the Public Health.

His speech upon the tariff last session from the stand-point of the farmer was able, exhaustive, and original, and gained for him a wide reputation for ability. It did much to place before the farmers of the country that greatly misunderstood subject in its true relations to agriculture. He was an enthusiastic practical farmer and a loyal adherent to the principles of protection. His was one of the very best tariff speeches made, for the reason that it was wholly original in its conception.

In his treatment of his fellow-members he was kindly, courteous, and commanded their confidence and respect. What a sunny

nature was his! Though he suffered from a fatal malady, be bore it with heroic courage and without complaint. The same even temperament characterized his demeanor; frank, open-hearted, there was that in his countenance which harbored not deceit.

In the undemonstrative teachings of the Quaker belief he found the rule and guide of his religious life; yet there was the most liberal toleration of the views of others. He could truly say that "none of his fellow-citizens were compelled through any act of his to put on a mourning-robe."

In the domestic circle he found a source of great comfort. He was the father of five children, all of whom were tenderly raised and well educated, and he lived to see his family useful and honored citizens.

Dr. UPDEGRAFF reached the summit of his ambition, and after an active and eventful life and one of great usefulness, crowned with more success than usually falls to the lot of man, weary and exhausted, surrounded by his family and friends, almost in sight of the farm where he passed so many happy years of his life, his soul obeyed the summons; in full possession of his faculties, with words of cheer and comfort to sorrowing friends, he calmly passed away. Time will roll his ceaseless course, the moments will hurry by like the shadows of a passing cloud, generations will come and go, but the lessons taught in the life of JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF will endure for all time.

The SPEAKER. The question is upon the adoption of the resolutions which have been submitted.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted and the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
December 5, 1882.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. McPherson, its Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Mr. WILLIAM M. LOWE, late a member of the House from the State of Alabama, and of Mr. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, late a member of the House from the State of Ohio, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. PENDLETON. Mr. President, I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions just communicated from the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Acting Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death, during the late recess, of Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE, a Representative from the State of Alabama, and of Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolution to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

Mr. PENDLETON. Mr. President, as a mark of respect to the memory of these deceased Representatives, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock and 58 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
February 6, 1883.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. McPherson, its Clerk, transmited to the Senate the resolutions adopted

by that body concerning the death of JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, late a member of the House from the State of Ohio, and ROBERT M. A. HAWK, late a member of the House from the State of Illinois.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives.

The Acting Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that suitable honors may be paid to the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Clerk of this House do communicate these resolutions to the Senate of the United States.

Mr. SHERMAN. Mr. President, I submit resolutions and ask that they be read.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions will be read.

The Acting Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be suspended in order that the friends of the deceased have opportunity to pay fitting tributes to his public and private virtues.

Resolved, That the Secretary transmit a copy of these proceedings to the family of the deceased.

Address of Mr. SHERMAN, of Ohio.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The message of the House of Representatives conveying to us the formal notice of the death of JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, late member of that House from the State of Ohio, imposes upon me the duty of adding a brief tribute to the memory of a colleague who had been thrice elected to represent in Congress the people of the district in which he was born, and among whom he had spent his entire life.

It is not merely to perform this formal duty to a colleague that I

now address you, but also to express my profound sorrow for the loss of a personal friend whom I have known for many years in private life, and to whom I was deeply indebted for the highest marks of kindness, courtesy, and support.

He died at his home at Mount Pleasant, in the county of Jefferson, in the State of Ohio, surrounded by his family and neighbors, two days before we assembled at the present session of Congress, in the full maturity of his mental powers, and when he was cheered by success in an eagerly contested political canvass.

He had hoped to meet here with us. Though the disease of which he died was that enemy of human life so fatal in our day to vigorous manhood, yet during his last illness he was hopeful and confident that his strong constitution would enable him to live to carry out cherished measures of public policy to which he was committed. But the fatal journey was not to be avoided, and all we can do is to mark the departure of a colleague and a friend with a few kindly words that will soon be said for each of us as we yield in our turn.

Dr. UPDEGRAFF'S life was tranquil, useful, and honorable. He was born of a highly respected Quaker family of Virginia, a member of which, in the early history of Ohio, settled a few miles from the banks of the Ohio River, then the outer verge of the white settlements. His grandfather was a member of the convention which framed the first constitution of Ohio. His kindred were members of the Society of Friends, and he was reared, lived and died a member of that society. His early life was spent on the farm where he was born. But he had the advantage of a good education in the common schools and at Franklin College in that State. He studied medicine and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, and afterward at medical schools at Edinburg and Paris.

He made a protracted journey through Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land. Afterward he practiced his profession for several years, but devoted his leisure time and his energy and capital to agricultural pursuits, which gratified more than any other his natural tastes and inclinations. He manifested his love for the country rather than the city, for the cultivation of the farm rather

than the practice of his profession, in his daily life, in his studies, and in his conversation. Few men were better informed on the subject and history of rural life than he. He always insisted that the arts of husbandry had been more carefully studied and practiced among the ancient nations than in later times. He yielded only to our own age superiority in labor-saving mechanical devices, which he contended had changed for the worse the moral tendency of country life. He supported his theory by many interesting descriptions of Judean and Egyptian farming. With him Job was the great farmer, not only as the owner of vast herds and flocks, but as the farmer who employed five hundred yoke of oxen in plowing, and "a very great husbandry." The Egyptians exceeded all nations of modern times in the extent and perfection of the tillage of the soil, by which they were able to support a vast population and to send food supplies to surrounding nations; thus by gainful industry obtaining the means of building the monuments which to our day excite the wonder of mankind.

He was fond of quoting the poets and statesmen of Rome in honor of the dignity of the first and noblest employment of man. He looked upon the devices which in our day enable owners of land by mechanical implements to dispense with the labor of thousands of husbandmen as of doubtful benefit, tending to concentrate capital in the hands of the few and deepening the poverty of the poor by lessening their employment.

Though Dr. UPDEGRAFF loved best the vocation of a farmer, he practiced his profession in his neighborhood, and during a part of the late war served as a surgeon in the Union Army, and bore a high reputation as a skillful and successful physician. He has always, since I have known him, taken an active part in political affairs as a Republican, and has frequently engaged in political discussions. From his boyhood, in harmony with the Quaker ideas of his ancestors, he was an earnest opponent of slavery, a member of the Freesoil party, and cordially sympathized with the most advanced views in opposition to slavery. He has always been identified with the temperance cause. In life and speech he did his utmost to check the evils of intemperance and to restrain the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and was a member of various temperance

organizations. As a speaker he was universally kind and courteous, and illustrated his argument with quaint humor. Neither pretending to be an orator, or using the arts of an orator, he was an interesting speaker, and as such was much sought for in the public canvasses in several States. He served as a Presidential elector, and voted for General Grant, in 1872. He was an influential member of the senate of Ohio in the two following years. He took an active part in the campaign of 1875, when President Hayes was elected governor of Ohio, and was a delegate to the national convention in 1876 which nominated President Hayes.

Dr. UPDEGRAFF was first elected to Congress in October, 1878. He was re-elected in 1880 and 1882. When he entered Congress he was in apparently robust health, large, strong, full chested, and vigorous both in mind and action. The party to which he belonged was then in a minority in the House of Representatives. With the wise caution and modesty of a new member he took but little part in the debates of that session. He, however, made one speech on the bill providing for the appointment of a commission on the subject of the alcoholic liquor traffic, which illustrates the strong moral convictions which governed him in all matters of legislation.

If a measure was right, or tended to promote morality, good order, or temperance, he was sure to be for it; whatever obstacles stood in the way. He always acted upon the saying of Mr. Gladstone, that "it is the duty of government to make it as hard as possible for a man to go wrong, and as easy as possible for him to go right." His plea for temperance was not affected in the least by doubts as to the power of Congress over the subject or the resulting dangers of extreme measures. It was enough to enlist his earnest support for him to believe that the measure, so far as it could be executed, tended to banish from the state that which is fitted only to corrupt the morals of the people. The same moral tone is observed in everything that was said by Dr. UPDEGRAFF while a member of Congress, and it was shown without cant, pretension, or reproof to those who differed from him. In his conduct also he observed the same moral standard that he sought to enforce by legislation.

He took an active part in securing liberal pensions for the soldiers in the Union Army, and stated strongly their claims upon the Government; for without their success "we should to-day have no Congress of the United States, no national Treasury, no nation." The speech of Dr. UPDEGRAFF that more than any other states his convictions is that made by him in February, 1881, on the bill for the creation of the Department of Agriculture. It is a strong and earnest plea for a national recognition of that great industry. He was not contented with quoting the favorable opinions of Washington and others, but demonstrated that such a department ought to be and could be made a cheap instrument of immense national benefits. He said:

> The social and intellectual condition of the rural population of any country is no uncertain measure of its high civilization and progress. The thoughtful statesmen of Europe now admit that our system of land-holding is one of the great sources of enterprise and thrift, as well as of popular content, and gives to industry the chance of permanent reward, and to labor the dignity of freedom. Popular education brings general intelligence. Industry, energy, and physical health combine to produce the elements of character which make good citizens and successful men. Loving their homes, the love of country is easier and stronger. Schlegel, in his Philosophy of History, says: "Perhaps it is not too much to assert that many of the qualities which fitted the Romans for conquering the world and perfecting their so celebrated jurisprudence were acquired, or at least nourished and matured, by the skill, foresight, and persevering industry so needful for the intelligent and successful cultivation of the soil." And in this country, since the dawn of the Revolution, when at Concord Bridge—
>
> "The embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world,"
>
> this hardy and patriotic class has been, in every conflict, a chief source of the nation's triumph, as it is to-day a large element of the nation's strength.

During the last session of Congress Dr. UPDEGRAFF made a speech of remarkable ability upon the policy of protective duties as they affected the farmer. It attracted attention at the time, and may be read with benefit now as presenting the strongest statement of the benefit of this policy to the farmers of every part of the country. This was the last speech made by him in Congress, and it is safe to say no other made during that able debate is more marked with intelligence and ability. The two speeches referred to, with short remarks made on pensions, education, and kindred

topics, indicate the bent of Dr. UPDEGRAFF'S mind. He had charity for all. All he did and all he said was to relieve, improve, or advance some portion of mankind. No unkindness marked his speech; no bitterness could be distilled in his brain, but only good-will and charity—Quaker virtues which he inherited and honestly maintained.

Dr. UPDEGRAFF was nominated last summer for his third term. During the canvass it became apparent to his friends that his physical strength was passing away. His usual buoyancy and energy were gone; the palid hue of decay was on his countenance. Still he was hopeful, and when his friends believed and announced that his death was sure and imminent he believed that he would recover. On the day after his election his death was prematurely announced, but he rallied and improved. Thus for six weeks he lingered on the verge of the great change of life to death, suffering greatly but complaining not, carefully arranging his worldly affairs, with wife and children around him, a whole community sorrowing. Then, fully conscious of his condition, earthly hope failed and life ended. While we were journeying hither he journeyed where no guide can aid him except that revealed to us in the Christian's hope.

We can say of him that he filled honorably all the obligations that he undertook in life, to father, mother, wife, and children, to those who confided in him as a physician, and to friends, whom he never betrayed. To constituents who trusted to him political power he returned duty honestly performed. I believe also he discharged that higher duty to the Supreme Ruler of the universe which rests upon all of mortal mold. He did what he could by example to benefit those who survive him. We are atoms in a moving panorama, changing, oh, how rapidly. If it can be truthfully said of any man he has done in his life more good than evil, then is the world better for his having lived. Dr. UPDEGRAFF may not have made so conspicuous a mark upon our time as some others, yet all that he did do was useful, honorable, and good.

Address of Mr. PENDLETON, of Ohio.

Mr. PRESIDENT: My colleague [Mr. Sherman] has fittingly described the useful and honorable career of Mr. UPDEGRAFF in his profession, in the Army, on the farm, in the political contests of his native State. He had the advantage of close personal association and warm and long-sustained friendship. I knew Mr. UPDEGRAFF only by reputation until I met him here at the extra session of Congress in 1879. He was then for the first time a member of the House of Representatives.

Afterward my intercourse with him was not intimate or daily; but it was enough to enable me to perceive and to appreciate those qualities of mind and character which made his life useful and worthy in all the various relations to which my colleague has alluded. He was affable in temper, genial in manners, firm in his convictions, frank in their expression, temperate in their assertion, tolerant of all differences. He was fast in his friendships, just in his antagonisms, an agreeable companion, an educated, cultivated gentleman.

A touching letter, written from his bed of death to his late opponent in his last heated political contest, in response to solicitous inquiry as to his health did equal honor to both.

When I last saw him he seemed in perfect health; but even then the fatal disease was secretly consuming his vital powers. In the hour of his greatest political triumph he obeyed the command of a victor stronger than he, and trod the mysterious pathways which, through the portals of the tomb, lead to the "undiscovered country."

Mr. President, men who achieve commanding influence and stamp the character of the age in which they live are the product of the centuries. It may well be doubted whether the order of advancing society, the progression of our race, the attainment of the better and the purer to which the insatiable longings of the human soul forever aspire, are not more promoted by the active, earnest,

faithful, modest lives of those who in less conspicuous station always to their own selves are true.

> Compute the chances,
> And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times,
> Who wins the race of glory, but than him
> A thousand men more gloriously endowed
> Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
> Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance
> Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add
> A smaller tally of the singular few
> Who gifted with predominating powers,
> Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace,
> The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The question is on the adoption of the resolution presented by the Senator from Ohio [Mr. Sherman].

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously, and the Senate adjourned.

○

Godlove S. Orth

47TH CONGRESS, } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MISC. DOC.
2d Session. } { No. 52

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

GODLOVE S. ORTH

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM INDIANA)

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1883.

9173

Godlove S. Orth

47TH CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 32.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

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GODLOVE S. ORTH

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1883.

0173

JOINT RESOLUTION for the printing of certain eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late Godlove S. Orth.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late GODLOVE S. ORTH, a member of the Forty-seventh Congress from the State of Indiana, twelve thousand copies, of which three thousand shall be for the use of the Senate, and nine thousand for the use of the House of Representatives, and the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said Godlove S. Orth to accompany said eulogies; and for the purpose of engraving or printing said portrait the sum of five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be, and the same is hereby, appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved Feb. 24, 1883.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF GODLOVE S. ORTH.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

December 18, 1882.

Mr. BROWNE. It is my painful duty to announce to the House the decease of GODLOVE S. ORTH, late a Representative from Indiana, who died at his home in the city of La Fayette at 46 minutes past 10 o'clock on the evening of the 16th instant. Mr. ORTH had been seven times elected a Representative to this body, and had he lived to the end of the present session would have seen fourteen years of service. He held in his life-time many important public positions in his State, and was for more than forty years one of the notable figures in its politics.

In his private life he was blameless, and as a statesman able and conscientious in the performance of duty. He was loved by the constituency he served so faithfully, and all who knew him in public or in private life will deplore his loss.

On some future day of the present session the House will be asked to delay for a time the routine of legislative proceedings that it may pay appropriate tribute to the memory of the deceased. And now, Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. GODLOVE S. ORTH, a Representative from the State of Indiana.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these proceedings to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a token of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted; and thereupon, in pursuance of the last resolution, the House adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
December 19, 1882.

The SPEAKER announced the following as the members of the committee on the part of the House to unite with a similar committee on the part of the Senate to constitute the funeral escort at the burial of the late Mr. ORTH, of Indiana:

Mr. Calkins of Indiana, Mr. Peirce of Indiana, Mr. Steele of Indiana, Mr. Matson of Indiana, Mr. Davis of Illinois, Mr. Urner of Maryland, and Mr. Reese of Georgia.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
January 31, 1883.

Mr. BROWNE. Mr. Speaker, a few days ago I announced the death of my late colleague, Mr. ORTH, and gave notice that at an early day the House would be asked to suspend its business that the friends and associates of the deceased might pay appropriate tribute to his virtues as a Representative and a citizen. The time for these ceremonies has arrived, and I offer for consideration the resolutions I now send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of this House be suspended that suitable honors may be paid the memory of Hon. GODLOVE S. ORTH, late a Representative from Indiana.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. ORTH the country has sustained the loss of a safe counselor, a patriotic citizen, and an able and faithful public servant.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect for his memory the House at the conclusion of these ceremonies shall adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Address of Mr. BROWNE, of Indiana.

Mr. SPEAKER: Death, says Horace, makes no nice distinctions, but approaches all with equal step and knocks alike at the door of the hovel and the portals of the palace. During this Congress it has entered this Hall, and its shadow has fallen upon O'Connor and Allen, Hawk and Lowe, Updegraff, Shackelford, and ORTH, and blended their lives here with that brighter life on the other shore. Death preaches an impressive sermon to the human soul. In the memorable words of Burke, "It feelingly teaches us what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue." However short a man's life may be there gathers about it always something of love and sympathy, and when it is gone some fond hope and bright ambition perishes. No man has lived without making some impression, for good or ill, upon his generation, and no one is wholly dead whose memory or whose example inspires the humblest to higher purposes or more noble resolves. The dead leave their work behind them as an example and a warning, to be judged by what has been accomplished, by the spirit that inspired it, and the temptations and dangers that environed it.

The career of one who saw long and honorable service in this House is now completed. It was a life full of generous deeds. Let us, like the angel of the Koran, as we stand over the dead man, speak of the good deeds he sent before him.

GODLOVE S. ORTH was born near Lebanon, in the State of Pennsylvania, April 22, 1817. He was a descendant from a Moravian family which emigrated from one of the palatinates of the old German Empire to the colony of Pennsylvania about the year 1725, under the auspices of Count Zinzendorff, the celebrated missionary. His grandfather, Balthazel Orth, was an ardent patriot in the Revolution, acted as provost-marshal for his district, and drafted members of his own family for service in the colonial army. The Hessian prisoners captured at Trenton were by the orders of Wash-

ington put into his custody, and he imprisoned them in the old stone church of the Moravians still standing at Lebanon. His ancestry lie in the adjacent church-yard, now awaiting some Old Mortality with his chisel to reproduce the epitaphs on their moss-covered tombstones.

Mr. ORTH, after securing such an education as could be obtained in the common schools of his native State, took an irregular course of instruction at the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburgh. He located there, read law in the office of Hon. James Cooper, and was admitted to the bar in March, 1839. The great West was developing very rapidly at this time, and to an enterprising and ambitious young man it was an inviting field. He was attracted by the activities and opportunities of that growing section, and soon after his admission to the bar crossed the Alleghanies and found a home by the beautiful Wabash, at La Fayette, where he continued to reside until "the wheels of his weary life stood still." Here he at once entered upon the practice of law, and, young as he was, by his learning and integrity soon won a lucrative business and a place in the front rank of the profession. He took an active part in the famous and exciting campaign of 1840, and secured at a bound a position of prominence in Indiana politics.

In 1843 the Whigs of Tippecanoe County nominated him as their candidate for the State senate, and although the county was Democratic he was triumphantly elected. Though one of the youngest, he was one of the ablest of the senate, and so well did he perform his part that before the close of the term he was chosen president of that body by a most complimentary vote. He thus became acting lieutenant-governor. He remained in the senate from 1843 to 1850, and was, during a portion of this period, chairman of the committee on the judiciary, a position tendered him by a Democratic presiding officer as an evidence of the high estimate placed upon his integrity and learning by his political opponents. In 1848 he was a candidate for Presidential elector on the Taylor and Fillmore ticket, and took an active part in the memorable campaign of that year.

For ten years subsequent to the close of his service in the State senate he devoted himself almost exclusively to his profession. He

did not again appear in public life until the slave power revolted against national authority and proclaimed its purpose to forcibly destroy the Union. After several of the discontented States had mustered for battle, when either a compromise or peaceful separation or war seemed inevitable, the general assembly of Virginia invited all the States to a peace conference to meet at Washington on the 4th of February, 1861. The object of this meeting, as announced by Virginia, was to adjust, if possible, the pending struggle by an amendment of the Constitution giving further security to the rights of the people of the slave-holding States. Indiana promptly responded to this kindly invitation, and Mr. ORTH was appointed by Governor Morton one of its five commissioners to this peace congress. His associates were Caleb B. Smith, Pleasant A. Hackleman, E. W. H. Ellis, and Thomas C. Slaughter—names now canonized in the hearts of our people. Not one of these men is now living, all of them having died before Mr. ORTH. One who reviews to-day the proceedings of that notable conference will be surprised at the shortness of the roll of its survivors. Tyler and Fessenden, Morrell and Reverdy Johnson, Chase and Wadsworth, and almost all the distinguished men who met in that extraordinary assembly have passed away.

Mr. ORTH was more a listener than a talker or an actor in that congress. He soon became convinced that an honorable adjustment was hopeless; that the malcontents who inaugurated the rebellion would accept but separation or terms that would bind for all time the free States to the juggernaut of the slave-masters. To such conditions he knew his people would never submit. He believed, moreover, that the Constitution as it was, correctly interpreted and honestly enforced, gave ample protection to the institutions of the South. Although anti-slavery in his sympathies and sternly opposed to what he believed to be the encroachments of slavery, he stood for the enforcement of law, and was one of those who, if the law demanded it, "would have given Shylock a verdict for the pound of flesh although he had to take it from his own bosom."

When the peace congress adjourned Mr. ORTH was convinced that war could not long be averted, and upon his return home he

addressed his people on the situation, forecasting with remarkable accuracy the future of the country. He pointed out to them the imminence of the danger confronting them and exhorted them to meet it with a courage that neither sacrifice nor suffering could subdue or dishearten.

The war opened, and from its beginning he championed the cause of the nation with all the zeal and enthusiasm of his nature. In every phase of that fearful conflict—in victory, in defeat—he gave the Union his active support, and from the first gun at Charleston Harbor until the surrender at Appomattox he insisted that a vigorous and aggressive war policy was the price of peace and union.

Mr. ORTH had but a brief experience in the military service. When in the summer of 1862 Indiana was threatened with an invasion on its southern borders he responded to the call of the governor, and putting himself at the head of a company of his fellow-citizens reported for duty. He was sent to the Ohio River and put in command of the ram Hornet. He continued on duty until the emergency that called him into the service was over when he returned to his civil pursuits.

He was elected a Representative in Congress in October, 1862, and first took his seat here on the 4th of March following. He was returned by his district to the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, by the State at large to the Forty-third, and again by his district to the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Congresses, having at the time of his death seen fourteen years of service as the trusted representative of a most intelligent constituency. No man could command the confidence of such a constituency and hold it long and unwaveringly without possessing real merit.

His services here began in the most eventful epoch in our history. The Republic was in the agonies of a most cruel civil war. Its expenses were enormous, and the generosity of its expenditure of money was only paralleled by the profligacy with which a heroic soldiery poured out their blood. Taxation seemed to have reached its uttermost limit, and yet our revenues fell far below the demands of the times.

The Treasury was empty, our finances in disorder, but the war

went on, increasing in magnitude and intensifying in bitterness, until the coolest and wisest dared not predict its duration, its results to our civilization or our democratic system of government. The friends of the Union were divided in their councils, and some began to lose hope of success. Gloom overshadowed every household. There was sadness and sorrow about every hearth-stone. "Every shore had its tale of blood and its record of suffering."

The dead lay on every hillside and in every valley, by the waters of the Ohio and under the shade of the magnolia and the cedar of the South. The roar of hostile guns mingled with the moans of the dying and the agonizing sobs of bereaved sisters and mothers. It was under such sad surroundings Mr. ORTH assumed the duties of Representative. That he conscientiously and fearlessly did the work assigned him is a part of the record of those troublous times.

After the war he had to grapple the new and perplexing questions of reconstruction, and here, too, he proved himself equal to each occasion, never forgetting the cause of freedom and ever having an eye to the glory of his country.

He served on several of the most important committees of the House, and among them the Committee on Freedmen, the Committee on Private Land Claims, the Committee on Ways and Means, the Committee on Reform in the Civil Service, and the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He brought to the discharge of his committee work an intelligent industry which won for him the respect and confidence of his associates and a position of influence in the House. While on the Freedmen's Committee he matured and reported several measures for the protection of that large and friendless multitude which the war was daily transforming from chattels into men. As a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs he was, when that question was before the country, opposed to according belligerent rights to Cuba, and on behalf of a minority of the committee presented a report embodying his views, which was sustained by the House and indorsed by the country.

During the discussion which followed he said:

I yield to no gentleman on the floor of this House in expressions of sympathy for any people who, suffering from oppression, are fighting for independence. It is an American sentiment that all men should be free. These gener-

ous impulses are part of our nature; they are among the earliest impressions of our childhood; we receive them in lineal descent from our Revolutionary ancestors; they are the proud heritage of every American. But personal sympathy must not be permitted to influence official action in derogation of the just rights of others. If my sympathy could give the Cubans independence and separate nationality they should have it before the going down of the sun. But, sir, when I am asked to entangle the Government in a controversy in which we have everything to lose and nothing to gain, I cannot do it, I dare not do it, and I have the fullest confidence that this House will not do it.

Mr. ORTH advocated every advance movement of his party. He was in the fullest sympathy with the emancipation policy of Lincoln and recorded his vote for the amendment abolishing slavery. He also zealously supported the Fourteenth Amendment and followed these measures to their logical conclusion by aiding to put the ballot into the hands of the newly made freeman. On the subject of human rights his views were radical. He hated oppression and was intolerant of what he regarded caste legislation. He combated the anti-Chinese legislation of this Congress because he thought it an attack on liberty.

Among his last speeches in this House was an earnest and eloquent protest against this measure. He said:

The proposed legislation is based on race and color, is in derogation of justice and right, subverts the time-honored traditions of the fathers, tramples alike upon treaties and statutes, strikes at the fundamental principles of republicanism, and seeks to rob our nation of the brightest jewels in its coronet of glory.

* * * * * * *

From the landing at Plymouth Rock, from the settlement at Jamestown, down through all our varied history, our people have placed themselves on God's word and announced their belief that He had "made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." This is the foundation-stone upon which our people have erected the grandest structure of human government known to man's history.

The first political document promulgated by the feeble Colonies in vindication of their action formulated this faith into the declaration that "all men are created equal," endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which is "the pursuit of happiness," and from which followed as an inevitable corollary the doctrine of expatriation, which is the right of man to go wheresoever his tastes, his judgment, or his interest might lead him.

Upon this old gospel of liberty and equality he placed himself at the beginning of his political life and he adhered to it in his last utterances. He wrote in his creed the philosophy of Hugo:

> Liberty! Equality! Fraternity! There is nothing to add—nothing to retrench. They are the three steps of the supreme ladder. Liberty is right; equality is fact; fraternity is duty. All the man is there.

Upon the adjournment of the Forty-third Congress President Grant tendered him the position of United States minister to Vienna, which he accepted. While abroad he was chosen by the almost unanimous voice of the Republican party its candidate for governor of Indiana. He resigned his mission in compliance with the request of his friends to make the race for that office. During the canvass he withdrew from the ticket because of local opposition to his candidacy which he was induced to believe would imperil the success of his party. His long term of service, his party prominence, his aggressive character, his uncompromising devotion to principle, and his firm adherence to his convictions made him a conspicuous mark for his enemies. Eminence in any walk in life, and especially in politics, invites criticism and censure. He lives to little purpose who is without foes. It is unfortunate that in our political warfare we are apt to justify the assassination of private character if it promotes partisan success. If party ends require it we too often remorselessly murder a good man's name. But the fame of him of whom I speak is safe from defamation now. He is beyond the reach of reproach. After a third of a century of public life, after ample opportunities for amassing wealth, Mr. ORTH died comparatively poor. If he had faults, venality was not one of them. His frugal, temperate, and unostentatious habits, his disregard of wealth, vindicate his character from such an imputation and rebuke those who calumniated it.

It was my good fortune to know Mr. ORTH somewhat intimately for a score of years. He was of a sunny nature, and had a cheerful word, a genial smile, and a hearty greeting for all. No man ever had friends more devoted and self-sacrificing than he. He had a personal magnetism which attracted men and held them. They stood by him in every vicissitude of his fortune. No assault upon

his record or his honor weakened their faith or caused them to falter in their friendship. It was thought that at times he was unduly sensitive and too quick to suspect offense; but if this was a weakness it arose from "that chastity of honor that felt a stain as a wound." No life is wholly faultless; his had its frailties; but when the account of its deeds here is made up there will be found a large balance on the heavenward side. He was self-reliant, and prosecuted his work with an energy that deserved success if it did not always achieve it. As a thinker and a speaker he was aggressive but tolerant; urging his point with the zeal of an enthusiast, he freely accorded honesty of purpose and conviction to those who combated his opinions. His language was simple, his manner earnest, his illustrations well chosen. There was no attempt at display—no straining after effect. He sometimes festooned his thought with an apt quotation and gave point to his logic by an appropriate anecdote. A man of convictions and integrity of purpose, before forming an opinion he examined the facts and only accepted conclusions after trying the foundations upon which they were made to rest.

But I cannot further trace his personal or social traits, or his public career. Imperfect as my sketch has been, I must leave it, knowing that all my omissions will be supplied by others.

Mr. ORTH was in declining health for some time before his death. At the close of the last session of this Congress he visited Berkeley Springs, hoping by rest and recreation to regain his wasted strength and be ready for the labors of this session. He did not find the relief he sought, but returned home an invalid. Notwithstanding his feeble and broken condition, his party friends again tendered him the Congressional nomination. He accepted the race and attempted to make a canvass, but disease had so impaired his health that he was unable to address the people, and he did little more than appear at a few of the political meetings held in his district. I saw him for the last time at the close of the campaign. It was apparent then that the end was near. Within a few months disease had made sad inroads upon the vigor of both his body and mind. He was making a manful struggle to rally his decaying

energies, but the brightness of his life was fading away and the gloom of the evening fast gathering about him. Within a brief month, at his old home, with friends and family about him, death closed the scene, tender hands bore his remains to the church-yard and laid them forever away. He sleeps now all regardless of life's struggles or its storms.

> While his countrymen linger around his grave their aspirations will ascend to Heaven that a kind Providence may grant our beloved country many more such men.

These are his words spoken at the bier of Thaddeus Stevens. I repeat them, and here by his new-made grave express the hope that the future of our free and prosperous Republic may be blessed with many such men as GODLOVE S. ORTH. NOW—

> Let us breathe a prayer above his sod
> And leave him to his rest—and God.

Address of Mr. WILSON, of West Virginia.

Mr. SPEAKER: We have all been shocked and pained at the mortality among members of the two branches of Congress. During the present session seven members of this House have been swept away by the fell destroyer.

And on yesterday I was informed by the Librarian of Congress that since the 4th day of March, 1871, of those who were then members of either one or the other branch, or who had been since that time, twenty-two Senators have died, and sixty-nine members of this House have been called to lie down in the cold, damp grave, apart from earth, to sleep that sleep that knows no waking. How forcibly we are impressed with the words of Watts:

> Princes, this clay must be your bed,
> In spite of all your towers;
> The tall, the wise, the reverend head
> Must lie as low as ours.

I desire, Mr. Speaker, with the preparation of only a few hours, as a colleague on the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the lamented

GODLOVE S. ORTH, to submit a few remarks on his life and character.

On the 16th of December last he departed this life and wound up a long, eventful, and honorable career. We now pause for a time to do honor to his memory. In your time, Mr. Speaker, and in mine, few men have filled so many positions of prominence and trust as he whom we now mourn. I can not better recount the public services rendered by him to this country than by reading from the Congressional Directory a statement which was published during his life and presumably by his consent:

> GODLOVE S. ORTH, of La Fayette, was born near Lebanon, Pennsylvania, April 22, 1817; was educated at Gettysburgh College, Pennsylvania; studied law and commenced to practice in Indiana; was a member of the State senate of Indiana in 1843, '44, '45, '46, '47, and '48, serving one year as president of that body; was a Presidential elector in 1848; was a member of the peace conference in 1861; served as captain of a company of volunteers during the war for the suppression of the rebellion; was elected to the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, and Forty-third Congresses; upon the adjournment of the Forty-third Congress he was appointed United States minister to Vienna; and was elected to the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Congresses.

He gave to his State six years' service in its senate; and if he had lived to the 4th of March next, he would have served fourteen years in this House. He also served in the peace congress of 1861 and in the volunteer military service of the late war; and for several years he represented his Government as minister to Vienna.

I submit, Mr. Speaker, that no man could have been so often honored, and retained for so many years in high positions, who did not possess noble qualities of head and heart. His associates and acquaintances on this floor will, I am sure, gladly unite with me in testifying to his ability and to his warm-hearted, genial, and generous nature.

I have said that he was a man of ability. His long-continued public service in various positions, the duties of which he discharged with honor to himself and benefit to his country, marked him as a man of ability. His career at the bar, even in his youth, was a brilliant and a successful one. I need not remind members around me of the high rank he took here with us; of the various chair-

manships of important committees that he filled from time to time; the various important committee reports which he prepared and presented; of the various able speeches he made during his membership here. In addition to all this, Mr. Speaker, be it said that GODLOVE S. ORTH lived and died an honest man. But once during his eventful career, extending as it did over a period of nearly forty years, are we told by those who knew him longest and best, was his character ever assailed or his integrity impeached.

In the years 1876 Indiana was regarded as politically a doubtful State. It was regarded as an important factor, if not the deciding factor, in the Presidential election of that year. Each of the great political parties was organizing for the campaign. Each aimed to put forward its strongest and most available man as a candidate for governor. The Democratic party nominated as its candidate the lamented James D. Williams, once a prominent and popular member of this House; and the Republican party, passing by its scores of distinguished men, nominated GODLOVE S. ORTH, and recalled him from his foreign mission. Scarcely had he returned to his home, having resigned his position abroad, when rumor, oftentimes a lying jade, cast suspicion upon him, and asserted that he had fallen from duty's path and violated the rules of propriety by accepting a fee to prosecute certain claims—at a time, too, when he was a member of Congress and when those claims were undergoing investigation by Congress. A due regard for his memory prompts me now and here to say, in view of all the lights upon that subject, that this rumor was without foundation. It took the wings of the wind and flew to all parts of the country; and notwithstanding the fact that no witness, then or since, has ever been found to verify it and no record ever produced to sustain it, the only course left for Mr. ORTH to pursue in the political frenzy of the hour was to retire from the contest, to wait and watch and bide his time for vindication. He returned to his home and retired to private life; he returned to the people by whom he had often been honored, to the people who had passed in review the deeds of his life—the people who had watched him from boyhood to the time when the white flakes of age settled upon his brow—he re-

turned to the people in whose breast there was a deep-seated conviction that GODLOVE S. ORTH was an honest man. They believed he had been wantonly pursued and persecuted. They remembered the fidelity with which he so long and so ably served them and served his country in various prominent positions. They remembered the dark hours of 1861, when the country was filled and startled with rumors of war, and how he exerted himself through the medium of the peace congress of that year to avert the horrors of war.

Failing in that effort he returned to his home, headed a military company in the volunteer service, and went forth to fight for his country, her liberty, and her laws. Their admiration for the man and confidence in his integrity and his innocence inspired them with a determination to set him right before the world. This they did by electing him to the Forty-sixth Congress and re-electing him by a largely increased majority to the Forty-seventh Congress. Thus, Mr. Speaker, was his brow during his life wreathed with vindication and victory. Of the accusation against him and the manner in which his constituents repudiated and crushed it out, it may be well said—

> Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
> And dies among his worshipers.

His life on earth is ended. His friends and country are left to mourn his loss. But though death has deprived them of his services, it has not taken away the result of his labor. Life leaves the body, and the body is borne to the ground from which it sprang. Fruits fall to the earth and decay, but never a fruit that did not leave its seed, and never a life that did not leave its example. The sun of man's life goes down, but the star of his example remains fixed in the firmament.

Mr. ORTH'S career is ended, and his friends point with pride to his record, the record of a scholar, a statesman, and a patriot.

> Oh God! It is a fearful thing
> To see the human soul take wing,
> In any shape, in any mood.

Address of Mr. CALKINS, of Indiana.

Mr. SPEAKER: In the few remarks I am about to submit upon the life and character of my dead colleague I shall omit any extended reference to his public career, which has been so fitly epitomized by my colleague [Mr. Browne]. At the time of his death there were few men better known in the State of Indiana than Mr. ORTH. He began his public career quite young, and passed with amazing rapidity through many grades of political life. He never attained the full measure of his ambition; but his aspirations were not higher than his merit deserved. That he did not entirely succeed is not a fault, for he was always willing to make personal sacrifices that the principles for which he struggled might obtain. He was personally popular, and held his friendships with a firm grasp. His public speeches were earnest and sincere and his manner unostentatious and attractive. His language was fluent and well chosen, and his zeal was fervid and impressive. He was bold in expression, plausible in argument, and pathetic in appeal. He never apologized for public action, nor took refuge in silence from public assault. He never placated an enemy at the expense of a friend, nor did he resort to doubtful expediencies at the sacrifice of principle.

The basis of his political action was that of absolute justice, and his motto was "that it were better to fail in the right than to succeed in the wrong." Politically he was a thorough disciplinarian, and his remarkable success in that field was largely attributable to the solid phalanxes of his personal following.

He had enemies in his own political party, as all men of decided views and large individuality must have, but he possessed the skill of maintaining them in line without driving them from the party of their choice. He maintained his party leadership in his own Congressional district for a quarter of a century, and when he died was serving his seventh term in this House.

He did not escape harsh criticism; but he lived to place his triumphant vindication in the permanent records of his country which he served so long and faithfully.

As a citizen he had the respect of those who knew him best, without regard to party affiliations. As a neighbor he was obliging, and as a friend he was firm and true.

His rank as a lawyer when he left the bar to enter politics was fully up to the standard of the best lawyers of the State. He was generous and charitable, and gave for the love of giving and not for the love of praise. He was gentle in disposition, and anxious to add to the "sum of human joy." He did good deeds from choice and not for personal advantage. He had a kind word for all, and was best pleased when making others happy. He had strong religious convictions, but they were not hampered by narrow constructions or uncharitable dogmatisms. The best trait of his character was found in his domestic relations; he was a loving husband and a kind, indulgent father.

His public career was remarkable, and fitly illustrates many of the rare qualities which he possessed. While in health he never was defeated for a popular office at the hands of the people. When first a State senator he was one of its youngest members and was chosen presiding officer. In this field he first won his reputation as a skillful parliamentarian, and often on the floor proved himself a quick and ready debater.

He was appointed one of the peace commission in 1861. He performed the delicate and arduous duties of that place with signal ability. His heroic devotion to the doctrine of an inseparable union of these United States, without further compromises, did much to secure the line of policy which the Administration afterward adopted. He was in thorough sympathy with Governor Morton in the arming and equipping of troops, and supported the vigorous prosecution of the war for the suppression of the rebellion. He never doubted the righteousness of the Union cause, nor despaired of final victory for our arms. He was not disheartened at reverses, nor did he flag in his zeal for the Union in the darkest hour of the rebellion.

He gave to his country his services as a volunteer and risked his life for its preservation. His services in this House during the war were one continued line of devotion to his country, and all

his public acts bespoke his sympathy and love for the volunteer soldier.

His long service in this House bears testimony to his ability as a statesman. He did not often speak in debate, but when he did he commanded attention from his fellow members. He distinguished himself while at the head of the Committee on Foreign Affairs; he familiarized himself with our foreign policy, and was the author of a bill to perfect our consular and diplomatic system. He mastered the details of this department and was recognized authority on all questions affecting it. He was thoroughly American in sentiment, and was imbued with the idea of the equality of all civilized people before the law. He despised caste and took no pleasure in the shallow pretenses of foreign courts; and when he represented our country at the court of Vienna he was ambitious to represent the model Republic in the simplicity of pure democracy, without being offensive. All who knew him in that position will bear testimony to his signal triumph.

While at the head of the Committee on Foreign Affairs he became possessed of many of the secrets of the unwritten history of this country which happened during that time. His version of the acquisition of the Territory of Alaska by this country was new and interesting. I am not able to recite it with sufficient accuracy to venture to give it here. I have no doubt that when the history of the lives of Mr. Seward and Mr. Sumner are rewritten in all their details the purchase of Alaska by this country will not be an uninteresting chapter, especially if the true reason is given as understood by Mr. ORTH. I regret that the occasion did not arise while Mr. ORTH was living which would have given him the opportunity to state his version of this matter.

Mr. ORTH was my friend. I have known him from my childhood. From his lips I have received many words of encouragement. He was in full sympathy with the men who labor and toil. He began life himself in poverty, and knew what it was to succeed in spite of it. He appreciated the burdens which honest toil demands, and rejoiced at the success which triumphed over it. He was a lover of liberty, a friend of the oppressed, and an advocate of universal freedom.

His last sickness was painful; but he bore the tedious approach of death with patience and resignation. He looked death in the face without a shudder and calmly awaited its triumph. When the cold waters were gathering about him and the power of speech was fading away he clasped the hands of those dear to him and whispered, "Happy." Thus peacefully he passed away; and he is as far from us to-day as the patriarchs and those who "perished before the flood."

As one of the members of the committee of this House I attended his funeral at his home in La Fayette, Indiana. The day was inclement, but this did not deter a multitude of people from his own neighborhood as well as from all the principal points in his old Congressional district, and delegations from different parts of the State, from paying their last tribute of respect to his memory. All that is mortal of our dead colleague lies in the beautiful cemetery adjoining the city where he lived so long and whose people he loved so well. The verdure of spring will decorate his grave. Loving hands will strew flowers there. These will fade and wither, but the monuments he has erected by his public acts will survive forever.

Address of Mr. ROBINSON, of New York.

MR. SPEAKER: Again the dusky wing of death darkens the doors of this House. Another distinguished soldier has fallen in life's battle. To-day a nation pauses to pay respect to the funeral procession. As it passes I bow my head in reverence and join the weeping throng in the mournful *miserere* for the dead.

I have not risen to deliver a eulogy on the deceased statesman, nor shall I attempt to sketch the honorable steps by which he ascended to fame. That has been and will be done more appropriately and thoroughly by his colleagues and friends in this House and in the Senate. I have risen simply to say a word or two that may appropriately come from me in the general sorrow for his untimely death.

Mr. ORTH and I first met in the Fortieth Congress, which as-

sembled here in its first session on the 4th of March, 1867. He had long filled a distinguished position in his adopted State, as he afterward filled places of trust and honor in national affairs, both at home and abroad.

He had been a member of the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Congresses, and at the commencement of his Congressional career, just twenty years ago, he was appointed a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, a position which he still occupied at the time of his death. He and I served together on that committee in the Fortieth Congress, and on the great questions so thoroughly discussed and so satisfactorily settled in and by that Congress his views and mine were entirely harmonious. Those who desire to see the rights of American citizens traveling abroad warmly and vigorously vindicated in an enlarged and American view have only to refer to his speeches during that Congress. How few of the members of this House in that Fortieth Congress do we now find on this floor! Only eleven. A dozen have been transferred to the Senate; one became President, another Vice-President; several have become governors of their several States; others in the Cabinet and in foreign service; and oh, how many have passed to the shadowy shore whose mists form an impenetrable veil to the human eye!

At the last session of this Congress he was one of those who delivered eulogies on the deceased Senator Carpenter of Wisconsin, and I remember the solemn tones of his voice as he repeated the graphic sentence of Edmund Burke on a similar occasion, and so soon to be applied to himself:

> What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!

It so happened that in the discussion of questions coming before this House during the last session Mr. ORTH and I had some differences approaching personalities, and had it not been for his forgiving nature, superior in that respect to mine, they might have permanently estranged us from each other. Had it even been so that we had separated at the close of the last session in anger, I think I should still have claimed the privilege which I now implore of uniting with his friends and admirers in paying this

justly deserved tribute to his memory. But that generous nature which governed all his actions did not allow me to separate from him with hostile feelings.

At a public meeting held in this city, composed of those who deeply sympathized with me in my course in this House and who thought that he and I did not differ so widely in sentiment upon the subject which we discussed with such apparent warmth, he preceded me in some remarks in which, though we had not for some days spoken to each other, he referred to me so kindly, and, on concluding his speech, so cordially tendered me his hand that we forgot our differences and were afterward warmer friends than ever.

We parted for our several homes, hoping to meet again in the present session to indulge in our renewed intercourse of friendship. I hoped again to grasp his generous hand, the parting pressure of which I still feel, warm with the pulsations of his noble heart. Alas! that hand is cold in the icy grasp of death and the pulses of that kindly heart have ceased to throb forever. I see in his saddened house a mournful family group—a bereaved wife and weeping children—and I mingle my tears of sympathy and sorrow with theirs in the darkened circle of their distant home.

Address of Mr. HOLMAN, of Indiana.

Mr. SPEAKER: It has been the custom of the two Houses of Congress from the foundation of the Government whenever death has closed the career of one of its number, to suspend for the time the course of legislation, consider his public record, and pay a tribute to his memory—a custom not only beautifnl in the expression of humane and kindly sympathy, but an instinctive admonition to the living.

The public career of GODLOVE S. ORTH, who so recently moved in our midst eager in the affairs of government, was one of more than ordinary duration and embraced the most important epoch of the great State in which most of his life was passed. Nearly forty

years ago Mr. ORTH entered the legislature of Indiana as a senator at an age when he was barely eligible to the trust. Indiana was then almost a frontier State. The restless tide of emigration, it is true, had invaded with intrepid steps the pathless forests and prairies stretching far westward from the Wabash, but the early settlements of Indiana (except the old post of Vincennes) were on her southern and southeastern borders and moved slowly and painfully northward and northwestwardly through interminable and unbroken forests.

When Mr. ORTH, buoyant with youth and hope, fixed his home on the Wabash, the population of Indiana, from the Ohio to the lake, was but little more than half a million. The last of the Indian tribes which for centuries had roamed the unshorn fields from the Miami to the Wabash had but recently cast their last glance on the graves of the fathers and sadly turned their faces to the West. The wealth of the State was a self-reliant people, fertile lands, the fruits of the earth, and flocks and herds; the pioneer's cabin, whose master was more independent and more hospitable than a king, was still the landmark of every landscape; the scattered settlers on the lands, and even in towns and villages, each the independent owner of a freehold, gloried in their equal condition, even in material wealth. Such were the people who, pleased with his sturdy and manly bearing, chose young ORTH to represent them in their senate.

In those days there was little accumulated wealth in Indiana; the whole people were employed in agricultural pursuits. Yet with the eagerness of young and vigorous communities for rapid development the State had already incurred a debt, the burden of which very greatly exceeded her available resources or the tax-paying ability of her people, to advance a system of internal improvements, resulting in inevitable failure. This premature enterprise terminated in a great debt with no compensating result. It was prematue, for argriculture, the natural employment of a free people and of all pursuits the most ennobling, diffuses and equalizes wealth, promising slow but solid advancement, while the artificial agencies which centralize wealth develop resources with accelerated force. These agencies were as yet undeveloped in Indiana.

The people were eager to maintain the public credit, but the treasury was exhausted, and temporary expedients only resulted in the hopeless disorder of the finances of the State and the discontent and despondency of the people. At this time Mr. ORTH entered the senate of Indiana. He co-operated earnestly and effectually with older members of the house and senate, with Pennington and his associates, gentlemen of long experience (for it had been the policy of the people to keep their most trusted public servants long in their employment). Gradually the State arose from her despondency, and before Mr. ORTH left the senate the public debt had been honorably adjusted, its payment assured without oppression to the people, measures provided which were destined to place Indiana in the front rank of States in the endowment and excellency of her system of common schools—the true university of the state—and the forces inaugurated which have placed Indiana in her now commanding station in the Union. Mr. ORTH was identified with all the great measures of that important period and bore an honorable part in their success.

Mr. ORTH was a Whig; he was essentially and constitutionally a Whig, an admirer of Hamilton, a disciple of Henry Clay. He was a Whig in the sense in which that term and that of Democracy most clearly express the two theories of Government, which have struggled in all the past and will in the future for mastery in this Republic. In the later years of the Whig party Indiana furnished many of its ablest and most devoted leaders. While Mr. ORTH was not at any time the recognized leader of the Whig party of the State, he stood firmly in its front rank. He was the co-worker, associate, and friend of the great Whigs of Indiana from the time he entered the senate until that party was merged for the time on the great incidental issue of slavery in the Republican party. The Whig party of Indiana, in its representative men, was never so great as in the years of its decline. During this period Nicholas McCarty, Oliver H. Smith, Albert S. White, Joseph G. Marshall, George H. Dunn, Pleasant A. Hackleman, James Rariden, John A. Matson, Henry S. Lane, George G. Dunn, Samuel W. Parker, David Wallace, John D. Defrees, and Samuel Bigger, the last of the Whig governors of the State, were the Whig leaders of In-

diana. All these were the associates and co-workers of GODLOVE S. ORTH; most of them men of national reputations; two of them, the foremost of them all, never in public employment, and one of them almost the peer of Henry Clay in the brilliancy of his eloquence. I mention only the great Whig leaders of Indiana, associates and friends of Mr. ORTH, who are now no more. A few equally eminent still survive. All of them became members of the Republican party. No period of the State and no party in the State has produced men more eminent for their virtues than the Whig leaders I have named.

Mr. ORTH was a staunch partisan and true to his political friends. While in no sense an anti-slavery leader, he did not hesitate to co-operate with the body of his political associates in the movements which ultimately formed the Republican party, and he became one of its founders; was one of its truest and most trusted leaders from its organization to the time of his death, and represented his district as a Republican in this Chamber for seven terms, the longest period, with two exceptions, in the history of the State. He entered Congress during the war, and, fully impressed with the belief that the abolition of slavery was indispensable to the public safety, he supported earnestly the amendments to the Constitution and all the measures looking to the elevation of the freedman.

As a member of this House, Mr. ORTH, while not active in the current business, was attentive, careful, and prudent, generally, and on party questions always, co-operating with the body of his political friends. While not at any time the leader of his party in the House, he was at all times one of its representative men and influential in its counsels. In debate his commanding and dignified presence, deep and pleasant voice, and earnestness of manner arrested attention. His style, if not brilliant or impassioned, was persuasive, earnest, and forcible. He was not the master of superior analytical power, but was clear and lucid in the statement and generalization of the matter of debate. His speeches were carefully prepared, logical in arrangement, and elevated in sentiment.

I think Mr. ORTH was not a severe student. His was not the patient and self-denying industry that questions the ages for the

secrets of the origin and institutions of government. He lived in the generation of which he was a part; he loved the society of men, studied the living age, and kept abreast with its current history, and was well informed on all questions of our domestic and foreign policy.

But the social qualities of Mr. ORTH charmed me more than his talents and intellectual culture. Who that knew him and enjoyed his friendship will ever forget his clear, kindly eye, the cheerful and honest smile that lit up his strong German face, and his warm and manly greeting? In social intercourse Mr. ORTH was amiable, confiding, and cordial. He felt no distrust and was incapable of deception. His temper was joyful, generous, and hopeful. In the society of his friends his spirits were buoyant, even at times overflowing with good humor and pleasantry, but never coarse or inconsiderate of the feelings of others, and his language as chaste as that of a refined woman. He was a man of kind and generous sympathies, gentle and considerate; while easily aroused by a sense of injustice, and aggressive in defense, he was incapable of harboring a spirit of resentment or revenge. The very amiability of his disposition at times seemed to detract from the strength of his character and made him vacillate under the importunities of his friends.

Political differences and partisan feuds did not impair his social relations, and through all his service here he numbered his friends alike on both sides of this Chamber.

During the last summer, while the party contest was pending in which his political friends were struggling to secure a quorum of the House, he came to my seat with the request that I should pair with him on the pending measure and vote if necessary to make a quorum. A growing tumor, he said, required absence and medical attention. Of course I promptly yielded to his request. I thought then that I saw in his face and voice an expression of sadness. Perhaps even then the voice of the shoreless ocean he was so soon to sail had fallen upon his ear.

GODLOVE S. ORTH, after a service in public life, State and national, prolonged beyond the usual experience of our country, is

dead; a voice that has so often filled this Chamber is forever silent; a heart that has throbbed with high ambition and generous emotions for so many years is forever still; a hand so warm and true in its grasp of friendship is dust and ashes. But he still lives; all of our friend that commanded our love or inspired our admiration lives in memory, survives in the realm of the infinite and immortal. I had known him more than thirty years and had served with him many years in this Chamber, and with the record of his public services before me, differing as we had always on the leading measures of Government, I am rejoiced that I can say, in the severity of truth, "that record is one of faithful public service, unmarred by a stain of dishonor, beneficial to his country, of high honor to himself."

Address of Mr. DEUSTER, of Wisconsin.

Mr. SPEAKER: In the ceaseless war of the fell destroyer, Death, upon humanity, another useful life has run its course long before, in our expectations, its bright period of earthly existence should have been completed.

The fine qualities of our late distinguished colleague, GODLOVE S. ORTH, have been fitly extolled by the eloquent gentlemen who have preceded me. I can essay to add but little to the well-chosen words of their eulogistic remarks, and nothing that the merits of our deceased fellow-member did not surpass far beyond the value of a mere tribute of praise.

Long prominent in public life as he had been, more than usual interest naturally attached itself to his personal acquaintance, and I therefore carefully studied the man long before our mere acquaintance, formed during the Forty-sixth Congress, ripened into the intimacy of our friendship during the present Congress. What I had seen of him before had impressed me so favorably that, upon our being brought more closely together by our service upon the Committee on Foreign Affairs, we became much attached to each other, and I had many opportunities for admiring his practical sense, his ready conception of a subject in all its bearings, and the faithful attention he gave to the matters placed

in his experienced care. He especially placed me under personal obligations by the warm interest he took in a measure I had introduced, and which is now pending before this Congress, in regard to our treaty-relations with Germany. He readily accepted a place upon the sub-committee which took the measure in charge, and met me frequently at home or in the committee-room to discuss this subject with all the warmth and zeal of the patriot, the cool calculation of the diplomatist, and the discernment of the statesman. Even the last work of this sub-committee bears the imprint of his genial mind, the draft of the substitute finally agreed upon being in his handwriting—a document which I shall ever treasure for its hallowed reminiscences.

GODLOVE S. ORTH was not a man easily overlooked or readily forgotten. The loss of no man in this House or its predecessor has been more deeply felt or so generally regretted. He had distinguished himself in the field, in the civil service, in the arena of forensic skill. His death has called forth expressions of sympathy and regret, not only in his own State but in the press of the whole country. To no one would it behoove us more to pay that sacred tribute—homage to the dead—than to our late associate, who closed in our midst a career of usefulness such as few can attain to during the same period of life, closed, too, while still in the prime and vigor of manhood, in the midst of life and usefulness, ripe in honors, but not in years.

His place may be filled, but will it be filled so well as he has done? His voice is silent; but the mind that caused its utterances has left its stamp upon the history of the day. He is no longer with us; but GODLOVE S. ORTH will be remembered until they who so remember him must needs ask remembrance of the future for themselves.

There is a deep, sad lesson conveyed by this solemn hour to us, the living, who see in the course of a few years so many manly bearers of illustrious names disappear from the sphere of activity in which they have filled important places. It teaches us that with the master-minds who grasped great subjects and helped to build the greatness of a nation must perish also, by the unrelent-

ing hand of grim Death, all that vast experience, the gems of thought, the priceless knowledge, the illimitable reasoning power which carried their possessors, above a multitude that stood willingly aside, into the foremost ranks of the men of the day.

Is such loss not deeply deplorable when we remember how all these qualities might have asserted themselves, as they should, during a far longer period of usefulness than that vouchsafed to many of our best men?

When the bright luster of an active mind has been dimmed by old age, we feel that nature claims its rights after the zenith of capacity has been reached; but we stand with awe in the presence of death when its icy touch silences lips that have pleaded so recently with the impassioned eloquence of strong manhood, or when its withering breath fells to the bier a man who but yesterday seemed busied in ceaseless activity.

GODLOVE S. ORTH, too, has been called from the scene of his earthly labors long before his friends, his constituents, and his country could reap the fullest advantages of his patriotism, his sagacity, his devotion. He has been removed from our midst in the maturity of his powers and abilities, with unmeasured opportunities still before him. But he has left behind him the traces of a strong mind imprinted upon important acts of legislation, upon national history itself. Mere words of acknowledgment will not do him justice. He has justly earned a warm place in the hearts of his friends, the gratitude of his State, and the respect of the country. May his memory ever be cherished!

Address of Mr. BELTZHOOVER, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. SPEAKER:—

To our graves we walk
In the thick footsteps of departed men.

Seven times during the brief period of its existence this great legislative body has been halted in its deliberations by the inexorable messenger of Death. The brilliant and eloquent O'Connor fell first on the very threshold of the present term. Then Mr. Allen,

the distinguished business Representative from the metropolis of the Mississippi Valley, was stricken down. Then the gallant soldier, Mr. Hawk, who carried ever with him the silent testimonial of his service and sacrifice for his country, was summoned suddenly away. Then Colonel Lowe, after a long struggle and brief fruition of the honors of his place here, heard "the inaudible and noiseless footstep" at his door. Then Mr. Updegraff died just as he had taken with great toil and endeavor a new lease upon that "habitation giddy and unsure which is built upon the public mind."

Then the venerable statesman Mr. ORTH, whose memory we are convened to honor on this occasion, departed full of years and honors. And last the young and kind and genial Mr. Shackelford, in the very prime of a promising manhood, was rudely taken from his country's service and the sweet companionship of his family and his friends. No previous Congress in all the long years of our national history has had such a death-roll. With admonishing frequency the supreme and solemn problem which all the ages have striven in vain to solve has been thrust upon us. In all times and in all lands it has been the most earnest and imperishable desire of the human mind to peer beyond the sable curtain of the tomb, which never outward swings. In one unbroken caravan the myriads of mankind from creation's dawn have gone out into the mysterious night of death. No single traveler has ever yet returned; nay, more, from none of the countless millions has ever yet come back a sign or token. There is no mystery like death. There is no theme so sublime and grand as immortality. It has been the fondest dream of humanity in every age and clime, and among all classes and conditions of men, from the philosopher in the pristine days of the academy to the rudest bushman in the wilds of the jungle. When Sarpedon, the son of Jove, was slain before the walls of Troy, the greatest poet of all time, in his matchless epic, says:

> Apollo, with divine ambrosia all his limbs
> Anointing, clothed him in immortal robes.
> To two swift bearers gave him then in charge,
> Sleep and Death, twin brothers.

The learning and philosophy and revelation of three thousand years have given to the yearning world no more light than that

which greeted the doubly darkened vision of the "blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle." Is it sleep or death? As we stand on the echoless shore and watch the bark of life go out and sink below the vision line of that silent, tideless sea, we cannot say whether it is death or sleep whose silken hands have seized our parting friend. We cannot know whether it is an ending forever or a resting between the feverish toil of life and the dawning of the work-day of eternity.

But with all its marvelous drapery in the thought and poetry and song of all the ages of the past there never was a time when there was so much indifference to death as now. Is it because after centuries of fruitless struggles with the inscrutable theme men have dropped it in despair and stand mute and resigned before the unknown and unknowable? Is it because the superstitious fear of death has faded before the brightening dawn of reason? Is it because of faith in a religion which points its promises beyond the tomb? We do not know. From whichever cause, it is clear that with the release from the ancient terror of death, either through philosophy or stoicism or faith, mankind have been infinitely the gainers. The great English philosopher says: "Men fear death as children hate to go into the dark." This is the whole reason of the subject. It is a childish, ignorant fear, unworthy of manhood and knowledge.

The more we know the less we fear, whether our knowledge be based on the cold confidence of reason or the silent submission to the inevitable or the triumphant trust of the enthusiast in faith. The basest tyrant that ever enslaved mankind is the superstitious fear of death. It has been the stock in trade on which the priesthood have lived and prospered in all times. It has been the foundation-stone on which all the countless cruelties and crimes and follies of all religions have been built. With relief from this unmanly and unreasonable dread of death humanity has turned its face toward life and its duties. The curse of all generations has been the neglect of the present for the future, the disregard of the demands of the hour and the frittering away of the narrow span of time here for the shadowy speculations on eternity.

Because men have come to a practical belief on this subject the world has sprung from the slavish toils of the past, with its priest-craft and prejudices, into the grand development of human life and thought. The ideal of this age is the enjoyment of the blessings of life and the acquisition of the means to secure them. The object of life is to live, and not to die. The Pauline precept that "no man liveth to himself" contains the grand fundamental declaration of the only unselfish purpose of existence, and embodies the substance of all the faith which is believed to-day, the faith which builds up and creates and increases human enjoyment—the religion of humanity.

The Platonic school, centuries before Paul was born, proclaimed the same great basic fact of all the faith which intelligent men will ever honestly accept. This is the spirit and belief in which the statesman whom we honor to-day worked out the problem of life. To enforce and illustrate the efforts and results of his life's struggles we have referred to the marvelous changes which have followed in the wake of the world's revolutions in thought and morals and society and government.

GODLOVE STONER ORTH was born on the 22d day of April, 1817, near Lebanon, Pennsylvania. He entered Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburgh, in 1834, and remained until 1837. He was the orator of his society in 1836 and its disputant in 1837. He read law and was admitted to the bar at Gettysburgh in 1839. He subsequently removed to La Fayette, Indiana, where he practiced his profession and made his life's home. He was a member of the State senate of Indiana from 1843 to 1849, serving a part of the time as speaker and *ex officio* as lieutenant-governor of the State. He was a member of the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-third, Forty-sixth, and Forty-seventh Congresses. He was a member of the peace conference of 1861, and one of the most trusted advisers of Mr. Lincoln through the war of the rebellion. He was minister to the court of Vienna in 1875–'76. He was captain of Company G, Seventy-sixth Regiment Indiana Volunteers. He received the degree of LL. D. from his *alma mater* in 1874. He died on the 16th day of December, 1882, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

His life was one unceasing struggle with adverse fate, but was crowned with corresponding victories, and friendly hands can frame no more eloquent eulogy than to record the lessons which his career teaches. He was born among a quiet, industrious, frugal, farmer people. His ancestors had few opportunities for intellectual culture, and he himself had but little means and less encouragement to procure an education. He spent his early years in an atmosphere from which he could draw no inspiration or incentive to the higher and nobler aims of life. By the force of his own inherent genius and character he came up from the depths and fought his way unaided and alone to success and fame. No one can adequately understand and appreciate the obstacles which surround and bar the progress of a young man born of unlettercd ancestors in an unprogressive rural district.

The sordid battle for subsistence which is waged for generations among such a people constrains their lives to the narrowest views of the ends of being. The struggle is to live, and, this achieved, the consummation of human endeavor is reached. The great satirist, Juvenal, says: "They do not easily rise whose abilities are repressed by poverty at home." From such unpropitious beginnings Mr. ORTH rose slowly and steadily, single-handed in his contest with untoward fate, until he conquered an honorable place among men. The law of compensation, which never fails in any of the arrangements of nature, contributed to help as unfavorable circumstances hindered him. He inherited in his humbleness of birth some things which were wonderful auxiliaries in his conflict with the world. He got from his sturdy ancestors a strong and enduring frame, a clear, healthy brain, a persistent and unconquerable industry, and that rare and invaluable possession, great good common sense. He had a comprehensive and analytical intellect and a sound judgment. He was a vigorous and incisive speaker and formidable debater. He was a progressive and practical statesman and a capable and conservative legislator. Very few public men were as powerful before the people on the stump or in the forum. Very few of his compeers were more fnlly imbued with the utilitarian spirit of the times or applied themselves with more energy and intelligence to fairly meet the demands of the country on the

great questions in which the people are most vitally interested. He was a cool, courageous, manly man. He knew his rights and fearlessly maintained them, as the records of the last session clearly show.

In the very zenith of his career he learned the melancholy lesson that "virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes." He was the object of one of those malicious assaults which disgrace the politics of all countries, and particularly of this. This malevolent slander thwarted the pursuit of his promising career just at the critical moment when the future was fullest of hope. He utterly silenced his maligners when an opportunity came, but the poisoned shaft had done its wicked work. It served to lose the golden chance which, like the current, when it once goes by never returns. It left the dead statesman unscathed and clear, but it was an unhappy proof of the power of calumny in party politics in a free government. "Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent." But if there is one crime more dark and infamous than another it is the stabbing of fair and spotless reputation. On the tomb of myriads of worthy men, thus maimed and ruined in the midst of their fondest dreams of fame, could be appropriately written :

> A falcon towering in his pride of place,
> Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

But it is better to have deserved success and failed than to have won the victor's crown by fraud and crime. It is the sublimest article in the faith of humanity that as the world grows wiser the shams and frauds of its hero worship will perish with the superstitions of its dying mythology, and men will then be accorded credit for what they do and not for what they were ignorantly supposed to have done.

In those better days, which are already breaking on the horizon of the years to come, there will be an impartial and unerring forum in which the judgments of passion and prejudice and malevolence will be reversed forever. With the growth of the world's wisdom there will be a new measure of success which will give to duty done credit for the weight of calumny and contumely and malice through which a man fearlessly fought the uneven battle of life. To that

serene and certain day the dead statesman whose life and services we commemorate can safely trust his fame.

In the beautiful lines of Catullus—

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
Illuc unde negant redire quemquam.

He is now traveling the darksome path to that land from which they say no one ever returns. Whether the dark and silent journey will end in cold obstruction and oblivious death, or whether he will wake from his dreamless sleep in the glorious morning of another world, we do not know. We can only fondly hope and trust that the inexorable fate which cuts the thread of mortal life may hold—

The golden key
Which opes the palace of eternity.

Address of Mr. PEIRCE, of Indiana.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is the common lot of all to die. We know that from this fate there is no escape. It is absolutely inevitable. We may look for it and see its near approach and yet are never ready to receive the grim messenger, no matter at what hour or in what guise he may appear.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!

Death lays his icy hands on our children, young, loving, and promising, and our hearts are wrung with grief. We cannot understand the mystery of their death. We see the full-grown man, in all the pride of his strength and usefulness, called from life to death, and such a dispensation seems inscrutable and marvelous.

Three-score years pass by and with them have come usefulness and honors and troops of friends, but the grim messenger calls his victim home, and in our weakness we cry out against the divine economy that makes it possible, and say that more years should be

added for the enjoyment of all these achievements. Inevitable as death is, our natures always revolt at its arbitrary power. Death loves a shining mark, and we this day mourn the loss of a friend, a lawyer, a statesman, and a patriot.

Living in a stirring age, it was his fortune to serve his country at a time that called for the exercise of statesmanship and patriotism of the highest order. Few men have seen more public service, and few men have been more honored.

I need not now and here trace his steps at length from early life through all the struggles of boyhood and manhood until he achieved his final success. That has already been done by my colleague [Mr. Browne]. But it is a matter of absorbing interest that he had the iron will and nerve in 1839 to leave his home in Pennsylvania and seek a then far-off State, with slender means and among strangers, to win for himself a home and fame. The will and the courage that prompted him to this were sure signs of ultimate success. With all our present railroad facilities it is now hard to realize the undertaking of a journey to a new State requiring weeks in its accomplishment. He selected La Fayette for his home and lived there until his death, a period of forty-three years, and for that city he always had the greatest pride and affection. Engaging in the practice of the law at a bar composed of men notably and conspicuously able in their profession, he soon won his way to the front ranks and kept it until he entered the broader field of politics. In the practice of the law and in politics his life was full of struggles and antagonisms, and yet he won and held in the highest degree the confidence and respect of all with whom he came in contact.

It has always seemed to me that one of the most striking elements of his character was to be found in the courage of his convictions. His judgment was formed after mature and deliberate reflection, and once formed he stood by it firmly and immovably. He was never a time-server, and his record is full of instances illustrating this element of his character. I will give but one. When the issue was made upon the currency question very many of the leading men of his party were inclined to go with what seemed to be the ruling passion of the hour, and in their anxiety to catch the

popular breeze sailed far away from the record of the party. The effect of these leaders so acting was demoralizing in the extreme.

Mr. ORTH had voted for the resumption act and for all the leading features of the financial policy of his party. That policy was on trial. Many thought it a mistake, and evil effects from it were prophesied freely on every hand; but well do I remember his heroism at that hour. In my city, where he was always a favorite, he was greeted with an audience that any man might be proud to face; and when he came to discuss that policy of his party how well do I remember him! With that serious, deliberate, and determined manner that always attracted and convinced, he said: "I voted for the resumption act. I believe I did right, and I should do so again." When he had finished his argument the doubting and hesitating were won completely over to him, and from that time on there was no doubt in their minds of the propriety and value of that legislation. Subsequent events have shown the wisdom of his action and the value of his services in breasting the storm of opposition and remaining steadfast to correct doctrines. Such spirits are the salvation of all parties.

Mr. ORTH possessed a kind and sympathetic heart. His hand and heart were open to every appeal and no one was ever turned away. He was especially kind and tender in looking after the interests of the needy, and when his great heart ceased to beat, and distinguished men and high officials of the State and nation were gathering to pay their last sad tribute of respect, there came also very many humble men to drop their tears. While the public were being admitted to look for the last time upon that kindly face many old friends and neighbors wept bitterly. Among those who came was an old German soldier, in whose claim for pension Mr. ORTH had especially interested himself. Crippled with wounds received in honorable service under the old flag, decrepit from age, almost too feeble to walk unassisted, and braving the dangers of very bad weather, the old man had dragged himself into the house. In his hand he carried a small sprig of evergreen. Entering the room containing the remains, his eyes fell upon that face he knew and loved so well. Taking those cold hands in his and kissing them over and over again, he gave way to his grief and wept bitterly.

Looking up through his tears he exclaimed: "He was kinder than a father to me! Oh, what shall I do now that he is gone!" Laying the evergreen inside the casket, he said: "I am so poor, this is the only offering I can bring to him who was so good to me." He begged that the evergreen might be buried with his friend, and turned again and again to look upon that silent face until led away by the attendants. What higher and better tribute could be paid to his goodness and greatness than this. He had been over and over elected to the highest legislative body on earth; he had been high in the counsels of the men who controlled the destinies of his people in the hours of their deepest gloom; he enjoyed the confidence of Presidents and Cabinet officers, of judges and Senators, and members of the House to which he belonged; he had represented our country at the court of one of the richest and most powerful countries of Europe, and yet he never lost the affection of the humblest of his friends at home. They were among the very first to give evidence of their appreciation of his virtues and to mourn his loss.

The life of a public man is in some respects most undesirable. He may have lived beyond reproach, but too often his entrance into politics makes him the mark for all the shafts of envy and malice. It seems impossible for any public man to receive perfectly fair treatment; and it would be difficult to find any one in public life who had not at some time been treated in such a way as to have the iron enter his soul. Mr. ORTH was in public life when public excitement ran high and at a time when partisan feeling was intense, and in the contests through which he passed he knew some of the bitterness and rancor of party strife. And yet he so pursued the even tenor of an upright way that he retained the respect and esteem of those who were most active in the opposing ranks. More than once did he allude with feelings of evident delight and satisfaction to the fact of the entire delegation from his State in Congress uniting in recommending and in urging his appointment to a foreign mission. And no one was more prompt and ready to do justice to others than he. He could not and would not consent to see any one unjustly assailed, and he would not stand by and hear a false accusation made for any mere temporary partisan pur-

pose. At one time an estrangement came between himself and another very prominent gentleman of the opposite party, and for several years their social relations were interrupted. In a party of gentlemen one day he heard the integrity of this gentleman assailed. With flashing eye and indignant mien he came to his rescue and said: "I have known him for years. He is my political enemy and I am not on terms of personal intimacy with him; but I know him to be an honest and incorruptible man, and I will not silently allow his good name to be impeached." The incident came to the ears of the gentleman, and brought him to Mr. ORTH at once for a reconciliation, which followed, and always afterward they enjoyed each other's friendship and confidence.

No reference to the character of Mr. ORTH would do him justice that did not greatly emphasize his habit of industry. He believed that now was the time for the discharge of every duty, and faithfully he followed that belief. Upon receipt of a letter, no matter from whom it might come, he seemed impatient until its answer should be speeding on its way. He believed that anything worth doing at all was worth doing well, and he gave his whole attention to every matter engaging his mind. Every detail received full consideration, and the amount of work he accomplished seemed almost marvelous. As a legislator he labored not alone for general results, but it was his ambition to make every law perfect in all its details.

Mr. ORTH was passionately fond of his family circle, and here the best qualities of the heart were most apparent. He believed in the sanctity of home, and that the man who was true in his family relations could not be untrue to the honor of the nation. While he fully appreciated the honors of public life and was deeply sensible of all he had won, yet he believed they were only valuable as they come home to heighten the enjoyment of that little circle that gathered about his hearthstone. All hopes, all honors, all aspirations, led him back to the charmed circle. Devoted, tender, and true, his loss has fallen upon that little circle with crushing force.

Mr. ORTH'S nature contained a deep religious vein. Without obtruding it upon others' attention he always maintained the high-

est respect for religion and religious institutions. The opinion of good people always afforded him the liveliest satisfaction, and he constantly had in view the desire to so conduct himself as to bring no reproach upon himself and to merit high opinion of good men. In one of my familiar conversations with him, which were always appreciated by me, he said to me: "A member of Congress cannot be too circumspect in his conduct here. He should remember that every night pious people are kneeling down and praying for him." Our friend is gone, and those who enjoyed his confidence and friendship, who loved him for his estimable qualities and so profited by his wisdom and experience, sincerely mourn his loss. But he is not lost to us. He is still with us in a bright and enduring example. He has left to the country the legacy of a well-spent life. To the youth of the country he leaves an example of industry, of perseverance, of honesty, of patriotism, and of success, to inspire them with lofty and ambitious purposes.

Address of Mr. DAVIS, of Illinois.

Mr. SPEAKER: In the midst of an active service, where personal cares and requirements press upon us, where our duties and responsibilities are so great that we become aggressive and headstrong in their performance and observance; in a life upon this floor, where seemingly the hours are altogether too short and the day itself but a brief hour; where strong men grapple in debate at times almost as fiercely as warriors do in battle; where the skill and adroitness of the one is only counteracted by the logic, the eloquence, and the activity of the other; where time appears to be the great desideratum and men are taught that an hour lost or diverted is almost a calamity; while thus thoroughly engaged and absorbed in these activities, oblivious apparently to matters of graver concern, we have been brought to a halt by the command of the immortal Speaker of Mankind, and reminded and admonished in the most forcible and impressive manner that we are but mortal.

How suddenly and how frequently this terrible command has been given this House is a sad remembrance to us all.

It is our custom, and as I believe an eminently proper one, that we of our own motion should stop in the activities of this Chamber, and laying aside all thought of pressing duty devote an hour to the memory and honor of those of our members who have been called hence to a higher life, to a higher sphere of action, and to the lesson which it teaches.

This hour we devote to-day to the memory of our departed friend and member, GODLOVE S. ORTH, of Indiana; and I would not that this hour should pass without rising in my place and saying a word in testimony and to the memory and to the honor of this grand old man. Old not in years, old not in appearance or in physical and mental power, but old and grand in the service of his country; a diplomat, a soldier, and a statesman, for a period of upward of forty years almost continuously he served his State and his country well.

His colleagues upon this floor, with exact data of his public service, having intimate relations and full knowledge of his public life and personal character, have spoken eloquently and in excellent taste of his great worth. I speak of him, and only briefly, as we knew him here in recent years, and as a warm friend and as a true man.

Mr. ORTH was prominent in this body as one of its leaders, both in counsel and in debate. His great experience, his thorough familiarity with the history of his country and the necessities of its people; his quick perception; his cultured mind, where were stored the treasures of a long and active public life; his steadfast adherence to the principles of his political faith, rendered him invaluable in this legislative assembly, in the preparation and in the enactment of wise and beneficial laws in the interest of the people and the country. He was specially adapted to this service in which he took great pride and labored industriously.

As a debater Mr. ORTH took high rank. Never was challenge in debate sent him which he did not instantly accept, and from a mind of remarkable resources and of great activity he supported his position with such an array of facts and illustrations, so tersely put, with argument so logical and eloquent, with an earnestness of

manner, aggressive yet courteous and convincing, which carried conviction to the minds of all that he was honest in his belief and that he had the courage of his own convictions.

He was a statesman in the broader sense; he gave his energy, his great talents, and the best efforts of his mind to matters of national concern and in the interest of the general public. He was too broad for selfishness, too great to become useless through envy or jealousy, and the undermining or tearing down of another's position by secret methods for his own advancement was beneath him. He would extend the same candor to an opponent which he would expect for himself, and would take an advanced and manly position, not obtruding, yet courageous in the consciousness of his own ability to sustain himself and the cause which he advocated by merit alone.

Mr. ORTH was strong and aggressive in his own belief, yet sensitive as a child, and warm, exceedingly warm, in his friendships.

I shall not forget how this grand old man, with his forty years of experience in public life resting so gracefully upon him and lighting up as with a halo his charming countenance, greeted me for the first time as I entered this Hall, a new and young member of this body; with that smile which was characteristic of him and which had become a part of his very nature—warm, cordial, and dignified, with outstretched hands grasping both of mine in his he bade me welcome to public life, its duties and its responsibilities. With great delicacy he pointed out the various methods of successful legislation, and gave in kindest manner such information as he thought would be of immediate service, so valuable to a new and so often unthought of by an old member. The acquaintance thus formed ripened into a warm and generous friendship, which continued uninterruptedly until "his light of life went out."

Mr. ORTH was a true man in the best acceptation of that term, true to his own manhood, true to his own convictions, true to his family, true to all the requirements of his position in life, true to the end to the duties imposed upon him by an exacting and discriminating public.

Mr. ORTH was an American proud of his country, its free institutions, and of the unexampled progress of its people. When

presented as the representative of this nation at court in Vienna, he addressed the foreign sovereign in the native tongue of the realm so perfectly that the emperor immediately inquired what part of the empire he claimed as his nativity. True to his country and proud of its citizenship, thanking the emperor for his compliment, he answered, "I am, sir, an American citizen, as my fathers before me have been for one hundred years."

The every act of this man in a long and useful public life, in his personal characteristics, the voice, the gesture, the expression, evidenced to all his thorough equipment for his service, the absolute sincerity of his motives, and the secret of his success in the brilliant career just closed.

We bow in reverential attitude to-day and mourn the loss of this distinguished member. We commemorate his virtues and pay tribute to his great achievements.

In this sad affliction we feel grateful in the consolation we have that his race is better that he lived: that it was well that such a life had been led and such an example left.

By his death this House loses one of its old and most honored members; Indiana one of her great men; the nation one of its safest counselors; the people a friend and benefactor.

Address of Mr. DE MOTTE, of Indiana.

Mr. SPEAKER: For the eighth time the shadow of death has fallen upon this House. Mr. Wood, of New York; Mr. O'Connor, of South Carolina; Mr. Allen, of Missouri; Mr. Hawk, of Illinois; Mr. Lowe, of Alabama; Mr. Updegraff, of Ohio; Mr. ORTH, of Indiana, and Mr. Shackelford, of North Carolina, have successively been stricken down while discharging the high trust committed to them by the people. There is no time, from babyhood to hoary age, when the appearance of death does not seem to us inopportune. There are no circumstances under which it is not appalling. It has been wisely ordered that we may not know the time appointed for us to die. The vast book of nature, that un-

failing storehouse of knowledge, the Book divine, with its prophecies, its proverbs, and its promises, give no formula by which we may calculate the days allotted us.

We have met to-day to honor the memory of one of the oldest, most experienced, and ablest of our number; one who for many years had served the people of his State in this Chamber and in other places of dignity and responsibility. Ripe in years, vigorous in mind, wise in counsel, sincerely devoted to the service of his country and his race, we deeply deplore his loss.

GODLOVE S. ORTH was the last but one of a brilliant company of young men who at about the same time became prominent in the politics of Indiana.

That political pentecost, the campaign of 1840, gave tongues of fire to these gifted young men. With an earnestness and power before that unknown in political discussion; with the fervor of the religious devotee, their eloquence, at the recollection of which the eyes of the survivors of that memorable campaign still kindle with enthusiasm, was irresistible in rallying the people to the support of General Harrison.

Most gifted of these and of nearly the same age were George H. Proffit, Joseph G. Marshall, George G. Dunn, Samuel W. Parker, E. W. McGaughey, Henry S. Lane, GODLOVE S. ORTH, and Richard W. Thompson. I say with the pride of a native Indianian no State in this Union, no community of people anywhere of equal numbers, ever produced in one generation a more brilliant company.

Proffit was twice elected to Congress, and by the able manner in which he discharged his duties secured the fullest confidence of his constituents. In the strength of his manhood he passed away with the generation preceding this.

Marshall, estimated by those now living who knew him as the most talented and scholarly of them all, after having been the candidate of his party for governor of his State, died before 1850, beloved and honored by the people.

E. W. McGaughey was a boy in stature and in personal appearance, but a giant in intellect. Genial, witty, logical, and happy in the use of language, he was formidable upon the stump and at the

bar. He was dearly beloved by his party friends, and they rallied around "Little Ned," as they familiarly called him, with an enthusiasm rarely equaled. A Whig, he was twice elected to Congress from a pronounced Democratic district. His was not a nature to endure defeat, so when defeat came he turned from the associations of his youth to a new field of labor. On his way to the then newly-discovered El Dorado on the Pacific coast, while crossing the Isthmus of Panama, he was stricken by a malignant fever, and with the roaring of the two great oceans for his requiem he died.

George G. Dunn was twice elected to Congress. Before arriving at middle age, in the midst of his usefulness and in the enjoyment of the fullest confidence of the people, he was gathered to his fathers.

Samuel W. Parker was also twice elected to Congress, and died more than a quarter of a century ago, honored by the people of the whole State.

It was given to three only of these gifted men to approach the limit of life assigned by the psalmist.

Henry S. Lane, "the Henry Clay of Indiana," as he was sometimes appropriately called, while perhaps least ambitious for official positions, was most highly honored with them. The people of Indiana withheld from him nothing they had to bestow. He was elected to the legislature, a member of Congress, the governor of his State, and United States Senator, in all of which positions he stood shoulder to shoulder with the ablest of his associates. Retiring from the Senate in 1867, he spent the remainder of his days in quiet usefulness in the beautiful little city which had been his home for almost half a century. Less than two years ago he went to his rest, honored and beloved by all.

The second of the trio to enter the valley and shadow was GODLOVE S. ORTH, in honor of whom this august body has set apart this hour.

He was the youngest of the brilliant company of 1840. Less gifted by nature, perhaps, than some of his companions, he made recompense therefor by unremitting study and honest, conscientious devotion to the letter as well as the spirit of the work he had in

hand. Elected to the senate of his State when but twenty-five years of age, he immediately became so necessary to that body and took such high rank as a legislator and parliamentarian that after two years' service he was elected president of the senate. From that time until the day of his death he was a trusted party leader. Skilled in the rare faculty of estimating his fellow-men correctly, he was an efficient organizer. Mild mannered yet plain spoken, always sincere and able to impress his associates with that sincerity, he was a peacemaker and a promoter of harmony. Deliberate, cautious, and yielding when preparing for the struggles of public life, he was quick, obstinate, and aggressive when those struggles were upon him. In my judgment but few men of his disposition and habits of mind could assume his proportions in an emergency.

For forty years, with here and there an exceptional year, the people who knew him best have kept him in positions of responsibility and honor, in all of which he so demeaned himself as to command their love and confidence.

I doubt not I will be pardoned for turning for one moment from the honored dead to the honored living. Hail to thee, Dick Thompson, last of the brilliant company of 1840; peer of thy coadjutors in all things and superior to them in many! May the time be far distant when thy voice, to which the people of thy State have for forty years so eagerly turned for counsel, encouragement, and inspiration, shall be stilled in death.

The labors of GODLOVE S. ORTH are ended.

"The record of a noble life is that life's best eulogy; the history of the deeds of worthy men their most lasting epitaph."

What Mr. ORTH has accomplished for his country and his fellowmen is our inheritance.

I can make no better wish for my State nor for the nation than that their destiny for the future may be controlled by men so able, so patriotic, so wise, so good as he.

Address of Mr. FORD, of Missouri.

Mr. SPEAKER: It was my good fortune to be somewhat intimately associated with Mr. ORTH in the Forty-sixth and first session of the Forty-seventh Congress. Sitting at his side, I had rare opportunity of knowing and learning to esteem a thoroughly representative American statesman. Mr. ORTH was kind and considerate, and although a man of varied experience, a citizen who had represented his Government abroad with great ability and was not less conspicuous as a legislator in the councils of his country, he was yet unpretending, indulgent, and generous. Mr. Speaker, Mr. ORTH was proud of his country and devoted to the republican form of government. He had seen the degradation of the millions affected by the pernicious system inseparable from monarchy, and realized the full force of that great truth, "the people can best govern themselves."

He was a sincere, ardent believer in the dignity of American citizenship, and would proclaim it with as much fervor in the presence of kings as when addressing an audience in the State of Indiana. Naturalized citizens appreciate his fidelity and revere his memory; and I shall take leave to add the preamble and resolution adopted at a meeting of Irish-American citizens as a tribute to the worth of an estimable, distinguished American citizen:

CLAN-NA-GAEL HALL,
Washington, D. C., January 10, 1883.

At the regular meeting of the Clan-na-Gael Association held on this date, the following preamble and resolution were passed unanimously:

Whereas we have learned of the death of the late Hon. G. S. ORTH, ex-minister to Vienna, and chairman of the sub-committee of Foreign Affairs charged with the duty of inquiring into the cases of the American citizens imprisoned by the British in Ireland; and

Whereas Hon. Mr. ORTH, as Representative and citizen, manifested a sincere sympathy for the Irish people and those who served and suffered for them, and faithfully and efficiently performed his duty as chairman of the sub-committee above referred to: Therefore,

Be it resolved, That we, as American citizens of Irish birth or origin, ex-

press our deep and heartfelt regret at his death and the consequent loss to his family of a devoted and affectionate husband and father, to the Republic of one of its purest, noblest, and ablest Representatives and citizens, and to the Irish people of a faithful, earnest, and practical friend.

It was ordered that a copy of the above be filed with the records of the association, and that copies be forwarded to Mrs. Orth and to the Speaker of the House of Representatives.

On behalf of the Clan-na-Gael.

ED. MEAGHER CONDON,
JAMES DILLON,
JAMES BELLEW,
Committee on Resolutions.

Address of Mr. DOXEY, of Indiana.

Mr. SPEAKER: By those who were fellow-members, colaborers, and the political associates of my lamented predecessor have his virtues been praised and his talents appropriately applauded. With tongues whose brilliancy has awakened these chambers in the presence of him of whom we would this day speak, and whose eloquence and wisdom have attracted his attention and his admiration, has his life been reviewed. All this has been said so beautifully and by words laden with such pure love that I feel all has been said that need be said.

A monument typical of the personal and political character of this distinguished statesman and patriot has been built here by friends this day; but I, as his successor to a seat in this House, and for many years his constituent and admirer, cannot permit this last opportunity to pass to cast upon the mound beneath which slumbers his memory a rosebud, a leaf, some simple emblem to mark the appreciation in which I held him while living and the sorrow I feel at his loss.

He has gone from among us, and the chair he occupied will never be filled by any one more pure in nature, more lofty and courageous in his actions, more kind and gentle in his every word. He won the hearts of those he chanced to meet wherever he went. He was frank, he was honest, he was plain. None loved him better than those who knew him best. In his own home city, where

his daily walks were most conspicuous, was he held in highest esteem.

There was no secrecy in his private life. He was the soul of truth. History can reveal nothing which will detract from the purity of his life and character.

His politeness was one of his most prominent characteristics. It was of the genuine type, that which springs from the true goodness of heart, that politeness which ever seeks to contribute to the happiness of others and which avoids all that could give pain. He studiously avoided personal bitterness. He could discuss a political question with an opponent who differed most widely from him, without for a moment losing his temper.

But GODLOVE S. ORTH is dead. That tongue which once by its wisdom and eloquence stirred the souls of those about me here to-day now lies cold and speechless beneath the sod. But in history it will speak forever. The seat he so well filled on this floor has been taken by another. The various positions he held in the organization of this Congress are occupied by other men. The daily routine moves forward as when he was among you. Apparently there is no gap left here by his demise; but there is a vacancy, not only in the ability of this Congress, but in the heart of every one who knew him.

He has crossed the dark river. To the summons has he responded, and gone to join the innumerable caravan that moves to the mysterious realms. His death was as peaceful as his life. He went not like a slave at night, but sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, wrapped the drapery of his couch about him, and has lain down to peaceful dreams.

The resolutions were then adopted; and accordingly the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

IN THE SENATE,
December 18, 1882.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. McPherson, its Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of GODLOVE S. ORTH, late a member of the House from the State of Indiana, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. HARRISON. I request the Chair to lay before the Senate the message just received from the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair now lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Acting Secretary read the House resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sorrow of the death of Hon. GODLOVE S. ORTH, a Representative from the State of Indiana.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these proceedings to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a token of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

Mr. HARRISON. Mr. President, in view of this announcement from the House of Representatives of the death of Hon. GODLOVE S. ORTH, an event which will bring sorrow to a very wide circle of friends both in public and in private life, and out of respect to the memory of one who had a very long and a very honorable public service, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Chair announces as the committee on the part of the Senate to join the House committee to attend the funeral ceremonies of Mr. ORTH, the Senator from Indiana [Mr. Harrison], the Senator from New York [Mr. Lapham], and the Senator from Wisconsin [Mr. Sawyer]. The Senator from Indiana moves that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and the Senate adjourned.

IN THE SENATE,
January 31, 1883.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. McPherson, its Clerk, transmitted to the Senate the resolutions adopted by that body in relation to the death of GODLOVE S. ORTH, late a member of the House from the State of Indiana.

Mr. HARRISON. I ask the Chair to lay the resolutions of the House before the Senate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Indiana asks that the resolutions just received from the House of Representatives be laid before the Senate. If there be no objection such will be the order, and the resolutions will be read.

The Principal Legislative Clerk read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the business of the House be suspended that suitable honors may be paid the memory of GODLOVE S. ORTH, late a Representative from Indiana.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. ORTH the country has sustained the loss of a safe counselor, a patriotic citizen, and an able and faithful public servant.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect for his memory the House at the conclusion of these ceremonies shall adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. HARRISON. I submit resolutions for action.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions will be read.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. GODLOVE S. ORTH, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Indiana, and tenders to the family and kindred of the deceased the assurance of sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended that opportunity may be given for fitting tribute to the memory of the deceased and to his eminent public and private virtues, and that as a further mark of respect the Senate at the conclusion of such remarks shall adjourn.

Address of Mr. HARRISON, of Indiana.

Mr. PRESIDENT: GODLOVE S. ORTH, of Indiana, a member of this Congress from the ninth district of that State, departed this life at his home in La Fayette, Indiana, on the 16th day of December, 1882. Mr. ORTH was born near Lebanon, Pennsylvania, on the 22d day of April, 1817, and was at the time of his death in his sixty-sixth year. His parents were of German stock, and he always spoke with pride of those homely but sturdy qualities of his ancestors which made them so conspicuously useful and influential as citizens of his native State. He was educated at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburgh, Pennsylvania, and during his course there was a fellow-student of Ex-Governor Conrad Baker, of Indiana. The college friendship formed between these two conspicuous Indianians was maintained unbroken through life.

After finishing his literary course Mr. ORTH devoted himself to the study of the law, spending some time in the law office of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, for whom he always retained an affectionate admiration. The influence of Mr. Stevens upon the character of his young pupil can be plainly traced in that sympathy with the weak and oppressed which marked Mr. ORTH's life and speeches. Having finished his legal studies, he was admitted to the bar in Pennsylvania, and at once removed to La Fayette, Indiana, where the remainder of his life was spent.

He arrived at La Fayette in 1839, and began at once the practice of his profession, to which he brought good acquirements, industry, energy, and rather conspicuous powers as an advocate. He very soon entered into political life, and the practice of his profession was necessarily much interrupted by the public duties to which he was repeatedly called by his neighbors.

In 1843, only four years after his removal to La Fayette, he was elected to the State senate as a Whig. That he served his constituency with fidelity is evidenced by the fact that he was twice afterward returned by them.

In 1845, when only 28 years of age, he was, after a very spirited and protracted contest, chosen president of the senate.

In the year 1848 Mr. ORTH was a Presidential elector on the Taylor and Fillmore ticket, and took an active and effective part in that exciting campaign. He was a member of the peace congress which assembled at Washington in 1861, being one of the five delegates from the State of Indiana.

In 1862 he entered the military service of his country and was placed in command of the United States ram Hornet, assigned to duty on the Ohio River, where he rendered valuable if not conspicuous service.

In the year 1862 Mr. ORTH was first elected to the Congress of the United States. That campaign in Indiana will always be a memorable one. The first great impulse of patriotic enthusiasm had somewhat abated before a succession of disasters to the national armies, and a great deal of discontent had begun to manifest itself against the administration of Mr. Lincoln. Of the eleven Congressmen to which the State of Indiana was then entitled only four were chosen who were in sympathy with the Administration, and of these Mr. ORTH was one. He was at once brought into contact with the most exciting and momentous issues which have ever engaged the attention of the national Congress, and was not slow to lift his voice in emphatic and courageous utterances in favor of what he believed to be for the honor and perpetuity of the Government.

He had faith to believe that this seeming ebb in the patriotic resolution of our people to maintain the Government would be followed by a flow which would lift the tide of patriotism and courage higher than before. His first speech in the House was upon a resolution for the expulsion of a member from Ohio, who was charged with the utterance of treasonable sentiments. Mr. ORTH was successively elected by the people of his district to the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, and Forty-first Congresses, and to the Forty-third Congress from the State at large, having been nominated by the State convention of his party.

He was during the Forty-third Congress chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and did some very valuable work for

the better organization of our consular service. Under his lead a systematic organization of the consular offices was arranged and the salaries, which before had been irregular, were adjusted upon the basis of the responsibilities and duties of the respective offices.

During his period of service Congress was called upon not only to provide for carrying the war to a successful issue, but after it had ended to consider the more difficult and delicate subject of reconstruction. Mr. ORTH soon came to be recognized as an influential and valuable member of the House. He was not a frequent speaker, but was always listened to by his associates with interest and attention, and never failed to make interesting contributions of suggestion and information to the discussions in which he engaged.

In 1875 Mr. ORTH was appointed by General Grant minister to Austria. He went to his post, entered upon his duties, and remained in their discharge for about one year. In the spring of 1876 he was unanimously nominated by his party as its candidate for governor, being then still at his post in Austria. He resigned his position and came home to enter upon the campaign to which his political friends had called him. Early in that campaign accusations were made against him in relation to the Venezuela treaty and claims.

While indignantly denouncing the accusations as slanderous and untrue, he was finally led to believe that the interests of his party would be subserved by his withdrawal from his candidacy for governor, and in the midst of the campaign, by a letter to the chairman of the State central committee, he announced his withdrawal. He was not willing that a possible defeat should be attributed to him, and so made this personal sacrifice in the interest of party harmony and success.

In the year 1878 he sought and obtained a nomination from his own people, those who knew him best, to the Forty-sixth Congress. This nomination was tendered by his friends, and accepted by him, as an expression of their continued confidence in his integrity and patriotism, and he was elected by a good majority.

Very soon after taking his seat in this Congress Mr. ORTH, rising

to a question of privilege and referring to the accusations which had been made against him, said:

Mr. Speaker, this is the first time in a service of nearly twelve years that I have asked the attention of the House to a matter personal to myself. The explanation which I am about to make is due to my friends, and especially to my immediate constituents, who have for so long a period favored me with their unwavering confidence and support. These friendships and this confidence are to me beyond all price, and shall ever be regarded as among the most cherished memories of my life. To some it may seem that this explanation should not have been deferred so long, but it was so deferred in the hope, now a reality, that I could make it in this Hall, where it can most properly be made, for the reason that here the chief matters causing it had their origin.

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Mr Speaker, would you believe it, in view of the clamor which prevailed against me during this investigation, that while the "campaign document" is full of direct and incidental allusions to me, referring to me time and again by name, the report presented to the House mentions my name but once or twice incidentally, and nowhere makes the least charge against me personally, or any allusion or insinuation affecting my integrity or calling in question in any manner any of my acts in connection with this entire transaction. The presentation of this report to the House was followed by a repeal of the act of February, 1873, which the committee in their report to the House say "was wholly unnecessary, as the treaty provides that the awards * * * shall be final and conclusive," and the whole matter remitted to the Executive.

Continuing he said:

As already mentioned, Indiana is politically a doubtful State. By both parties it was then regarded as the pivotal State in the Union. The result of her election in October would in all probability have been decisive of her Presidential vote in November, and that vote with equal probability might have decided the Presidential election.

* * * * * * *

On mature reflection it seemed to me but one course could be adopted, and that was to remain no longer in a position when by so remaining I endangered the success of my party, to whose principles I am attached, of whose history I am proud, and whose continued triumphs are paramount to the wishes or interests of any single individual.

Mr. ORTH was again elected to the Forty-seventh Congress and was renominated by his party for election to the Forty-eighth Congress. These repeated expressions of confidence by those who had known him from his boyhood and had watched his whole public

career show that he was trusted and loved by those who knew him best.

In his family relations the kindness which he manifested everywhere became a very tender affection. His home was the abode of reciprocal and self-denying service. Those who entered it always found an atmosphere of peace. In his public life he was industrious and faithful to the trusts he had undertaken. As a speaker he was earnest in manner, clear in statement, and enforced his views with courage and directness.

Mr. ORTH'S health began to show symptoms of decay during the protracted session of Congress last summer, though he was not thought, either by himself or his friends, to be seriously sick. After the close of the session he spent some weeks at Berkeley Springs, under the impression that he was suffering from malaria. His health, however, continued to grow worse, and he returned to his home in Indiana.

He was a man of great kindness of heart; his sympathy with men was large and wide. He had not only a kindly face and a cordial greeting, but was ready and prompt in helpful deeds. He took a great interest in young men, and by hopeful counsel and substantial aid did much to advance the fortunes of many who came to him for help.

His genial manner gave him ready access to the people in his political campaigns, and made him a formidable competitor. Until the campaign of 1882 he had never been defeated before the people, though he had been a candidate many times for State and national offices. This defeat was undoubtedly owing in large part to the fact that the disease of which he afterward died had so far enfeebled him that it was impossible for him to appear before his constituents in debate. Indeed, he was unable to attend but few of the public meetings held in his district.

The excitement of the political campaign, from the active pursuit of which his health debarred him, must have worn upon his spirits. It was a new experience for this veteran to be a looker-on. He was wont to be in the thickest of the fight. His friends carried on his campaign for him with great spirit, and tried to make up by their efforts for the absence of their leader, but it was

of no avail; Mr. ORTH suffered his first defeat before the people, and at the same time faced that enemy to whom we must all succumb. He found the circle of his intercourse, which had been so wide, first limited to his home and then to the narrow confines of a room into which only those who were of his own household could enter.

In this narrow field, narrow as measured by a rule, but wide in its interests and affections, the final struggle was enacted. Slowly the life currents ebbed; but while the bodily strength failed the spirit was strong. He drew the members of his own family close about him, and when the arms would no longer draw them to the breast upon which they had trustfully leaned so long he wrapped them in the softer folds of his kindly spirit.

He entered the dark valley in the faith that there was light and life beyond. As its shadows deepened he said: "I know that I am in God's hands, not only every hour but every moment, and they are good hands; yes, they are good hands." And so this active and useful life was ended. A multitude of sorrowing friends followed him to the grave; the city with whose life and growth he had been so long identified mourned him, and the circle of sorrow widened till it touched the margins of the State and nation he had served so long and so well.

Address of Mr FRYE, of Maine.

I am sorry, Mr. President, that I am compelled to bring to this occasion no adequate preparation. Perhaps the business of the last fortnight might serve to excuse me, yet I do not feel at liberty to allow the opportunity to pass without a few words in memory of one whom I esteemed as a warm personal friend.

Mr. President, our lives here are not easy; all our ways are not ways of pleasantness, nor are all our paths paths of peace. We have much labor, many disappointments, many baffled hopes, many ambitions that never can be realized, much criticism, just and unjust, and sometimes heavy weariness of body and of spirit; and yet there are grand compensations, and one of the purest is the delight-

ful acquaintanceships made and the enduring friendships contracted.

It seems to me, sir, that, as a rule, to know a man well is to love him well. The Senator from Georgia [Mr. Brown] the other day in speaking to the memory of his dead colleague said that in early days, when comparatively unknown to each other, they were enemies, but in later days, serving in the Congress of the United States together, knowing each other better, they were warm, earnest friends.

Sir, in these halls of Congress it seems to me as nowhere else in the world do men learn to know each other well. There are antagonisms, I know; there is ardent, earnest, and sometimes angry debate; there is agreement and disagreement; and yet these very processes only reveal the noblest qualities and the grandest powers there are in men. These very antagonisms are but pathways to esteem.

Sir, the North and South came out from that terrible rebellion with a new respect for each other which made in the future a closer union possible, ay probable, than there ever existed before.

But now and then there comes a face which demands at sight our confidence and no man dreams of dishonoring the demand. Such a face had Mr. ORTH. I was serving in the earlier days of my public life in the House of Representatives. In those days, humiliated by a sense of utter nothingness, I was at one time compelled to address the House in defense of a report I had made. As I was taking my seat, humiliated by the chasm between what I had hoped and what I had realized, a warm hand grasped mine and a rich, mellow voice said to me, "Young man, that was a first-rate speech." That hand and that voice were Mr. ORTH'S. I see him now as I saw him then, white-haired, a fresh, ruddy face, a kindly blue eye, a gracious, courteous bearing; and, sir, it was not assumed on the occasion. It was the impulse of a great, warm heart. I sat in the next seat to Mr. ORTH for two years and knew him intimately for two years succeeding. I never heard him utter one harsh, one censorious word about political friend or political foe during my whole service.

Sir, Mr. ORTH was peculiarly a social man ; he had a mind well stored by reading, by study, by extensive travel, and by large experience in public life. He had a warm and affectionate heart. He had unusual conversational powers, and I seldom have met a more delightful companion than he.

He was not a weak man. I heard his defense, which the Senator from his own State has read here in the presence of the Senate. I knew that he was laboring under a sense of grave injustice, of almost insufferable wrong, and he showed his strength and his power in his moderation, and the House recognized it as a defense perfect, full, and complete.

Sir, Mr. ORTH was a man of strong convictions, of very decided opinions. He hated slavery ; he loved his country with an intense feeling, and believing that his party was the destroyer of the one and the savior of the other he was a zealous, earnest, active Republican, but broad enough to be just.

I was a year ago near his own home, and made inquiry about him. I found, and was not surprised to find, that Mr. ORTH was well beloved in his city and in his State. I found that he was a good citizen ; he was a kind, generous neighbor ; he was a loving, tender father ; he was a true, affectionate husband. God temper this affliction to that widow and those children.

Mr. President, I say nothing of the public life of this distinguished man, nothing of his achievements, of his successes, or of his defeats. The distinguished Senator from his State has covered that ground thoroughly. I only speak of these homely virtues. And, sir, in that silent land whither he has gone may they not be the jewels after all? In that land "who shall be greatest?"

Mr. President, eulogists say that these occasions should be lessons to us, to the living. Lessons! Ah, sir, how swiftly they come! Hardly time for a recess between. Since I have served in the House of Representatives and in the United States Senate, sixty-nine members of the House and twenty-four Senators have joined "the innumerable caravan" and crossed "the covered bridge." Henry Wilson, just before he died, said to a friend, "Eighty Senators who have served with me have preceded me to the silent land." Said

Hannibal Hamlin, in eulogizing Mr. Wilson, "Since I have served in the United States Senate and been its presiding officer, one hundred and thirty-one Senators serving with me have gone beyond the veil." Lessons! Ah, sir, we must be dull scholars indeed if we learn nothing from them. Said a distinguished Senator in this place a few days since, in speculating upon the life beyond the veil, "Who knows?" I know, sir; any man may know. There is a chart absolute in its certainty, a guide perfect in His fidelity. In these lessons God speaks, and—

To the dead He sayeth: Arise!
To the living: Follow me!
And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone,
To the centuries that shall be!

Address of Mr. VOORHEES, of Indiana.

Mr. PRESIDENT: It was a custom of former ages for a man's nearest kindred to speak his eulogium when dead. It is not so now. His associates in the affairs of church or state sit in judgment on his memory. The member of the bar whose pleadings and briefs are over is spoken of by those with whom he contended; the memory of the disciple of the church who falls to rest is cared for by one who shared his life and his belief; and so here in the Halls of Congress we commemorate each other as we pass away.

I knew Mr. ORTH from the earliest years of my manhood. He belonged to a strong, vigorous, energetic class of men. He took a prominent rank in the politics of Indiana while yet a young man. There was a warmth and enthusiasm in his nature which accomplished much in his public career. He was a good neighbor and an obliging friend. He stood well with those who knew him best. He always outran the strength of his party in his own home. No better evidence of a well-spent life can any man have than this.

Mr. ORTH served in the legislature of Indiana, many years in Congress, and some time abroad in the foreign service. He dis-

charged all his duties in every station with ability. He never fell short of the expectations of his friends. Mr. ORTH was a partisan, but of a nature so genial and kind that his warm personal friendships embraced men of all parties.

I might dwell upon the associates with whom he entered life in Indiana, whose influence he experienced, and nearly all of whom have preceded him to the grave; but the time and the occasion do not permit. He sleeps at the beautiful city of La Fayette, with a strong band of comrades who have gone before him. Some day the pen of the historian and the tongue of the orator will embalm the names of the pioneer thinkers and workers of the Wabash Valley, and among them will be found that of GODLOVE S. ORTH. He was one of a brilliant and intellectual fraternity, a fraternity at the bar and in politics which has left an enduring influence on the history of the State of his adoption.

I saw Mr. ORTH not long before his death. He was aware of his failing powers, but spoke of the future, whatever it had in store, with cheerfulness and courage. Those who stood beside him at the last moment have informed me that his very last expression was one of happiness. Peace to his memory! In the grave all divisions are buried, and over his grave his friends and those who loved him will mourn, while the days and the weeks and the years go by.

Sir, in recognition of the sad event which we this day commemorate, I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously; and the Senate adjourned.

Robt. M. A. Hawk.

Duncan, Engraving & Printing.

47TH CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { Mis. Doc. No. 35

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

ROBERT M. A. HAWK

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM ILLINOIS),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON.
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1883.

0174

Robt. M. A. Hawk.

Thomas, Engraver & Printer

47TH CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 33.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

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0174

JOINT RESOLUTION to provide for the publication of the memorial addresses delivered upon the life and character of Honorable R. M. A. Hawk, of Illinois.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed twelve thousand copies of the memorial addresses delivered in the Senate and House of Representatives upon the life and character of Honorable Robert M. A. Hawk, late a Representative from the State of Illinois, together with a portrait of the deceased, nine thousand copies thereof for the use of the House of Representatives, and three thousand copies for the use of the Senate. And a sum sufficient to defray the expense of preparing and printing the portrait of the deceased for the publication herein provided for is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved, February 24, 1883.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF ROBERT M. A. HAWK.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

June 30, 1882.

Mr. HENDERSON. Mr. Speaker, the sad duty is devolved upon me of announcing to the House the death of my late colleague, Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, a Representative in Congress from the fifth Congressional district of the State of Illinois. He died at his rooms in this city last night at the hour of ten o'clock and fifty minutes., p. m., after a very brief illness.

I will only say at this time that all of us who remember Major HAWK, as in his crippled condition he came into and went out of this Hall, will feel saddened at the announcement of his sudden death, and that at some future day the House will be asked to pay a proper tribute to his memory.

I offer the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk, and ask for their adoption.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death of Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, late a Representative from the State of Illinois.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (*the Senate concurring herein*), That a special joint committee, of seven members of the House and three members of the Senate, be appointed to take order for superintending the funeral and to escort the remains of the deceased to their last resting place; and that the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, this House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Before the announcement of the result,

The SPEAKER said: The Chair has been furnished with the names of the following members to accompany the remains:

George R. Davis, of Illinois; Lewis E. Payson, of Illinois; Samuel W. Moulton, of Illinois; William H. Calkins, of Indiana; George C. Cabell, of Virginia; James A. McKenzie, of Kentucky, and William Cullen, of Illinois.

The Chair will also state that the following members of the House will act as pall-bearers:

Thomas J. Henderson, of Illinois; James W. Singleton, of Illinois; Charles G. Williams, of Wisconsin; William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania; William M. Springer, of Illinois; Dudley C. Haskell, of Kansas; George D. Robinson, of Massachusetts; Samuel S. Cox, of New York; J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, and John H. Lewis, of Illinois.

And then, in pursuance of the last resolution (at eleven o'clock and seventeen minutes a. m.), the House adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
February 6, 1883.

Mr. HITT. The House by its special order set apart this hour for the consideration of resolutions expressive of its esteem for the late Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, and in order that his associates might have opportunity to pay fitting tributes to his character and memory. I therefore offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound regret the announcement of the death of Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, late a member of this House from the State of Illinois.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect for his memory, the officers and members of this House will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be communicated by the Clerk of the House to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect, the House at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings shall adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Address of Mr. HITT, of Illinois.

Mr. SPEAKER: During the present Congress death has many times arrested the intense and clamorous activity of this body by the announcement of the fall of one member after another. When that messenger passes by it is always solemnizing, but never so striking and so sad as when a man in the prime of life, in the fullness of his powers and promise, is suddenly cut down. We pause to-day by the grave of one who fell suddenly, his harness on, in the midst of labor and strength and hope, to honor his memory with fitting ceremony, to record on the Journals of the House and express by friendly voices the large measure of esteem in which he was held.

At such a moment we naturally turn back to the story and lesson of his life. I will not dwell upon his career as a legislator in this body. You saw it; you know it well. At the mention of his name every one here recalls the tall, manly form of Major HAWK, sitting erect and attentive in his place or moving haltingly and heavily on his canes and the one leg that battle had left him, his frank, earnest face, his clear, kindly eye, his courteous bearing, his full beard just turning to gray, his sincere, decided tone of voice.

His life was terminated so abruptly that it seems a story half told; but it is a career of real interest, showing at each step the growth of a strong, well-rounded, admirable character.

ROBERT MOFFETT ALLISON HAWK was born April 23, 1839, on a farm near Greenfield, in Hancock County, Indiana, where his parents had recently come from Abingdon, Virginia. His mother was of Scotch-Irish blood, that vigorous element which has furnished so much of strength and directing energy to the American people. She was the daughter of Captain Moffett, an Indian fighter, and

her grandfather was killed at the battle of the Great Kanawha. Major HAWK inherited the soldierly instinct. The father was an intelligent, energetic, industrious, highly respected man.

The little family had lived there near seven years, and three children had been born to them, when the mother died. Mr. Hawk soon after removed with his children to Illinois, and settled in Carroll County, where he married his second wife, and where they are now living. Their long lives have been peaceful and happy; many children have blessed their home. Of old Mr. Hawk's fourteen sons and daughters nine are living to minister with affection to the advancing years of the patriarch.

The infancy and growing years of ROBERT HAWK were passed in the healthful surroundings of farm life in a new country. That little county of Carroll, in Northwestern Illinois, now all covered with farms, was in those early days a region of wild, swelling prairies of singular beauty, breaking away westward toward the Mississippi River, its border, into great ridges, and crossed here and there by lines of grove bordering the streams. All who visited that country in its first unpeopled freshness were charmed with the landscape and the rich promise of its coming years, promise already in large part fulfilled. The settlers were of an excellent class, sterling men and women, intelligent, brave, large-hearted, laborious, and honoring labor—so far-seeing that they built schools and churches before they changed their log cabins into better houses. He had the training of such schools, the precepts and example of good parents, the wholesome influence of home, and the simple life of a new country. By them his character was fashioned.

At sixteen he taught for a time in one of the common schools. Habits of study and industry were early formed. He worked on the farm, seizing every opportunity for study, preparing for college—the fruitful dream of so many a farmer boy. At last, after long effort and delay and diligent application, he was ready; and in September, 1861, he entered Eureka College, in Woodford County, Illinois.

But 1861 was not a favorable year for scholastic meditations or pursuits. It was the opening, the arming hour of the war. The drum-beat of that memorable epoch disturbed the studies and fired

the souls of how many thousands of students! Remember, too, young HAWK was now twenty-two years of age, a full-grown man, taller than those around him, of powerful frame, full of conscious strength. His upright mind, trained to principle, felt all the obligation of patriotic duty, and his heart responded in full sympathy to the lofty passion of the hour. He tried hard to keep to his studies, but after a few months more, when the reverses to the Union armies in 1862 brought President Lincoln's call for 300,000 more volunteers, he threw his books aside and left college forever. He reverently consulted his parents, and shall I mention another one still, and a dearer one, the star of his young heart, who bade him go, while she would wait till her hero came marching home. There was a touch of old-time chivalry in this martial lover's departure.

Throughout that summer of 1862 the whole of Northern Illinois was an animated, enthusiastic recruiting field. Every neighborhood was stirred with the profound excitement that pervaded the people. The young men from the farms, leaving the harvests ungathered; from the workshops, from the professions, from every class, formed themselves into companies. There were examples of devotion to the highest motives of man in almost every household. The companies poured into Rockford from a dozen counties and were there organized into regiments. In the company from Mount Carroll ROBERT HAWK went to Rockford in July, and they were soon organized, with others, into the Ninety-second Illinois Volunteers. They elected their company officers, and young HAWK was chosen first lieutenant.

No body of men superior to them in the finest qualities that make an intelligent soldiery went into the great volunteer army of citizens, and an election by their choice was high evidence of personal worth.

In September the regiment departed for the field, going to Kentucky, where they formed part of General Baird's division. Throughout the remainder of that year they were almost incessantly marching in various operations in Kentucky. It is said that they marched nearly eight hundred miles in that time.

Lieutenant HAWK was soon noted for his fine soldierly bearing, his attention to duty, the intelligence with which he learned the art of war and adapted himself to camp life. At Winchester and at Danville he showed the coolness and courage of the soldier at the right moment.

In January he was promoted to be captain. Soon after the regiment went by steamer to Fort Donelson, which was in a critical position and hard pressed, the attacking force being led by the honorable gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Wheeler], whose active, able spirit was as manifest then as here in these happier, peaceful days of debate. The spring was taken up with operations near Franklin, where they formed part of Gordon Granger's corps. In June they were engaged about Trianna and in the defense of that place, then at Shelbyville and Wartrace, where, by order of General Rosecrans, and to their great satisfaction, they were attached to Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry. Thus transformed, a new and far more active life began, and during all the rest of the war they were almost incessantly in movement. Over the mountains they went into the Tennessee Valley, back to the river, on toward Ringgold, where Captain HAWK, with two companies, repulsed a body of the enemy, superior in force. who had attacked a teamsters' camp. In the operations before and beyond Chattanooga they were ever in advance or doing other duty belonging to this arm of the service.

At Chickamauga Captain HAWK, with his company, was on courier duty and served at the headquarters of general Rosecrans throughout that terrible battle, carrying messages to various parts of the field. "When the right of the army was crushed the general, followed by Major HAWK and his reserve of Company C, dashed along the broken lines, amid shot and shell, endeavoring to rally the retreating mass, but it was like attempting to stay the ocean's tide by throwing pebbles in its way." These are the words in which the scene was described by an officer of the regiment who was an eye-witness.

He continued on courier duty under General Thomas until December, when he rejoined the regiment at Caperton's Ferry. In

the spring they were placed in Kilpatrick's cavalry and were thereafter under that restless and gallant commander.

In the engagement at Tunnel Hill Captain HAWK was remarked for coolness and efficiency. They were in frequent combats throughout the Atlanta campaign; they took part in the march after Hood; and then came Sherman's march to the sea, one of the most fascinating chapters in military history. The cavalry, protecting the front, flanks, and rear of the advancing army of four great infantry columns through a hostile country, was ever in motion. Captain HAWK showed peculiar skill in some of these operations. They were in many minor engagements, at Powder River, at Waynesborough, and other places in the Carolinas; but I pass on to the last I shall mention, April 10, 1865, in North Carolina, when they were just touching upon the end of the war. They were pressing the enemy when they came to Swift Creek, not far from Raleigh, about 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The bridge had been partially destroyed, and the enemy held the opposite side. Three companies crossed the stream wading. The bridge was repaired. The remainder of the regiment crossed. Just then an officer rode up from the rear, bringing the news of Lee's surrender. The lines resounded with exulting shouts of joy. But the enemy, holding an earthwork on the hills opposite, had lost nothing of their oft-tried courage, and charged the advance companies, who were driven back; but the main body of the regiment checked them and made a counter-charge, driving the enemy up the hill and out of their first line of works. Between their first and second line of rifle-pits the Ninety-second halted to reform, and Captain HAWK, as he rode before the line rallying the men to stand firm, fell just as the bugle sounded the advance, pierced by a terrible wound from a minie-ball, which cut the iliac artery and passed out near the center of the abdomen. The mist gathered over his eyes as he heard the victorious shouts of his men, who swept by where he lay, sinking, apparently dying.

Surgeon Helm, who was close at hand, was by his side in a few moments. In a recent statement he thus describes his condition:

> The blood was spouting from him in large quantities, so much so that I thought he would certainly bleed to death. Very soon he fainted; and it is

here that the surgical peculiarities of the case come in. He remained in that faint two or three minutes, so long, indeed, that I supposed he was dying; but had it not been for that faint it would have been impossible to have saved him; he would not have survived three minutes. While in that condition the action of his heart was so nearly stopped that the blood almost ceased to circulate and gave time for a clot of blood to form around the wound in the torn iliac artery, thus preventing further hemorrhage. I do not suppose there is another case of that kind anywhere; and this made the matter one of interest to the entire medical fraternity.

The wounded officer was tenderly carried to a neighboring house and afterward to hospital. The circulation was cut off from the right leg, which began to mortify and was amputated. Slowly and through long anguish he recovered, until at last his venerable father, who had come to his side, took him home. His family greeted his pale and wasted face with tears of joy and pity; and she who for anxious years had faithfully kept the vigil of love for her returning hero now welcomed him back. In July following they were married. For seventeen years, to the end of his life, that accomplished and cultivated lady presided with grace and dignity over the hospitalities of their beautiful home at Mount Carroll, encouraging and aiding him in his incessant labors; and many honorable members, his colleagues, who have met her in this city will share in the sympathy due to her grief as she sits to-day with her fatherless children in their sorrow-stricken house.

The grateful people of his county elected him that same year to the post of county clerk. As he became more widely known he was more and more esteemed, and again and again, and yet again they re-elected him. He was an efficient and accommodating public officer, laborious and punctual. I have been told that such was his system and industry that while performing all the duties of this position he found opportunity for a course of legal study. He resigned in 1877 to accept a seat in the Forty-sixth Congress, to which he had been chosen by the people of the fifth Congressional district. He was again elected to the Forty-seventh Congress, and last year, just as the convention was about to assemble to renominate him for another term, they received the telegram of his sudden death, June 29, and adjourned for his funeral. He died in mid-career.

Mr. Speaker, the gentlemen of this House who accompanied his remains from here to their last resting place at his home will not forget the vast throng who came by thousands to manifest their sorrow for their beloved neighbor and friend and representative.

He was a man of many friends. He made every one his friend by unconsciously showing in every word and act how worthy he was of friendship, how pure his mind, how gentle his heart.

A quiet man, without sensational brilliancy, his upright Christian character, vigorous sense, genuine honesty of soul, and strong, placid nature inspired confidence. He was trusted most by those who knew him best. No men ever had a better opportunity to know another than the soldiers of his regiment had to know him. In the fiery furnace of war, in the daily life of the camp, marching and fighting, man beside man, for months and years, the whole nature is brought out, every side is shown, and if the man is not genuine it will be discovered. They can not make a mistake in estimating him. Their love and respect for Major HAWK were unbounded. Last summer at their annual reunion the joy of that festal day was mingled with general sorrow, expressed in a hundred touching ways, for their comrade so recently gone, and words of regret and of praise were on every lip.

He was truly representative—the type of what our country produces in numberless instances—a home-bred American boy rising with years into increasing strength as new responsibilities and new honors came to him, a self-reliant man who set no traps to catch success, but went straight on in his plain duty. His faculties were equal to his opportunities; and his whole life, from the time he left school until his death, was passed in the public service—military or civil—everywhere with fidelity and zeal.

He never lost his simple manners, and he was guided by the clear common sense of the plain citizen. His convictions were earnest; his reasoning direct. His conversation was pleasant, flowing on in a vein of good sense and good humor, warmed with a genial spirit, and was always fitting. In any company he was self-possessed, at ease, and dignified, and his dignity was not lessened by an amiability which was natural to him. His courteous regard for others was not

a mere habit to conciliate or attract supporters, but arose from sterling goodness of heart. Of a cheerful disposition and a spirit averse to hates, his frank face was always pleasant to look upon. The people of his district held him in affection. When he came into a village his appearance brought a group of friends about the lame soldier, and you could trace him through the town at a glance by the circle that surrounded him.

As a member of this House be made no pretensions to leadership, but he was always at his post, and not only regular in attendance, but careful in attention to the business of legislation. During the first session of this Congress I often saw him, and I admired the direct, prompt manner in which he dispatched business here and at the Departments. As a speaker his remarks on the floor were not so frequent as to make them common, but were practical and thoughtful, and were listened to with much respect. In committees, those great laboratories where so large a part of legislation is done, where errors and crudities are searched out and pruned away, and each provision of a proposed law adjusted to the others and to existing law, he was a conscientious, judicious worker, examining every phase of a subject with patient care. In his own affairs he was an excellent business man, and he brought the methods of business to public interests.

He understood all the feelings of the laboring class. His own life was one of labor. He knew the value of a day's work. He mingled with the working world, and sympathized with poverty and hope struggling for better things. He knew what it was to pass a long day under the summer sun in farm work; what it was to write twelve hours a day in an office. Yet he was more than a laborer; he appreciated those qualities in strong, sagacious minds by which they can combine and direct others, and lead great enterprises to success. He studied the wants of all impartially in framing legislation, but his heart inclined instinctively to the great multitude who can not come to Washington and plead their cause before committees—the people at large, upon whom the law must operate.

In promoting the interests of his constituents he was watchful and loyal to them first. He represented a district where there is

much independent political thought and intelligent criticism, and he satisfied the demands of locality without sacrificing his convictions on national interest and the fairly balanced claims of every section. In the daily work of caring for the numberless inquiries, wants, and applications of his people, his work was arduous and faithful. I remember to have read a letter from him in which he remarked at the close, "This is the fifty-sixth letter I have written to-day." Between applicants upon whose claims he had to pass he tried earnestly to be fair, studied each case anxiously, lest by some mistake in judgment or imperfect information he might do injustice to some worthy man. Every member here knows how often this duty falls upon a Representative and how delicate and difficult a task it sometimes is.

He satisfied his constituents—no easy task, for that Galena district had been accustomed to being represented by men of national reputation, Baker, Washburne, Burchard, with whom he would be compared. But the people appreciated his solid qualities, his worth, his faithful services. They trusted and honored him again and again, and when he was cut off so untimely they mourned his death as a personal sorrow.

In the cemetery hard by that picturesque town of Mount Carroll, on a hillside of lawn, and scattered trees, and flower-beds that brighten graves, he was buried, and there on the spot where the maimed soldier, his last march finished, has laid down in the bivouac of the dead, friendly and loving care has erected a monument, high, massive, pure, like the stainless man who sleeps beneath, to commemorate his name. Even more durable than the century-defying stone is the work of a true life, and this plain, earnest man whom we honor to-day did that work well as a citizen whose influence was always on the side of right, as a soldier who gave all and suffered much, as a public officer ever faithful, as a legislator wise and careful, as a Christian devout in his heart and exemplary in his walk before God and man until he was taken to a life beyond life.

Address of Mr. SHERWIN, of Illinois.

Mr. SPEAKER: Death's pale flag has been planted in our midst many times during the last year. Out from this busy arena it has led us once, twice, thrice, yes, many times, and shown us glimpses of the endless hereafter and beyond. Its somber folds float over us at this hour. It emphasizes the perishableness of human life. It suggests the littleness and futility of ambition. We are ready to exclaim as we sit in its shadow, "How frail we are!"

Last Wednesday this House honored itself in honoring the memory of Mr. Orth. Saturday last it pronounced its eulogies upon Mr. Lowe, and to-day we suspend the business of the nation to do honor to the names and characters of two more of our associates—UPDEGRAFF and HAWK. They were both known to us by their constant attendance upon the sessions of the House, by their careful attention to its business, by their zeal and conscientious discharge of all their public duties.

Mr. HAWK was a man whom to know was to respect and love. His friends were attracted to him so strongly that they never fell away, and to-day I think of him as my friend, warm, generous, and true. I cannot think of him as a member of this House alone—his position is lost in the contemplation of his social qualities.

I never saw Mr. HAWK until we met here at the first session of the Forty-sixth Congress. He represented that district so long ably represented here by Mr. E. B. Washburne, and afterward by the distinguished gentleman, the present Director of the Mint. The home of General Grant and others distinguished in military and civil life were in his district and in the county adjoining the one in which he resided. That district comprises one of the most intelligent and prosperous communities in Illinois or the whole land. It is filled with churches, schools, and public libraries. It contains many prosperous towns and its agricultural resources are without limit.

It was in such a country, among such a people, near the banks of the Father of Waters, that Mr. HAWK grew up to manhood and

resided until his death. He was born in the State of Indiana, of parents who were originally from Virginia, but removed to Illinois when Mr. HAWK was but a mere lad. He was brought up upon his father's farm in Carroll County, and received his education in the common schools of the neighborhood and at Eureka College, where he took a partial course. His education was not completed when the war broke out. In common with the tens of thousands of stalwart young men of the country, he left all to follow the flag. His was not the wild impulse of blind, unthinking enthusiasm, but the cool, earnest deliberation of a young patriot who had mastered the history of his country, who believed that the hopes of the world were bound up with our Constitution and our laws, and that it was a duty which every man owed to such a country to be ready to die for it when the time should come. He laid aside his books, he surrendered his plans of life, and stepped into the ranks as a private soldier, saying, "Ask of me what thou wilt and I will dare."

He rose to the rank of captain in his regiment, the Ninety-sixth Illinois, and was frequently in command of a battalion and intrusted with the execution of movements which required great vigor and sagacity as well as bravery, and in every place he acquitted himself with honor and with entire satisfaction to his superior officers. For these services he was brevetted a major in his regiment. He had gone through all the war without receiving any bodily injury until almost the very last day that any fighting was done, when he received a wound in his leg which caused its amputation. He sealed his country's triumph with his blood. Henceforth he was to go through life maimed. He accepted his fortune with manliness and after a long time of suffering in the hospital returned to his home. He was at once placed by the citizens of his county in the office of county clerk, a position which he continued to hold until he was elected to the Forty-sixth Congress. He was renominated by his party to the Forty-seventh Congress without opposition, and had he lived one day longer would have been renominated for the Forty-eighth Congress, as the convention had been called to meet the day after his death and the primaries had instructed for him.

In his service here he was always governed by the highest and

purest motives. He gave all his time and all his strength to the performance of his duties. He studied the questions before the House with conscientious care, and having formed his judgments followed them implicity. He never posed for effect. He was sincere in all his acts and thoughts—a hater of cant and pretense. In all matters affecting the pensioners of the Government he took a great interest. His sympathies for those disabled in the service of the country were active and constant, and yet restrained by moderation. He was indefatigable in the performance of all his Department duties. No labor was too great which seemed to be demanded by his constituents. The most trivial matters of this character were attended to with the same care bestowed upon the more important.

Mr. HAWK did not escape detraction. Although he was a man of the highest motives and most honorable in all his intercourse with men, he was assaulted by slander and defamation of the most violent kind, but he overcame his assailants and his triumph was assured. No one can fully know, Mr. Speaker, how much he suffered from these assaults. He was extremely sensitive, and such charges caused him more pain than the gunshots of an enemy; but his sufferings were buried in his own bosom and were only known as they were accidentally revealed. Political life was not pleasant to him. He intended to retire from it at the close of his third term and devote himself to the education of his family and the enjoyment of his home. All the pride of his life was centered in that home. All his hopes of worldly happiness clustered around it. His was a Christian's life. For many years he had belonged to the church called Christian, and in every walk of life had followed its teachings consistently. He was one of the building committee of the Vermont Avenue Christian Church in this city. His private life was illuminated by Christian truth, and was as pure as a child's. He was devoid of all envy and selfishness, all unworthy ambition. I can say of him as Charles Lamb said of another:

> From all self-seeking, envy, low design,
> I have not found a whiter soul than thine.

We buried him at sunset in the cemetery of the village where he was known so well. His neighbors, for many miles in all direc-

tions, came with sad and sorrowing faces to pay their tribute of tears to his memory. The aged grandfathers who had known him from his boyhood were there. The comrades who had marched and fought with him were there. The associates of his later life were there, and even the children of the village joined their lamentations with those of his nearest friends. There we left him, our brother and our friend, with the peace of God in all his looks.

Let the lifeless body rest;
He is gone who was its guest—
Gone, as travelers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.
Traveler, in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,
In what vast aerial space,
Shines the light upon thy face?
In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night?

Address of Mr. ROSECRANS, of California.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is the office of personal friendship to speak of him in his private life; of political associates to tell of him as he appeared among them, faithful to his convictions, generous, tolerant of their opinions, firm in the maintenance of his own.

The few words I have to speak in memory of our deceased colleague will be as a comrade of the Union Army and as the commander under whom he served in the Army of the Cumberland.

An old English poet says:

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things.
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

* * * * *

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

But what this poet says of the leveler Death is measurably true of all great and transcendent human interests, in comparison with which those of the individual dwarf into insignificance. Such a transcendent fact was the war for the maintenance of the unity of this nation, in the presence of which the soldier and the officer, the private and the general became comrades in the common cause.

The muses of poetry and of history, imparting their lessons by instance, example, impress all our minds with the idea that heroism is a natural endowment and inheres in the person of the hero. But whoever will reflect on his own experience of what impresses him and compare it with what he knows of others and of heroes in history will find that true herosim lies in domination over ordinary human motives on account of something believed to be greater and better.

The degree of the heroism depends on the extent to which the action overpasses and dominates ordinary motives, interest, and passions, and the greatness of the object for which these sacrifices are made.

Mankind finds something heroic in the endurance of labor and of suffering, even for future personal advantage and renown, but a still higher degree of it when that endurance and labor are for the good of otliers or for the love of truth in science or in art.

Greater still do we regard the heroism of him who perils life to save the lives of others.

When the storm howls over the face of the ocean; when the fierce waves, like devouring demons, assault the passenger-laden ship off some inhospitable coast; when they breach the walls which protect the lives of all on board, whose heart does not beat with admiration to see the frail life-saving boat and crew start through

the storm and waves into the jaws of death to save imperiled passengers and crew?

But if such heroic acts command unreserved admiration, what measure of it shall be given to those men who, unskilled and untrained to arms, went to save our ship of state from wreck, and all the hopes it bore—the hopes of fifty millions of people, the hopes of their posterity for unborn generations, and of the liberty-seeking millions of all the world for all coming time—staked on the success of this great and peculiar experiment to demonstrate the practicability of self-government in the world.

In the presence of a work so great all minor heroisms dwindle into insignificance, and all actors in it, whether of lofty or of humble rank, become comrades in the grand army engaged in a common cause of such immeasurable grandeur.

In this sense our deceased colleague and I were comrades. Young, tall, handsome, of a noble, generous nature, he early responded to his country's call for defenders, and while with me had become a captain in the Ninety-second Illinois Volunteer Infantry, in the Army of the Cumberland, and rendered arduous, brave, gallant, and effective service, the details of which are told by others. He was on courier duty with his command during the campaign of Chattanooga, and at my headquarters during the bloody but to us glorious field of Chickamauga, which stemmed the hostile tide and gave us Chattanooga, the objective of our campaign. He did his duty nobly at the head of his command; was with me at the point and moment of supreme danger in the battle. More words might be said, but could higher eulogy be pronounced on him or on any of all the brave men who served in such a cause? God bless them, each and all! Living may they be honored and blessed by all who live beneath the flag, and dying be regretted as he is regretted over whose death we are now expressing our sorrowful respect.

Address of Mr. HENDERSON, of Illinois.

Mr. SPEAKER: I regret that I am not better prepared to speak of the life and character of my late friend and colleague, Major ROBERT M. A. HAWK, than I am to-day. I had met Major HAWK before he was elected a member of this body, and had a somewhat slight but pleasant acquaintance with him; but I was not then and am not now familiar with his early history, and will therefore not attempt to speak of his early life further than to say that he was a native of Hancock County, in the State of Indiana, and emigrated with his father's family at an early age to Carroll County, in the State of Illinois, in which last State he was educated at Eureka College.

Major HAWK was a soldier in the late war. When twenty-three years of age he enlisted as a volunteer, and on the 4th day of September, 1862, was mustered into the service of the United States as a first lieutenant in the Ninety-second Regiment of Illinois Volunteer Infantry, in which capacity he served until the 23d day of March, 1863, when he was promoted to the office of captain, and served as such until the 21st day of June, 1865, at which time, having served nearly three years, he was mustered out of the service. Of the conduct of Major HAWK while in the service as an officer and soldier I have no personal knowledge. I know he was wounded in an engagement with the enemy near Raleigh, North Carolina, on the 10th day of April, 1865, from which wound he lost his right leg, and that he was brevetted a major for soldierly conduct on that occasion.

I know also that every pulsation of his heart beat with patriotic devotion for his country; that he loved this great Republic with a love as deep and strong as the love of his own life, which he periled for its preservation and perpetuation; and from his reputation and my knowledge now of his character I have no hesitation in saying that he was during his service a brave, faithful, and efficient officer and soldier.

On his return from the Army to civil life Major HAWK was elected clerk of the county court of Carroll County, where he had lived from boyhood. In that office he served the people so acceptably and with such fidelity and ability that he was three times successively re-elected, and he held the office until in 1878, when he was nominated and elected a member of the Forty-sixth Congress from the fifth Congressional district of Illinois. Having been re-elected in 1880 as a member of the Forty-seventh Congress, he held a seat in this body from the 4th day of March, 1879, until his death, which occurred in this city, after a very brief illness, on the 29th day of June, 1882.

As a Representative in Congress Major HAWK won not only the sympathy but the respect and confidence of his associates and fellow-members. On his entrance here as a member of this body he was an inexperienced legislator. But feeling the full force of the responsibilities resting upon him, he at once addressed himself to his public duties with an earnest desire to discharge them intelligently and faithfully. And those of us, Mr. Speaker, who served with him and who knew him during his service in Congress will well remember how punctually he took his seat, and how faithfully he observed the proceedings of the House during its sessions.

As his colleague and friend I was brought in almost daily association with Major HAWK, and I can bear testimony to the conscientious, able, and faithful manner in which he served his constituents and the country. He was an honorable, upright, useful member of this House, and during all his service here he brought no reproach upon his good name, nor did he bring any upon his constituents who had honored him with their confidence.

The death of Major HAWK, Mr. Speaker, was so sudden and unexpected as to be a shock to us all. He had but just returned from a contest in the new district in which he had been placed by the legislature of our State. And having carried every county in the district, and being assured of a nomination and election as a member of the Forty-eighth Congress, he was in good spirits and looking remarkably well. But surely Death hath all seasons for his own. And in the flush of a great triumph, and after an illness

of but a few hours, that noble, manly form, that strong, robust man, was silent in death. And the hearts of all of us who had seen him from day to day as he came into and went out of this Hall were filled with sorrow.

Mr. Speaker, Major HAWK was a high-minded and honorable man. He had a noble, manly, generous nature. He was just and true in all the relations of life; and in his death we have lost a faithful Representative, and the country a good citizen and a sterling patriot.

Address of Mr. CARPENTER, of Iowa.

Mr. SPEAKER: Major ROBERT M. A. HAWK was one of nature's noblemen. He was a large-framed, large-brained, large-hearted man. In peace he was a patriotic, public-spirited citizen; in war he was an intrepid, self-denying soldier. He illustrated in his private life and in his public career the best type of American manhood. It was my good fortune to know him well, and I hope I am the better man for having known him. On coming to Washington as a new member at the opening of the extra session of the Forty-sixth Congress it so happened that I made my home at the same house with Major HAWK. I soon made his acquaintance, and very soon came to appreciate his worth. At the close of the daily sessions I would frequently linger and walk with him to the horse-cars on the way to our temporary home. As he had lost a leg at the battle of Bentonville, and as the amputation had left but a short stump, and of a character that would never admit of his wearing a cork-leg, he necessarily in walking carried a cane in one hand, and in the other a sort of substitute for the missing limb improvised for his special use, and which had to be held constantly to its place. This employment of both hands, added to the disadvantage of his large physical frame, rendered walking to him a slow and difficult process. He frequently, therefore, in the delicate sensibility of his nature, more than half remonstrated with me for lingering after the day's adjournment to keep him company to our home.

But as I turned the conversation upon some other subject and

walked along with him, on more than one occasion, in the *abandon* of familiar conversation, he opened to me the windows of his soul, so that I think I can estimate the unselfishness, the generosity, and the purity of the man. We talked of the war, of its incidents, of the men of that stirring period, and of the men and measures of to-day. I have said that I hoped I was the better man for my short association with him. His example was more than a sermon. Notwithstanding he had been sadly maimed in the service of his country and knew that all the residue of his days, whether few or many, must be clouded with his painful loss, yet I never heard him speak an unkind word of man or men or utter a syllable of regret for any service he had made in the line of a patriot's duty.

No more than a fortnight before his death, while riding at his side from the Capitol, the death of Major Farr, of New Hampshire (who had lost an arm in the war), was mentioned, when he remarked that the men who had the misfortune to lose limbs in the great rebellion were fast passing away. And he went on to say that it had been estimated that persons thus wounded did not, on an average, live to be more than from 40 to 45 years old; and then he said, with a tinge of sadness in his voice, that the Great Harvester would doubtless reach out his sickle for him before many years. It was not more than two or three weeks after this conversation that, upon returning to my rooms after a day spent at the Capitol, my wife said to me, "Do you know that Major HAWK is sick?" I replied that I did not; and I thought it hardly possible, as I had seen him but the evening before, and he had seemed in perfect health. But she said, "He was taken sick this morning, and the doctor has called to see him two or three times during the day, and seems to be concerned about him." I went immediately to his room, and taking him by the hand, said, "Major, I have just learned that you were sick." He replied, falteringly, "Carpenter, I am very sick."

In a moment he signified by a sign that he wanted to be raised up. The doctor and attending friend raised him upright, and pillows were disposed so that he could recline upon them; but this had scarcely been done before he wanted them removed, and after lying down was for a moment in great agony; then said: "If I was turned upon my side I believe I could go to sleep." At the

request of the doctor the gentleman who had been with him during the day ran for another physician, and I hastened to another part of the house for a restorative; was back in two minutes, but in less than five minutes from my return, and before the consulting physician had arrived, all was over.

Thus ended the earthly existence of Major HAWK. He was in the prime of life, if we count life by its years; but counting it by what he had done for his country, his family, and the world, he had lived longer than many of us who survive him. The very day after his death a convention assembled in his district to nominate a candidate for the Forty-eighth Congress. If I remember rightly every delegation had been instructed for Major HAWK except from a single county. So he died at the high-noon of life and on the field of triumph. He died mourned by a grateful constituency, and by comrades who had touched elbows with him where heroes stood shoulder to shoulder. I cannot better emphasize his military history than by making one or two brief extracts from letters written by officers of his regiment. First, from his commanding officer. He says:

R. M. A. HAWK enlisted as a private at Lanark, Illinois, in August, 1862, and was elected a second lieutenant, and mustered as such September 4, 1862, the company becoming Company C, Ninety-second Illinois Infantry.

He was promoted to a captaincy at Danville, Kentucky, January 21, 1863, and served with that rank until the close of the war, always on duty, willing, painstaking, intelligent; cool and courageous in the performance of every duty, in camp, upon the march, and upon the battle-field; endearing himself by his manly, noble, and soldierly qualities to his commanding officers, his associates, and the men under his command. As his immediate commanding officer, I soon learned to rely upon him with implicit confidence that ripened into personal friendship; and I often gave him commands on special occasions when I required an officer of his rank at important outposts or for dangerous scouting duty. He was so modest that he always distrusted his own ability, never seeking any special commands, but was so true and faithful that I often imposed upon him dangerous duties out of his turn. And he met every duty with quiet dignity and admirable courage and judgment; faithful and steadfast as was possible for the bravest soldier.

From the letter of another officer of his regiment I venture to pluck one or two laurel wreaths to decorate his new-made grave.

After speaking of his personal sorrow upon learning of his death, he says:

> I first met Major HAWK at Camp Fuller, Rockford. His fine personal appearance on dress-parade attracted my attention. In height over six feet, straight as an arrow, and clad in his bright uniform of blue, he looked every inch the grand soldier he afterward became.

The writer then relates the fact that they became friends; and for three years, on the march, in the bivouac, and in the terrible ordeal of battle, whenever and wherever tested, the manliness of his nature and the strength of his character became more and more apparent.

Finally, when the last fiery trial of his military life came to him, this officer stood by his side. I will relate it in his own words:

> When he fell so terribly wounded in our last battle, an armistice occurring between the two armies, I followed him to Raleigh, North Carolina, and stood by him during his terrible suffering. The surgeons when about to amputate his limb told him he might not survive the operation, and if he wished to say anything he had better do so. He then looked up at me and said: "Major, I wish to whisper to you." I drew close beside his couch, leaned over my head, and he whispered in my ear these words: "If I die, tell my folks at home I was proud to give my life for my country; I was proud to die for the old flag. And then should they ask about my spiritual welfare, say to them that death had no terrors for me; that I was prepared to die." He then looked at the surgeons and spoke to them as calmly and coolly as when on dress-parade, saying: "Gentlemen, proceed; I am ready."

Such was Major HAWK as a citizen soldier. What he was as a Congressman you, Mr. Speaker, well know. He sat so near the Speaker's chair that when present he could not be unobserved by you; and, sir, you seldom saw his seat vacant. He was as faithful to the great trust which the people of the fifth district of Illinois had imposed upon him as he was to his duty when on picket in the forests of Georgia, under regulations that affixed the penalty of death to the crime of sleeping on his post. But I need not enlarge. We all know with what discriminating judgment and conscientious fidelity he discharged his duties here.

He, however, was more than a soldier, he was more than a clerk of courts, he was more than a Congressman; in every element of his nature he was a man. He was an honest, sincere, clean-handed,

white-souled citizen. He was a kind and obliging neighbor. He was the faithful husband of a loving wife. He was the generous father of adoring children. In the companionship of his household he was the equal, the friend, and the confidant of every member of his family, from the wife to the five-year-old boy that ran laughing to meet him as he returned from his daily duties. Need I say more? If there be life beyond the grave, and character here is an earnest of character and condition there, then those who knew ROBERT M. A. HAWK need no assurance that when he stepped from this hall into the shadowy realm the door swung wide upon its hinges for his admission to a mansion not made with hands.

Address of Mr. CURTIN, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. SPEAKER: The story of the life of our dead colleague has been faithfully told, and in the few remarks I have to make I shall not attempt to repeat it.

I learned to know Major HAWK early on my first entrance into this Hall as a member and knew him well and was honored by his friendship. It would be false to his memory if I were to attempt to exalt him into a great orator or statesman or philosopher. Much better and more useful in all the avocations of life, he was an honest, pure-minded, upright man of broad common sense and gentle, kind nature.

I am quite sure it is proper for me to refer to one circumstance in his official conduct which illustrates his unselfishness and his delicate estimate of propriety when he had a personal interest in the result of his action. When the committee of which I was a member had under consideration the bill introduced into this House, and to the honor of its members passed unanimously, to give a pension of $40 a month to those who had lost an arm or a leg in the military service in the late unhappy civil war Major HAWK refused to vote. I tried to persuade him that he was quite too sensitive; but, offering as a reason that it would add to his income $200 a year, he refused. And that bill was carried through the committee and reported to this House in his absence.

It was a pleasant exhibition here, which we have just had given us [referring to the remarks of Mr. Wheeler] from a gallant soldier below the line, who has just paid a tribute so beautiful and truthful to the memory of our late colleague, supplemented by the eulogy of his commander (General Rosecrans), soldiers who were enemies and now in friendship paying the homage of respect soldiers justly feel for the martial virtues. The history of his life and his services, the exhibition of the purity of his character is creditable to his colleagues and his friends and has been fitly spoken.

His attachment to his family, and the sorrow of that home circle, is a subject quite too sacred for the formal demonstration on this occasion. There we should not enter. God struck the husband and father and God will pour balsam and balm into the wounds he has inflicted on the bereaved family, and nothing that can be said here can in the least relieve their deep sorrow.

It is for mortal man to die, as we have been frequently reminded during this Congress. It is for those who live to so discharge their duties, personal and relative, that when they die their memory will be preserved. When a good man dies there is a void in society, an aching void which it seems impossible to fill. But when a man dies who has failed to fulfill his duties to man and his country and those who surrounded him in life there is but a modicum of regret at his departure, and he is soon forgotten. But whether high or low, whether statesman or peasant, whether rich or poor, the man is to be most remembered who patiently works in his allotted sphere and faithfully discharges his duty.

I found Major HAWK to be man of that kind, and this House properly honors the memory of a Representative who was honest and faithful and true in all the relations of life; who had strong convictions and pursued them; who had the courage to perform his duty and follow the right, and well he knew what was the right. Over his grave, from short acquaintance with him, I desire to express sorrow at his death and gratification that his memory is to be embalmed, as we are told, in the community where he lived and by a constituency he faithfully served on this floor.

I say that we have been called often in this Congress to mourn the dead taken from this Chamber, so many during these short two

years, men of long, useful, public service, and some who had scarcely reached the meridian of life. Who can tell when the portals of this Hall shall again open to the great destroyer who may enter and seize another victim? Who knows who that victim will be, whether old or young, whom we may be called upon again to mourn and pay these formal fitting ceremonies? When that time shall come I trust that over the dead body of another member of this House it may be said, he died an honest man, the noblest work of God, a sentiment never too old to be repeated.

Mr. Speaker, all humanity is made of one family—the living and the dead. Those who go before us shed their benefactions upon us by their good works. If they have worked patiently in their allotment, if they have discharged their duties, personal and relative, if they have dealt honestly with their fellow-men, if they have sustained and supported the Government of their country as did our dead colleague in its dark hours of distress and necessity, and have acknowledged their allegiance to Almighty God, they will shed their benefactions upon us.

When we have filled our allotted time and the destroyer comes to us, may it be said that we have so discharged our duties that when we are gone we will leave something that posterity may imitate. That is all of life; it is all of death; it is all of humanity. Well did Major HAWK fulfill his duties and leave to his family the priceless legacy of a useful and blameless life.

I render this brief tribute to his memory; a generous, kind-hearted, upright man. He was maimed in the service of his country and day and night he suffered constant pain, which he bore with the fortitude of a soldier and resignation of a Christian. To his memory as a soldier, as a member of this House, and higher and holier emotion of the heart, to his memory I yield the homage of my respect, because he was my friend.

Address of Mr. WHEELER, of Alabama.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomps of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"People of Illinois, allow me to plant the rose and the laurel upon the grave of your departed dead."

Mr. SPEAKER: When a few hours ago I was honored by the gentlemen of the Illinois delegation with an invitation to participate in these mournful ceremonies I felt embarrassed, for the reason that I apprehended that without preparation I would be unequal to the task. This reflection inspired me with reluctance to assume so prominent an attitude. But when I recalled the shock which I felt when I heard of the death of our lamented friend, and the circumstances under which I made his acquaintance, which though brief was of the most pleasant character, I could not hesitate in my reply.

In December, 1881, when the Forty-seventh Congress assembled in this hall, a manly, commanding form could be seen in the row of seats directly in front of the Speaker's desk. There was much in his appearance to attract attention. Ever at his post of duty, he carried with him a sad reminder of the past which he could not conceal—the evidence of heroic service, the badge of honor won on the field of battle.

But now we miss him in his wonted place,
And search in vain for that congenial face.

Mr. Speaker, there is an overwhelming sadness in the contemplation of the image of a dead friend, whom we can see in all the vividness of reality, as he lived and moved in our midst, while we know certainly that he has gone away from us forever, that we shall meet him never again upon this earth. But in the language of the sacred writer—

"Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

And in these touching lines we are reminded that nowhere is there exemption from the inevitable decree:

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

By the providence of God it is so ordered that time gradually throws the veil of oblivion over melancholy memories, while it opens up in dewy freshness all the joyous recollections of the past. So the wounded soldier whose virtues we commemorate to-day, forgetting the gloomy sufferings and agonies of war, cherished only the flower-crowned memories of the march, the bivouac, and the battle.

I hold in my hand a history of the regiment in which Major HAWK was one of the highest officers, and certainly one of its leading spirits. My hurried perusal of this volume shows that our late compeer was one of the brave men who led the front in that almost continuous battle from the Ohio through Kentucky, from the Cumberland through Tennessee, and from the Tennessee through Georgia to the Atlantic Ocean.

With the gallant Rosecrans he breasted the storm of death at Murfreesborough and under the same intrepid commander led the van in the historic conflict at Chickamauga.

His troops were part of the surging line which charged with such desperation on that bright sunny morning at Kenesaw.

He was in the terrible onslaught at Atlanta, and in the leading column in the march preceding the battle at Jonesborough. In that engagement he fought with unusual bravery, and in the march to the sea, fighting at every step, he earned the commendation of General Sherman, his distinguished commander.

At Macon, Buckhead Church, Waynesborough, Aiken, Averysborough, and on hundreds of other fields, towered the portly form of him who was so lately with us in this hall; and with the sound of victory upon his ears he fell wounded in one of the last battles of his gallant chieftain, the present honored commander of our Army.

Much that I read in this work I heard from Major HAWK's

own lips, who, on our first meeting, spoke of me as one who had often been very near him during the conflicts to which I have referred—on opposite sides, of course, but still near each other on American fields of battle—and this very fact seemed to awaken our mutual sympathies and tended gently but surely to draw us together into cordial relations.

Let no man doubt the real cause of this almost instantaneous cordiality. It is this: We had in fact *never been enemies.* The word enemy is not the word to use in reference to our differences of position. We had simply been arrayed in opposing attitudes. Between the individual people of the North and the South there was no real enmity. Let the historian, the philospher, the statesman, while he pauses with amazement and admiration, as he contemplates these great lately-contending hosts laying down their arms and assuming so readily and even gracefully the most friendly relations, find his answer here: There had been no real enmity between these warring peoples.

Our war has no parallel in military literature. It is unlike all other wars in many of its leading features.

The most sanguinary of the English wars comes down to us in history under the softest and sweetest of names. It is called the War of the Roses. Under that gentle and poetic designation lie concealed the hideous features of a strife the most ferocious of any in the annals of modern warfare, waged as it was by brothers and kinsmen. It was, nevertheless, so wholly unlike our war that the distinguishing characteristics of the two may be profitably contemplated, contrasted, and studied.

That too, it is true, was a civil war, a war rendered the more terrific by the personal hostility of the combatants, for into that war entered all the fiercer and darker passions of the human heart, envy, jealousy, hatred, malevolence, malignity, and revenge, the most aspiring pretensions and the most inordinate ambitions, all prompted and urged by the family pride of the nobility and the autocratic prerogatives of royalty.

It was a war waged for nobility, the nobility of persons where titles and place, manors and earldoms, crowns and kingdoms were the stakes; where the result was the tyrannical dominance of family

on the one side and individual extermination on the other. While titles and crowns awaited the victors, the frowning executioner stood hard by with his keen ax, eager and anxious to chop off the heads of the vanquished.

Let us contrast this picture of war for a single moment with this more recent one of ours.

Our civil war, while it was one of the most sanguinary and terrific that ever employed the arm of the soldier or engaged the pen of the historian, was at the same time one of the most singular and remarkable ever recorded, in this one distinctive characteristic: that as between the soldiers who met and fought each other so desperately there was not and never had been, and from the nature of things never could be, any individual personal hostility, none of that despicable feeling known as hatred. No revenge, no ambition, no malice, no blood-thirstiness. They had marched and fought and triumphed under the same flag for nearly a century. They had seen their population grow from three to forty millions, and their territories expand from ocean to ocean. Hence, this war of ours did not arouse nor engage nor stir up the dark and fierce passions of the human heart. We met and fought, not in a spirit of anger, but in the fulfillment of duty.

It was a war built upon abstractions; not made nor sought nor wished for by the people at large, but rendered inevitable by extraordinary circumstances and by the irreconcilable conflict of opinions. Hence, when this people met each other face to face as foes in war they were amazed, perplexed, and confounded at the most unnatural aspect, and felt in their hearts more reluctance than hostility, more regret than revenge, more sorrow than anger.

In such a war the savage instincts of ferocity could have no place, and hence upon the close of such a war there could be no revenges to gratify. Hence, also, the instantaneous national reconciliation which so puzzles mankind in the outside world is but the natural result of the reunion of that sentiment (broken but for a moment) which is the real characteristic of American civilization, that is, the design to work out the problem of human liberty and to establish the rights of man by the unity of labor, the unity of mind, and the union of the States.

People of Illinois, allow me to plant the rose and the laurel upon the grave of your departed hero, a soldier brave and determined in war, a citizen loved and respected by all who knew him, and a servant to his people, faithful to every duty. Paladin of an hundred battles, yet the pride and pomp and triumphs of war had not so carried him away as to make him lose sight of the humbler callings of good citizenship; and consequently we see in his career in civil life the same unerring integrity that carried him successfully through the war marking his demeanor as the industrious official, ever at the post of labor, thus commanding confidence and trust and assuring success amid the plaudits of his fellow-citizens, eminently exemplifying Pope's often quoted but most true words:

> Honor and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

The SPEAKER. The question is upon the adoption of the resolutions which have been submitted.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously; and accordingly the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

IN THE SENATE, *June* 30, 1882.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. McPherson, its Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, late a member of the House from the State of Illinois, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death of Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, late a Representative from the State of Illinois.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (*the Senate concurring herein*), That a special joint committee of seven members of the House and three members of the Senate be appointed to take order for superintending the funeral, and to escort the remains of the deceased to their last resting-place, and that all necessary expenses attending the execution of this order shall be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

Ordered, That Mr. George R. Davis, Mr. L. E. Payson, Mr. S. W. Moulton, Mr. W. H. Calkins, Mr. G. C. Cabell, Mr. J. A. McKenzie, and Mr. W. Cullen be members on the part of the House.

Mr. LOGAN. Mr. President, I offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has received with profound sensibility the message of the House of Representatives announcing the death of Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, a Representative from the State of Illinois.

Resolved, That the Senate concur in the resolutions adopted by the House of Representatives, and that the President *pro tempore* of the Senate appoint three Senators to escort the remains of the deceased in conjunction with the committee on the part of the House, as provided in said resolutions.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore.* The question is on the adoption of the resolutions. [Putting the question.] The resolutions are unanimously adopted. The Chair appoints the Senator from Illinois [Mr. Logan], the Senator from Iowa [Mr. McDill], and the Senator from Mississippi [Mr. George], as the committee on the part of the Senate.

Mr. LOGAN Out of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and the Senate adjourned.

IN THE SENATE, *February* 6, 1883.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore.* The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Acting Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That this House has heard with profound regret the announcement of the death of Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, late a member of the House from the State of Illinois.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for his memory the officers and members of this House will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the Clerk of the House to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House, at the conclusion of these memorial proceedings, shall adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. LOGAN. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the Chair.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore.* The resolutions will be read.

The Acting Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has received with profound sorrow and regret the announcement of the death of Hon. ROBERT M. A. HAWK, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Illinois, and tenders to the family and kindred of the deceased assurances of sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended that opportunity may be given for appropriate tribute to the memory of the deceased and to his public services and private virtues; and that, as a further mark of respect, the Senate at the conclusion of such remarks shall adjourn.

Address of Mr. LOGAN, of Illinois.

Mr. President, ROBERT MAFFITT ALLISON HAWK was born on a farm two miles and a half east of Greenfield, Hancock County, Indiana, April 23, 1839. He was the son of William Henry and Hannah (Maffitt) Hawk. The parents were both natives of Abingdon, Washington County, Virginia, the mother being of Scotch-Irish extraction. The father was born December 2, 1809, the son of Andrew and Mary (Myers) Hawk, and resided with his parents, working on a farm and obtaining such limited education as the schools of the day afforded. While not attending school he was put to work at the trade of his father, that of house-joiner. In 1836, November 10, he was united in marriage to Hannah Maffitt, daughter of Captain John and Isabella (Davis) Maffitt. He was a captain and Indian fighter in his time, as was his father, who was killed at the battle of the Great Kanawha. He was a man of influence, a Baptist in religious belief, and politically a great admirer and follower of Thomas H. Benton.

He removed about the year 1837 to Hancock County, Indiana, where Robert and his two brothers were born. Here they resided for about seven years, until October 30, 1843, when the mother died, leaving three small children. The following year the father removed to Freedom, Carroll County, Illinois, and married for his second wife Margaret E. Davis. The three children, who had been left at their native home, were brought to the new home in 1846, then quite an uninhabited place. The father carried on the farm, and at times worked at his trade of house-joiner. Both the father and step-mother are now living in the same town in which they first settled in Illinois.

Prior to the year 1856 Major HAWK had received only a common-school education. In that year he was placed at a private and select school for the purpose of being prepared for college. While he was but 16 years old he was an instructor in a common school in his neighborhood. He was always favorably known among his playmates and classmates, being of good temper and

having a fine disposition. He was industrious and was a close student, and when not at work upon the farm his books were his companions.

In September, 1861, he entered Eureka College, at Eureka, Woodford County, Illinois; there he remained for about four months. The late rebellion having broken out, and while at home on a vacation from college, he enlisted in a company which was being raised by Mr. Stoffer at Mount Carroll, near his home, which company became a part of the Ninety-second Illinois Regiment, at Rockford, Illinois, and on the 2d of September of the same year he was selected a first lieutenant, and from that time continued with his company in all its marches and battles. He marched through Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia, and was made captain January 21, 1863. In July, 1863, the regiment was detached from Granger's Corps to Wilder's Mounted Infantry.

Captain HAWK showed marked ability, activity, and courage in the operations of his command at the battle of Chattanooga; he did gallant service also at the battles of Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga. Being at the headquarters of General ROSECRANS, he performed the duty of carrying dispatches to all parts of the field of Chickamauga.

He continued detached with his company from his command until the 4th of December, 1863, when he was ordered to rejoin his regiment.

In the year 1864 he was with his command and was engaged in several actions at Nicojack, Lovejoy, Jonesborough, and Powder River.

On November 4, 1864, the division was reorganized and the Ninety-second became part of the second brigade of Kilpatrick's cavalary.

In what is known as "Sherman's march to the sea" Captain HAWK'S company rendered very great service as part of the rear guard at Waynesborough, where he was engaged in hard fighting, losing seventeen of his men He was also engaged in a severe action at or near Aiken, South Carolina, losing twenty-six men.

On the 12th of April, 1865, following and pressing the enemy

in marching from Raleigh to Swift Creek, the bridge was destroyed by the enemy, who held the opposite side of the creek. When the bridge was captured the Ninety-second Regiment crossed, and Captain HAWK and his company were in the advance pushing the enemy and making a gallant fight against a very stubborn resistance, when he fell, receiving a minie-ball, giving him a severe and almost mortal wound, from the effect of which he lost his right leg between the knee and hip-joint. He lay for a long time in hospital, but was at last taken home by his father. He was in a very feeble condition for many months. He was brevetted major on the 10th of May, 1866, to rank from January 20, 1865. The greatest compliment that can be paid to a soldier is to say of him what I now say of Major HAWK, "He was a brave, intelligent, and gallant soldier."

While lying in bed, weak and feeble from his severe wound, he was married to Miss Mary G. Clark, an estimable young lady, now his widow, to whom he was engaged prior to entering the Army.

In the fall of 1865 the people elected him county clerk, also in 1869, 1873, and 1877, the duties of which office he performed during these many years with marked ability and fidelity. On account of his ability and his pleasant intercourse with the people, in November, 1878, he was elected to the Forty-sixth Congress, and again to the Forty-seventh Congress, November, 1880. He became an earnest Republican at the breaking out of the rebellion and remained so up to his death.

As a Representative in Congress he made an honest and faithful member, at all times doing his duty patriotically and well. Had he lived his career as a member of Congress would have been one of honor and glory.

Major HAWK was a man beloved by all his neighbors and friends. He was a kind and considerate husband, and a generous and loving parent, a man of intellectual strength and good judgment, of rare business qualifications, calculated to be successful in whatever he might undertake. While here in Washington attending to his duties as a member of Congress, on the 29th of June, 1882, at 812 Twelfth street, he died suddenly of apoplexy.

His attack was so sudden that few knew of his sickness. A physician had been called in. The rooms occupied by myself being

immediately above his, I was notified of his illness. Upon repairing to his rooms I found him quite sick. The physician and some other persons were by his bedside. I returned to my room for some purpose or other, when, on returning again to his rooms, in probably less than three minutes from the time I left him, I found him in a dying condition. I notified the physician, who was standing, apparently preparing some medicine, that the major was dying. He turned and looked at him apparently very much surprised. Just at this moment Major HAWK breathed his last.

At his death none of his family were present. I immediately informed them by telegraph, at the same time stating to them that his remains would be taken to his home. His remains were properly cared for by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House and friends, and on the next day, in the evening, with a committee from both Houses of Congress, we accompanied his remains to Mount Carroll, in Carroll County, Illinois, and there placed them in charge of his loving wife, family, and friends. The immense throng that assembled there on that day to take a last look at their friend and Representative gave evidence of the high esteem in which he was held by all the people in that populous community.

The committee of Congress accompanied the remains of Major HAWK to his final resting-place. He was buried in a beautiful cemetery on a high hill near Mount Carroll, with Christian rites and Masonic honors. Major HAWK was a member of the Christian Church and believed fully in a life beyond the grave. No one outside of his immediate family mourns his loss more than myself. No better or purer man has it been my good fortune to know.

Address of Mr. HAMPTON, of South Carolina.

Mr. PRESIDENT: It was only as these resolutions which have just been read from your desk were brought into this Chamber that you, sir, and your distinguished colleague asked me to say a few words of tribute to the memory of the gallant soldier and upright Repre-

sentative whose loss your State deplores. I regret exceedingly that I have not had longer notice of this, for then I should have discharged this melancholy duty with more satisfaction to the State that honored him and to myself.

The two earliest meetings between Major HAWK and myself were under peculiar circumstances. We met first amid the roar of battle, and neither of us knew the other. Years afterward, when he was placed in the other House, a fitting and honored Representative of the State of Illinois, I was sent to represent the State of South Carolina in this Chamber, and coming here crippled as he was, in walking up these steps one day, I met him, not knowing him, a man of commanding presence and of fine face, and drawn to him by the common sympathy of a common affliction I ventured to speak to him.

We fell into conversation; and after a few moments he said to me, without one feeling of resentment and with a kind smile on his manly face, "I lost my leg in an attack that General Hampton made upon our camp." That was another bond of sympathy between us; and I am glad to say that during the brief time that he was spared the intercourse between us was that not of foemen but of friends. I learned to regard him then as a man of high character, of sterling integrity, and of the very highest soldierly qualities, and it taught me this lesson, a lesson that cannot be impressed too often and too solemnly upon this country: that we are all now citizens of a common country, for the men who had fought, who had met in battle, and one of whom had been rendered a cripple for life, met his old foeman as a friend, and that old foeman now feelingly pays this tribute to his memory. And, sir, I feel assured that the humble flower that I shall venture to lay upon his tomb will not be valued less because it comes from one who had been his foe, but who now mourns him as a friend.

Address of Mr. GEORGE, of Mississippi.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I did not know Mr. HAWK. I never met him. It was my melancholy duty, in compliance with the wishes of this body expressed by the Chair, to accompany his remains to his home, to convey to his family and his friends the respect which the Senate of the United States had for his memory.

I was very much struck by what I saw and what I heard at the village of Mount Carroll, at which the deceased had lived. On the day that we arrived there the whole population of that village, of all ages and of all sexes and of all conditions, turned out to show their respect for the memory of the deceased and to give their testimony, silent yet potent, to his worth. His remains were taken to the dwelling from which I learned that less than a week before we carried him back a lifeless corpse he had left in full health and vigor for this city to discharge his duties as a member of Congress.

That community gathered around that dwelling. It was my fortune, with other members of the committee, to be so placed for about two hours, during which we were detained at his dwelling, as to enable us to see, to survey, and to scrutinize the faces of the very large crowd which had assembled to pay their respect to his memory. It was a curious study to me, situated as I was, to look on that large crowd, without seats, standing, waiting, on that hot July day, for the opportunity which was extended to all to pass through his dwelling and take a last look at his lifeless form.

The ceremony, as I remarked, consumed at least two hours; yet in all that time, with that crowd uncomfortably standing in the hot sun, I saw no impatience, no restlessness, no sign of frivolity or eager curiosity. I saw only engraven upon the faces of all the men and women and children who were present the signs of the deepest melancholy and sorrow for the loss they had sustained in the death of Major HAWK.

I moralized, Mr. President, in this way over that scene, that here was a man who had lived in that community from his youth up; had served them in a county office—I believe county clerk—

for a number of years; was a member of one of the fraternities, the Masonic fraternity; was a member of one of the churches; was an active participant in the discharge of all public and private duties, and after a long service at home had been called by that community and others in the same vicinity to a higher sphere, and that all this service had but the more endeared him to the people who knew him best. He had served that community and his district here for several years. His service had been so acceptable that at the date of his untimely death he had either been renominated or his renomination was assured for a seat in the next Congress.

I learned this from the way that his neighbors behaved, the way they looked, and the way they expressed themselves when they talked at all; that they regarded him as their friend; that in all that he had done in private life, in all that he had done in more humble positions to which they had called him, and in all that he had done in the higher and more elevated position to which they in common with their fellow-citizens in that Congressional district had called him, he had so acted as to impress upon them that he was indeed and in truth their friend.

No higher compliment, no greater honor can ever be conferred upon a public servant than the recognition, as these people did recognize, that their servant in all his acts was their friend. They gave this testimony. And if I might moralize now, I would say to my brother Senators as we are hastening to the same tomb, when our earthly career closes if we shall have been fortunate enough to have done like him, to have won from those whom we tried to serve the endearing epithet of friend, we shall have done well.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions of the Senator from Illinois [Mr. Logan].

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and the Senate adjourned.

John W. Shackelford.

Bureau, Engraving & Printing.

47TH CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MISC. DOC. No. 2

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN W. MACKELFORD,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM KENTUCKY.

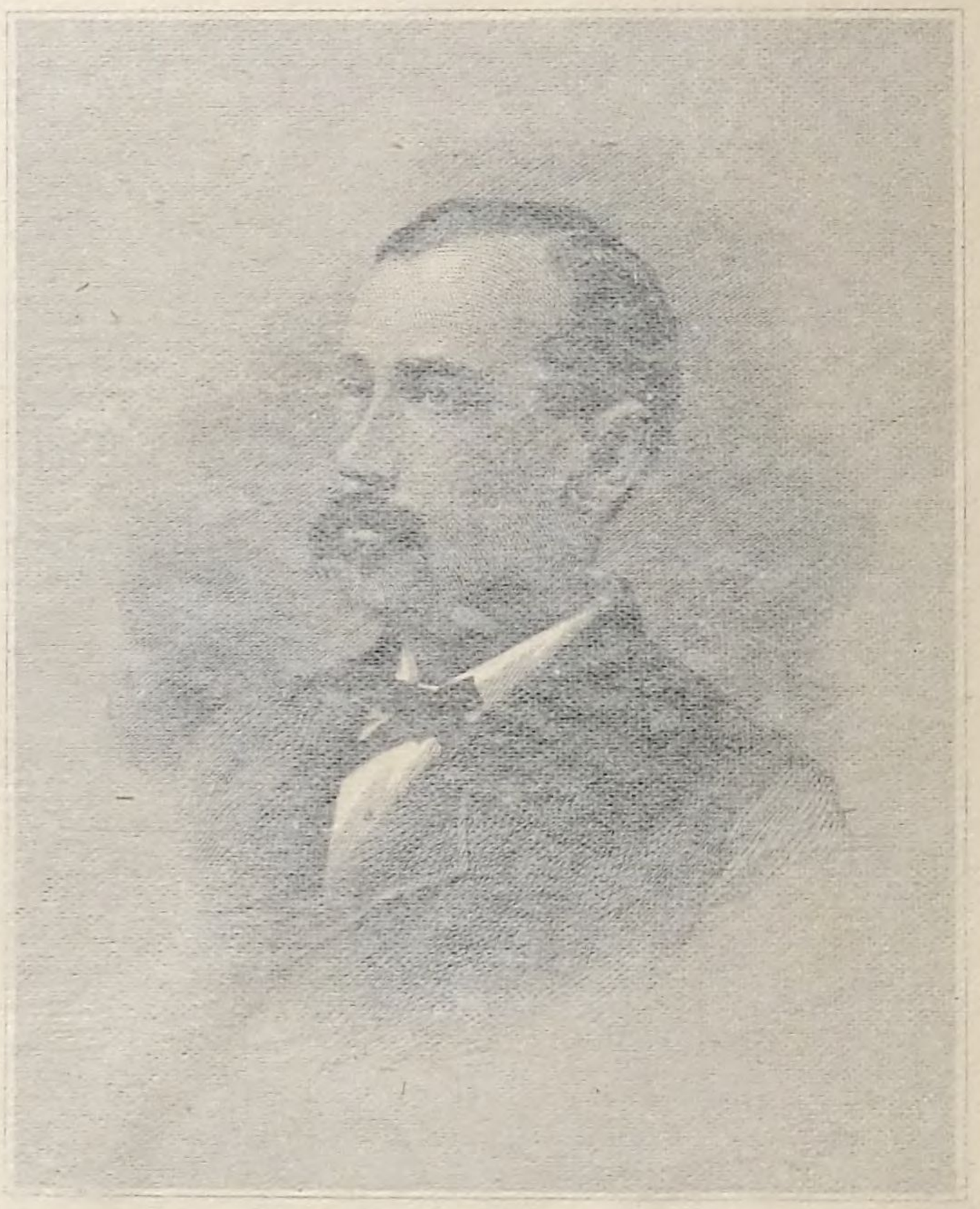
DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION.

PURSUANT TO RESOLUTIONS OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1883



John W. Shackelford.

47TH CONGRESS, 2d Session. } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. { MIS. DOC. No. 54.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN W. SHACKELFORD,

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM NORTH CAROLINA),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1883.

JOINT RESOLUTION to provide for the publication of the memorial addresses delivered in Congress upon the late John W. Shackelford.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed twelve thousand copies of the memorial addresses delivered in the Senate and House of Representatives upon the life and character of Hon. John W. Shackelford, late a Representative from the State of North Carolina, together with a portrait of the deceased; nine thousand copies thereof for the use of the House of Representatives and three thousand copies for the use of the Senate. And a sum sufficient to defray the expense of preparing and printing the portrait of the deceased for the publication herein provided for is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved March 2, 1883.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF JOHN W. SHACKELFORD.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

January 18, 1883.

Mr. VANCE. I rise, Mr. Speaker, to the discharge of a painful duty. With sincere grief I announce that Hon. JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, a Representative from the State of North Carolina, died at his residence in this city to-day, of pneumonia, at forty-five minutes after 11 o'clock. Mr. SHACKELFORD, by reason of sickness, has not been able to occupy his seat in the House during the present session of Congress. He arrived in this city some thirteen days ago, since which time he has been growing worse until to-day, when he died.

On a future occasion the House will be asked to pause in its regular business to pay honor to the memory of a worthy and noble man.

I move the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, late a Representative from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these proceedings to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. Before submitting the question on these resolutions the Chair announces as the committee of escort on the part of

the House to accompany the remains of the deceased member to the place of burial Mr. Latham of North Carolina, Mr. Hubbs of North Carolina, Mr. Leedom of Ohio, Mr. McKenzie of Kentucky, and Mr. De Motte of Indiana.

The resolutions submitted by Mr. Vance were then adopted unanimously; and in accordance with the last resolution the House adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
February 17, 1883.

Mr. VANCE. The hour having arrived fixed by the House as the time for delivering appropriate tributes to the memory of Hon. JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, late a member of this House from the State of North Carolina, I submit the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will read the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the regular business of the House be suspended that proper honors may be paid to the memory of Hon. JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, late a Representative from North Carolina.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. SHACKELFORD the country has lost a good man, a patriotic citizen, and a faithful Representative.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect for his memory the House, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, shall adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk shall communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

The SPEAKER. One of the resolutions provides that at the conclusion of these ceremonies the House shall adjourn. The question is upon agreeing to the resolutions just read.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Address of Mr. LATHAM, of North Carolina.

Mr. SPEAKER: The mortality among the members of the Forty-seventh Congress has been frightfully great. Eight times since we were chosen as the Representatives of the people the angel of death has poised its wings over the magnificent dome that crowns this structure. Seven times the grim reaper that garners for eternity has entered this Hall, and at each visit he has left behind him a vacant seat draped in the drear and solemn emblems of grief and mourning. With stern impartiality he has spared no section, no age, no condition. Northern, Southern, and Western firesides have alike been made desolate.

Past services and promises of future usefulness have alike pleaded in vain for a short respite. The statesman grown old and gray in the constant service of his country; the orator whose eloquence has captivated the fancy and enchained the senses; the soldier who, "seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth," has exposed and endangered his life on a hundred battle-fields; the suave diplomat who has represented us at foreign courts; the old who have almost lived out in the service of their country the span of life allotted by the Psalmist, and the young who have just entered upon the political arena with burnished armor and sharpened spear, whose agile footsteps have but mounted the hill of life, and whose eagle eyes see spread out before them a bright and glorious future, rich in promise, have alike bowed to the inexorable decree and learned that universal truth that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." They have passed to their last silent resting-places in mother earth, and the grief that filled their far distant homes in every quarter of this Union has found its fitting echo within these marble walls. "Man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets."

Amid this great mortality the State that I have the honor in part to represent has not escaped. She, too, is called upon to place

flowers upon the tomb of one of her favorite sons, a son that in prosperity and adversity, in peace and in war, in public and in private life, never for one single moment deviated from the straight line of duty or faltered in the discharge of a single obligation. Bending to-day in mute sorrow above the mound that marks his last resting-place, she points with pride to the history of his life and bids us emulate it.

JOHN WILLIAMS SHACKELFORD, representing in the present Congress the third district of North Carolina, died in the city of Washington on the 18th day of January last at mid-day. He was comparatively a young man. He would have reached his thirty-ninth birthday on the 16th of November next, had he been spared so long. Immediately before the reassembling of Congress after the Christmas holidays he started, accompanied by his devoted wife, from his home to the national capital. He was then suffering acutely from a complication of diseases. The journey did not improve him and he reached his destination in a condition that absolutely prevented his attending to his public duties. He was unable to be in his seat at any time afterward. He grew weaker day by day.

The best medical talent in Washington was employed, and his family physician, then and now a distinguished member of the legislature of his native State, was summoned to his bedside. His loving and devoted wife outwatched the hours as she kept her tireless vigil by his couch. But medical science and the care of friends were alike in vain. His constitution gradually succumbed, and after an illness of two weeks he passed beyond the ken of human vision to that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns." How long he stood upon the shore of that boundless sea that marks the division between this and another life, listening to the billows of eternity as they broke ceaselessly at his feet, no man can tell. But this I know—for I stood by his bedside at that supreme and solemn hour when his spirit was pluming its wings for its flight into eternal space—no misgivings haunted him, no terrors shook his constant soul. Calmly, peaceably, quietly, like a child lulled to sleep on its mother's breast, he breathed his last. "Sus-

tained and soothed by an unfaltering trust" he passed to his eternal rest—

> Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

As his sorrowing colleagues and those appointed to attend his remains stood around his bier, I am sure there was not one but marked the air of calm repose and peace his features had assumed, unmarked by a single sign of disease, or doubt, or dread, or fear.

Mr. SHACKELFORD was the only child of Dr. John Shackelford by his first wife. When he was but a few months old he suffered that greatest of all misfortunes—the loss of his mother. He was raised and educated by his maternal grandfather, Williams Humphreys, from whom he took in part his name.

When the bugle-blast of war sounded its call to arms, when its echo reverberated from every hill-top and filled every valley, when our citizen-soldiery from the Potomac to the Gulf rallied to the standard of the Confederacy and rushed to that conflict which was destined to fill so many untimely graves, carry desolation and mourning to so many homes, and cost so many millions of treasure, Mr. SHACKELFORD was a mere youth of sixteen. With that devotion to what he conceived to be his duty, with that constancy that was one of his marked characteristics, with that intrepidity that was inborn, he shouldered his musket, joined the ranks of his countrymen, and marched to the front.

From the hour that the first shot was fired at Charleston and the iron messenger of war and death went speeding its fateful way across the broad expanse of waters, crashing against the granite wall of Sumter, to the day when the Southern cross faded before the tear-dimmed eyes of its faithful followers at Appomattox, his life was passed on the "tented field," "amid the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." When the struggle was over, when the arbitrament of the sword had been declared, when the soldiers of either army who had survived that terrible conflict were returning to their homes, Mr. SHACKELFORD had not attained his majority.

More than four years, the best years of a man's life, the years that ought to have been spent within the walls of a school-house

in laying the foundation for future usefulness and in preparation for the grand struggle that must mark every human existence, had been in effect lost. Broken in fortune, crushed in spirit, suffering from long confinement in a Northern military prison, and without the benefit and advantages of that education usual among men in his position in life, he entered upon the duties of a citizen with the same energy and zeal that had marked his conduct as a soldier in camp or on field. He succeeded as all men actuated by such principles succeed. To them there is no such word as "fail." They may die and pass from the arena of life ere the goal at which they aimed is reached, but even then their lives are in no sense failures, since each day has marked their onward progress.

The people among whom he lived soon recognized his sterling qualities and were not slow in rewarding them with political honors. For six years in succession he represented his native county in the house of representatives of North Carolina, and succeeding that he was chosen as senator in the ninth senatorial district, composed of the counties of Onslow, Jones, and Carteret. In 1880, and while holding the office of a State senator, he was called to preside over the deliberations of a convention summoned to nominate a candidate for Congress in the third district. Such was the impartiality, the dignity, and ability with which he conducted its proceedings that he was made the nominee of the body over which he himself presided, and at the election received a large majority of the votes cast.

From 1872 to the time of his death, a period of more than ten years, he was constantly in official position, and while no brilliant episode marked his career, every duty imposed upon him was carefully and conscientiously performed. No higher compliment could be paid his integrity than the fact that in all these years no whisper was ever heard affecting his character.

Mr. Speaker, in paying the last tribute of respect and affection to the memory of our deceased brother, it is proper to speak of his peculiar characteristics. In disposition he was exceedingly retiring, and modest to a fault. In this he was unjust to himself, for his perceptions were remarkably keen, and he was by no means

deficient in the art of properly expressing himself upon any matter in which he was interested. He was of those, however, who preferred to listen rather than of those who would instruct others.

Strictly just and impartial, he weighed carefully every argument addressed to his reason before coming to a decision; but the decision once made he was firm as adamant.

To his friends he was most strongly attached, seeming to act upon the advice given by Polonius to Laertes on the eve of the latter's journey to a foreign land:

> The friends thou hast and their affection tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

In his domestic life he was peculiarly fortunate. He was the most devoted of husbands. Married before he was twenty-one and without children to divide his affection, his love was centered upon one object, the wife of his youth.

By his neighbors he was held in the highest estimation. Kind in his deportment, generous in his dealings, the arbiter of their differences, and the adviser in their difficulties, he retained their esteem and regard until the day of his death.

To his equals he was ever pleasant and obliging, to his inferiors gracious and kind. I was particularly struck with a circumstance in this regard. He had with him in Washington during his last illness, in the capacity of a servant, a colored boy that he had brought from his home. During the long and tedious journey to the grave among his forefathers the sable follower ceased not to weep over the death of his friend and protector. Such things speak volumes.

But, Mr. Speaker, if there was anything more marked than another in the characteristics of the deceased, it was the great virtue of charity, the charity that "thinketh no evil," the charity that "covers a multitude of sins." I use the word in that sense that conveys the meaning of broad and catholic views. Taught as we are by the utterances of our Divine Master that it is the greatest of all virtues, we may, amid the clash of religious opinion and the quarrels of *doctrinaires*, indulge ourselves in the pleasing hope

that the vision of Abou Ben Adhem inculcated the highest principles of philosophy and religion.

> Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase),
> Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
> And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
> Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
> An angel writing in a book of gold:—
> Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
> And to the presence in the room he said,
> "What writest thou?"—The vision rais'd its head,
> And with a look made of all sweet accord,
> Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord,"
> "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
> Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
> But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
> Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
> The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
> It came again, with a great wakening light,
> And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
> And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

He sleeps in the bosom of his native county, amid the scenes and among the friends he loved so well. The sod, green under the smile of returning spring, lies lightly on his breast, and his native forest, "dewy with nature's tear-drops," mourns his requiem and grieves, "if aught inanimate e'er grieves," over the untimely death of her favorite son.

Address of Mr. RANDALL, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. SPEAKER: It has been written that "nothing so soon reconciles us to the thought of our own death as the prospect of one friend after another dropping around us." If there be real consolation in this philosophy, it must manifest itself to each one of the survivors of the present Congress. In both Houses we have been called upon to deplore the loss of those who died in the fullness of years and honors. Now it is our duty to pay the last sad tribute of respect to one who died comparatively young in years and who

stood upon the threshold of an opening career replete with the promise of usefulness.

As a Representative of the people of North Carolina, JOHN W. SHACKELFORD was untiring in the vigilance with which he guarded the interests intrusted to his care. While he was firm and resolute in pursuing the course he believed to be right, yet he bore himself with such modesty and moderation that he seemed to escape the sharp antagonism of political contests.

He commended himself to his associates by his undeviating fidelity to what he believed to be just toward the Government as well as toward individuals. As an honest man his reputation is stainless.

While it may not be claimed that he was a great orator, yet he possessed a calm judgment and careful thought and just action, which, after all, bear the burden of the day. Indeed, judging Mr. SHACKELFORD from my intercourse with him, I remember no man to whom could be more aptly applied the shrewd judgment of Horace Walpole:

> To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know; and the best philosophy to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given us so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation.

Address of Mr. VANCE, of North Carolina.

Mr. SPEAKER: "In the midst of life we are in death."

Death, so called, is with us an abiding presence. The all-wise Being has made His intelligent and rational creatures subject to death, to teach them a truth that is above all other truths. The very fact that man is an heir of pain and death is wisely given to him to instruct him that this life is only the beginning of his being; to teach him humility and his dependence on his Maker, and that only God is truly great.

> What is man, that thou takest knowledge of him! or the son of man, that thou makest account of him?—*Psalms*, cxliv, 3.

Mr. Speaker, death is no respecter of persons. The high, the lowly; the rich, the poor; the famous, the obscure; the mighty, the feeble; the aged, the young; the man, the woman—

Await alike the inevitable hour.

Even—

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

No human being can avoid the shafts of the arch-enemy of the race. The ponderous lock, the triple bar of steel, the immense wall of rock, and squadrons and legions, flashing blades, waving banners, and the form incased in seemingly impenetrable armor—all, all are in vain!

Ahab, King of Israel, disguised himself when he entered the battle to recover Ramoth Gilead, but "a certain man drew a bow at a venture and smote the King of Israel between the joints of the harness, and the King died and was brought to Samaria."

Death has spoken to us many times during the present Congress. We have already paid proper and becoming tribute to the memory of our noble contemporaries who have fallen asleep.

The great Father by his providence called each of them and said:

Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest work is done.
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home: with thee the fight is won.

We have checked for a moment the ordinary business of the House, the excitement of debate, and the anxious interest incident to legislation, to perform a holy duty in memory of another. Hon. JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, late a member of this Congress from the State of North Carolina, was born in Onslow County, North Carolina, on the 16th day of November, 1844; consequently he was thirty-eight years two months and two days old at the date of his death, which occured in this city, as heretofore announced, on the 18th of January, 1883, at forty-five minutes after 11 o'clock a. m.

Your servant has no means of stating Mr. SHACKELFORD'S educational advantages, as no facts on this point have been furnished him.

Mr. SHACKELFORD entered the Confederate army at the early age of 17 years, in Company H, Third North Carolina Regiment. He was afterward elected to a lieutenancy in the Thirty-fifth North

Carolina Regiment. He was captured near Greenville, North Carolina, and suffered a long and painful captivity in Point Lookout prison for Confederate soldiers. He was elected to the legislature of his native State in 1872. In 1876 he was elected to the senate of North Carolina. Mr. SHACKELFORD'S services as a legislator were highly appreciated in his State. His affable manners, gentle character, and courteous demeanor, as well as his careful attention to his duties, won him many friends and admirers.

In 1880 the district convention held at Fayetteville nominated him for a seat in the Forty-seventh Congress without any effort on his part. He was elected over his opponent, W. P. Cannady, by 1,339 majority. Mr. SHACKELFORD, while not taking a very active part in the debates in Congress, was known to be a man of fine sense and excellent parts. The speeches he made were of an order showing sound thought and wise statesmanship. He was remarkably attentive to his duties, always in his seat unless detained from the House by sickness or unavoidable absence. The peculiar characteristics of our lamented colleague were probably modesty and tenderness of heart, coupled with a generous and liberal spirit. As an evidence of his modesty, the Congressional Directory has only the following notice of his life, as furnished by himself:

> JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, of Jacksonville, was born in North Carolina, November 16, 1844; was elected to the Forty-seventh Congress as a Democrat, receiving 16,356 votes against 15,017 votes for Cannady, Republican, and 645 votes for Kornegay, Greenback candidate.

No mention is made of his political or military history. Our departed friend was of most liberal character, especially to the poor. On his table during his illness there were found several letters from friends and constituents, who had confidently asked for relief in time of trouble and need. When, toward the end of the struggle, his mind wandered, his thought seem to be with those in want or in circumstances of difficulty. At one time, after he became unconscious, he said, "The poor woman only lacked five hundred dollars in paying for her place."

Mr. SHACKELFORD was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and a firm believer in the doctrines of the Bible.

He was not renominated for Congress, but he entered the canvass

earnestly and came out of it sick. Endeavoring to reach Washington that he might resume his duties here, he left home ill. After getting here he suffered from a relapse and grew worse until the date mentioned, when the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, and the pitcher broken at the fountain.

Mr. SHACKELFORD left no child to inherit his virtues and his good name. His widow, with whom we sympathize in her great loss, has returned to her home in North Carolina.

JOHN W. SHACKELFORD is dead. We shall meet, but we shall miss him. Another is added to the great company already gone before. Who among us of all this assembly will go next? What solemn warnings come to us from these frequent and mournful calls?

The one who now addresses you is reminded of how near the wings of death have touched him since his membership in this body. Hon. Gustave Schleicher, in a former Congress, as chairman of the Committee on Railways and Canals, occupied a seat at the head of his committee which your servant occupied, as chairman of another committee, on another day; Hon. Beverly Douglas, of Virginia, touched elbows with him in committee; and, lastly, Mr. SHACKELFORD sat immediately on his left in the Forty-seventh Congress. They have all passed the last river and have gone to their long homes.

It is well for us, Mr. Speaker, that faith sustains us in these moments of mortal anguish. The grand apostle of the Gentiles has stated a strange but wonderful truth:

> For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—*Philippians*, i, 21.

It is absurd to say that the mattock, the spade, the winding-sheet, the coffin, the grave, and the maggot are the factors of the *gain* the great writer speaks of. He certainly meant that the gain is embraced in the sublime doctrine that the soul and body of one who loves God can never perish. Beautiful and precious is the faith which teaches that God has in His keeping the dust of those we loved and who loved him.

> And ever near us, though unseen,
> The dear immortal spirits tread;
> For all the boundless universe
> Is life; there are no dead.

Address of Mr. LEEDOM, of Ohio.

Mr. SPEAKER: Again has the hand of death descended and struck down one from among us, one who had been in this Hall but a brief time, but in that time he had won the highest regard from all with whom he had come in contact; one who had shown his great capacity for the performance of duty and a devotion to the interests he represented worthy of the highest encomium.

JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, a Representative from the grand Old North State, has ended his brief stay with us, and judging from the life that he led it may be believed that his life here had fitted him for a happy one in the future.

The sad duty has devolved upon me of speaking of his death, of saying to the people of his section of the country how he bore his part among us. I undertake this duty with fear and trembling lest I should fail to say all that might be said and that ought to be said of my departed colleague; and yet I appreciate at its true value the privilege which is afforded me of paying a deserved tribute to his memory; and should I fall short of my whole duty in the performance, it will be attributable alone to the feelings of regret and sorrow which shall overcome me. His seat on this floor was next to mine; and although the days when he sat there were not many, the kindly nature of the man, the strength of character which distinguished him, and his agreeable ways won my admiration and esteem.

Now that chair is vacant, and that vacancy whispers to me that death has been there, and it impels me to say, of this kindly and amiable man, the words which should be spoken and recorded where they may be preserved, that his people may know how high a place he took in the minds and hearts of those among whom his new field of usefulness lay. He was proud of his birth-place, proud of the Old North State, and her earnest champion. He gloried in the record of the achievements of her famous sons in the Colonial and Revolutionary days; their names were treasured words with him, which he held most sacred, and when he would recite their deeds of

gallantry he seemed, in his enthusiasm, to lose sight of his own identity, and ascended to the loftiest heights; and proud as he may have been of his native State, she had as much cause to be proud of him.

In the lives and actions of these defenders of liberty he found the example of his own following. Emulating their probity, heroism, and patriotism, he had advanced step by step, his bold energy exciting him to exertion, his sterling integrity keeping him always on the right course. A laudable and worthy ambition counseling him to aim at the highest eminence, and a love of country, which was part of his existence, consecrating him to her service, he mounted to that high pinnacle of fame and honor on which so many of North Carolina's sons had stood before him.

He had passed away at the time when the powers of his mind were attaining their greatest strength and the largest opportunities were being offered to him for their exercise.

JOHN WILLIAMS SHACKELFORD was born in Richlands, the prosperous and lovely portion of Onslow County, North Carolina, on November 16, 1844, and was the only child of Indiana Ambrose Humphrey and Dr. John Shackelford. His mother died soon after his birth. He remained with his grandfather, William Humphrey, who raised and educated him. When the war between the sections took place, he enlisted as a private in the Southern army, being then but seventeen years of age, and performed service in that capacity in Company H, Third North Carolina Regiment, until his election to the grade of lieutenant in the Thirty-fifth Regiment North Carolina Volunteers. He was taken prisoner near Greenville, North Carolina, and was confined as a prisoner of war at New Berne, Norfolk, Fortress Monroe, and Point Lookout for the space of fifteen months.

He married Miss Kate Wallace in August, 1865. His life was chiefly spent in agricultural pursuits, in which he had acquired a competence and happiness. He was drawn into political life rather by the demands of his people than of his own volition. He served with distinction in the State legislature and was chosen to represent his district in the Forty-seventh Congress. He was again a candi-

date for the nomination, before the Democratic convention, for election to the Forty-eighth Congress, but when the nomination was given to another, without hesitation, in spite of his failing health, which wholly unfitted him for the fatigues and labor incident to a political canvass, he threw himself with ardor into the contest, devoting his great efforts to secure the success of the Democracy, without regard to himself or his failure to receive the nomination. He labored in that canvass with all the earnestness of his nature, and with the same zeal that he would have exhibited had he been the standard-bearer of his party. And to these sacrifices is largely attributable the malady which has terminated so fatally for him.

He was alone in the world; and the only inmate of his household, of his own family, left to mourn his untimely departure, was his loving wife. There is nothing to perpetuate his name, except the love of his people and the honorable record of his deeds, but these will prove sufficient to preserve his memory from the decay of time, and keep the words of approval, which are deeply graven on the memorial shaft raised by the gratitude of a nation, to preserve the names of honest, noble men from mould and defacement. The unswerving consistency of his conduct in life had made him known generally throughout his section of the State, and it is one of the boasts of his people that he has not an enemy in all that land; that every man was his friend. His opportunities were few, at the commencement of his Congressional career, to exhibit the qualities which he possessed, but on one occasion he submitted some remarks on the tariff question which created a profound impression, and furnished unanswerable evidence of the wide and logical grasp of his mind.

During the second session his health was such as to entirely preclude his attendance on the House, and he was confined to his bed soon after his arrival at the capital and lingered but a short time when the pale messenger came. He was quiet and reserved in manner, and this was caused largely by the workings of his well-disciplined mind, which he had trained and tutored to conform to those principles which he had been taught from the beginning were those which formed the heritage of the descendants of the colonists of North Carolina.

From New Hanover and Brunswick Counties, both of which are within the Congressional district represented by the lamented SHACKELFORD, in the days when the principles of liberty were trembling in the balance and hanging by a hair, threatened by English dominance and tyranny, came those three distinguished patriots, John Ashe, Samuel Ashe, and Judge Maurice Moore, whose intrepidity and grand abilities, even at that early day, attracted the attention of the world and brought into subjection and submission the enemies of liberty on our soil. And there their memories have been kept green, and fathers have taught their sons, and these their sons, that the declaration in the North Carolina "Bill of Rights," adopted by the State convention, of which these men were members, in 1776, "That all political power is vested in and proceeds from the people," was a holy and sacred truth to be maintained and cherished forever; and it was from a constituency proud of its traditions, proud of the prowess and independent spirit of the Ashe brothers, and of the scholarly and elevated character of the great jurist and honest judge, Maurice Moore, whose letters signed "Atticus," addressed to the governor of the province, shook English domination in America to its center, that of all the men who walked in the path of those who had so illustrated the higher qualities of manhood JOHN W. SHACKELFORD was chosen as the representative of the people to-day as a token that the same love of liberty, the same regard for the rights of the people, prevailed in that country to-day.

It is a special cause of sadness to those who have been the associates and friends during life of this representative man of their people that he leaves none behind him to perpetuate his name and carry on his good work. With him this noble race of men dies. No child will with pride point to his father's goodly life; no daughter rear her children to reverence his name. All are gone. There is no father, mother, or child who may be taken to the people's heart and loved and cherished for the sake of him whose life has been so true.

It was my sad duty to accompany his remains to his home and

his mourning widow, and when I saw her in the bereft homestead all the light had gone out of her life. All that she had to say was that she was ready to go with him. She sits now in loneliness at the home which his presence made so bright and happy. We can alleviate her grief, perhaps, by giving to our kindly thoughts of him expression, which will let the world know how we honored him and how we recognized his worth and Christian qualities. Although the announcement of the time of his burial was short, the concourse that assembled was great. They came from every quarter, from every county in his district, to join in the last sad rites of their departed friend. Such sincere universal grief I have never witnessed. It was a spontaneous outpouring of public sorrow, which proved how well these people had loved their dead Representative. It spread a pall of gloom over the entire community, and the condolences extended to the bereaved widow were deep and heartfelt. Sadly I saw his body placed beneath the sod, while grief was manifest on every face. Peace to his ashes; and may his life teach a lesson to those who come after him which will bring forth good fruit.

He rests now; quiet sleeps,
And the wind sad requiem keeps,
And wafts aloft the gentle sigh,
Ready to go am I.

Address of Mr. MOREY, of Ohio.

In obedience to an immemorial custom, which has been honored by long observance, this House has again ceased from the ordinary duty of legislating for the country, to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one who was lately a member of this body. This is a custom which is in harmony with the sentiment and practices of universal human-kind, and springs from a recognition of the divine in human nature. It is the tribute which moral, intellectual, and spiritual excellence and power pay to themselves.

An almost universal belief exists among men of all nations in all parts of the habitable globe that there is in each individual the

germ of immortality, which expands by the process called death, and enters by the portal called the grave into the dawn of a future life, in which their moral, intellectual, and spiritual powers shall expand and grow and attain to a development and excellence whose promise is only outlined in the experience and development of this world.

It is in response to this universal sentiment and belief, which is formulated in and is a distinctive part of the religions and philosophies of the world, that all classes of men in all nations and in all times and ages have paused to pay tributes of respect and love to the memory of their contemporaries and associates who have paid nature's last debt and have gone to fulfil the destiny of the race. The sentiment, too, which makes it unseemly to speak ill of the dead is a manifestation of the divine nature which is everywhere ascribed to man's higher existence and stamps him with immortality.

JOHN WILLIAMS SHACKELFORD, a Representative in the Forty-seventh Congress of the United States from North Carolina, was born in the town of Richland, in the county of Onslow, in that State, on the 16th day of November, A. D. 1844, and was in the thirty-ninth year of his age at the time of his death.

The third Congressional district, which it was his honor to represent in the chief legislative council of the nation, is composed of the counties of Bladen, Brunswick, Carteret, Columbus, Cumberland, Duplin, Harnett, Moore, New Hanover, Onslow, Sampson, and Pender. It comprises a large part of the old North State and is rich in its Colonial and Revolutionary history. Its local history is contemporaneous with the discovery and settlement of the New World and with the struggle of the Colonies for independence and the growth of our common country to its present proud position among the nations of the earth.

Representative SHACKELFORD was born and reared in the district which he represented, and the honorable constituency which conferred on him the high office and trust which he enjoyed at the time of his death were his neighbors and friends. They had known him through life, and by that preferment paid a tribute to his personal worth and to his value as a citizen and a public man.

His life was brief. His career was unostentatious, yet an eventful one. Few men at the age of thirty-nine years have so thoroughly identified themselves with the events of their time or performed so conspicuous a part in the affairs of their State and country. With him it was so done with a quiet unobtrusiveness that almost withdrew him from public gaze.

At the early age of seventeen years, that hopeful, buoyant, and chivalric period in life, when every energy responds to the impulses of the heart, Mr. SHACKELFORD, in obedience to his honest conviction of duty, and desiring to serve a cause which he believed to be right, entered as a private soldier in the Third North Carolina regiment in the Confederate army. He was subsequently promoted to the position of lieutenant. During that memorable conflict he attested by his personal courage and exposure to the hazards of war the sincerity of his convictions and the integrity of his purpose.

In the year A. D. 1872 he was elected to the lower house of the State Legislature of North Carolina and was twice re-elected, serving until the year 1878, when he was elected to the State senate. In the year 1880 he was elected a member of the Forty-seventh Congress, becoming the nominee of his party at a convention over which it was his honor to preside, a circumstance which shows that his nomination was unsought for and unexpected by him, and was a voluntary tribute of confidence by those who knew him well, and knew him only to respect and to love him.

On the organization of this House, at the beginning of its first session, it was my honor to be associated with our late colleague as members of the Committee on Private Land Claims. He was apparently always in feeble health since it was my honor to know him. As a member of the committee on which we were associated as members I had opportunity to know him better, perhaps, than those who did not bear similar relations to him. He was a man not given to demonstration of any kind; quiet and polite in his demeanor, but of a retiring disposition, he impressed his acquaintance little upon men with whom official or personal duty did not bring him in contact and association. In my intercourse with Representative SHACKELFORD I came to know him and to esteem

him as a man of sincere convictions, of integrity of character, of kindliness of feeling and of singleness of purpose to faithfully represent the constituency who commissioned him. And I bring now, in addition to the common tribute of mankind to the memory of departed members of the race, this tribute of my friendship and respect.

The SPEAKER. And now, in pursuance of resolutions already adopted, the Chair declares this house adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

IN THE SENATE,

January 18, 1883.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. McPherson, its Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, late a member of the House from the State of North Carolina, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. RANSOM. Mr. President, deeply affected as my colleague and I are at the sorrowful announcement, I ask that the resolutions of the House be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions of the House of Representatives will be read.

The Acting Secretary read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *January* 18, 1883.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, a Representative from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these proceedings to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

Mr. RANSOM. Mr. President, at a proper time my colleague and myself will ask the Senate to unite with the House in rendering ceremonies of proper respect to the memory of our lamented associate of the House. At present I will ask that the resolutions which I send to the desk be read.

The Acting Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, late a Representative from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That the President *pro tempore* appoint a committee of three Senators to join a like committee on the part of the House of Representatives to escort the remains of the deceased to his late home in North Carolina.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Chair appoints as the committee provided for in the resolutions the Senator from North Carolina [Mr. Ransom], the Senator from Tennessee [Mr. Jackson], and the Senator from Wisconsin [Mr. Sawyer].

Mr. RANSOM. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and the Senate adjourned.

IN THE SENATE,
February 17, 1883.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. McPherson, its Clerk, transmitted to the Senate the resolutions adopted by that body concerning the death of JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, late a member of the House from the State of North Carolina.

Mr. RANSOM. I ask that the resolutions of the House be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair will lay before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Acting Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the regular business of this House be suspended that proper honors may be paid to the memory of Hon. JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, late a Representative from North Carolina.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. SHACKELFORD the country has lost a good man, a patriotic citizen, and a faithful Representative.

Resolved, That as a further mark for his memory the House, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, shall adjourn.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. RANSOM. I now ask the Secretary to read the resolutions which I send to the Chair and ask the adoption of.

The Acting Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, late a Representative from the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That the Senate suspend its business in order that the friends of the deceased may have opportunity to pay fitting tributes to his private and public virtues.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate, at the conclusion of such proceedings, do adjourn.

Address of Mr. RANSOM, of North Carolina.

Mr. PRESIDENT: JOHN WILLIAMS SHACKELFORD, Representative in Congress from the third district of North Carolina, expired at his residence in this city on Thursday, the 18th of January, at fifteen minutes before 12 o'clock m.

It is with feelings of very deep emotion that with my colleague I ask the Senate to pause in its deliberations and to render to this lamented son of our State a fitting testimony of respect. To me the performance of this duty is not the observance of a cold ceremonial. It is from a heart deeply touched with grief at the death of a long-cherished friend. As one of the Senators from North Carolina I bring here to-day the memorials of a State's grief and respect, but with these I must mingle the offerings of a friend's sorrow and tears.

JOHN WILLIAMS SHACKELFORD was born at Richlands, in Onslow County, North Carolina, on the 16th of November, 1844. His father, Dr. John Shackelford, was a gentleman of intelligence and high social position. His mother was Indiana Humphreys, daughter of Colonel William Humphreys, of the same county. She died very soon after the birth of her son, whose guardianship and education devolved on his grandfather, Colonel Williams Humphreys, a gentleman of large fortune and great force of character. At the age of seventeen years young SHACKELFORD left college and volunteered as a private in the Southern army. He was subsequently elected a lieutenant in a regiment distinguished in the war for high discharge of duty, was soon afterward taken prisoner of war, and suffered a long captivity. His reputation in the army

was that of a brave, faithful, generous, conscientious, modest soldier. In August, 1865, he was married to Miss Catharine Wallace, a lady of great excellence of character, who survives him.

In 1872 Mr. SHACKELFORD was elected from the county of Onslow to the house of representatives of the legislature of North Carolina, and was likewise returned in 1874 and again in 1876. In 1878 he was elected to the senate of his State from the district composed of the counties of Onslow, Carteret, and Jones, and in 1880 he was elected by a large majority as a Representative in Congress from the third district of North Carolina, a district long and justly eminent for the high character, intelligence, and patriotism of its people; a district from the people of which, first in all the country, supplies of succor and sympathy were sent in the earliest hours of the Revolution to the proscribed patriots of Boston; a district represented in Congress by McKay, Ashe, Winslow, and Waddill; and it is the simple justice of history to declare that in all the moral qualities of patriotism, fidelity to duty, devotion to the people, honor in all things, Mr. SHACKELFORD was the worthy successor of the illustrious men who preceded him. He died, as I have said, in this city during his term of office, surrounded and comforted by his devoted wife and affectionate relatives and friends.

At the capital of his State, in various towns and villages in his district, and by the whole press of North Carolina worthy tributes have been rendered to his memory.

Upon this occasion, in speaking of Mr. SHACKELFORD, I must endeavor to suppress the natural emotions of attachment and grattude. He was always my friend, disinterested, devoted, faithful, and my heart impels me to cover his tomb with laurels. But his love of truth was so deep, active, and constant that could his wish at this hour be known he would not have me heighten one beautiful color of his nature or soften one simplicity of his character.

Mr. President, the seven wonders of the world have contributed very little to the happiness or glory of mankind. The Pyramids of Egypt, the Colossus at Rhodes, the statue of Memnon are simple monuments of human vanity, and the same truth may with

almost equal justice be spoken of the conquests of Alexander, the victories of Cæsar, and the fortunes of Bonaparte. Samson had power to tear down the temple which the steady labors of thousands of devoted workmen had erected. His supreme strength accomplished no great and good result for the world. Mankind do not owe as large a debt of gratitude to remarkable characters as we generally imagine. It is the great, constant force of the numbers of good, strong, useful men which consummates the great results in history. The dome which surmounts this beautiful Capitol attracts the admiration of every beholder, but the deep and broad foundations, the solid and well-proportioned pillars, the lofty columns, the unbending arches, though less conspicuous, constitute the strength, the utility, and the grandeur of the structure.

Mr. SHACKELFORD was not a brilliant man. He was not remarkably distinguished for genius or learning or eloquence. He was never the "observed of all observers." But he possessed in very large measure the qualities that make great and good men. He had excellent common sense. He was a good judge of the relation of means to ends. He was decidedly and eminently a practical man. He saw things as they were—in their true and real light. No illusions, no phantoms, no chimeras, no mirages deceived his clear sight and sense. His moral qualities were always in the ascendant. Honor, fidelity, truth, courage, conscience were ever with him and of him. He believed in what was true. He loved what was honorable. He practiced what was just. No man ever more faithfully followed his convictions of right. He scorned, as he was free from, all artifices. He moved on straight lines from point to point, and in all things and at all times bore himself directly and erectly. Evasion, equivocation, indirection found not one particle of favor in his upright nature. To these strong qualities he united the high sentiments of generosity, magnanimity, and sympathy for his fellow-man.

He was happy when he saw others happy, and always deeply affected by human suffering. As an illustration of this fact I know the Senate will pardon me for an allusion to the last incident of his manly life. In those extreme moments when the shadows of death were hovering over mortal intelligence and the light of reason was

struggling in that transient eclipse which so often precedes the passage from world to world, the ruling passion of his noble nature asserted itself, and the last words which he spoke revealed the goodness of his heart. "That poor woman's home must be saved. I must help her." A desolate widow had appealed to him to save her home, and this was his answer from the very gates of death. No nobler words ever passed the lips of man. "Woman!" her "home!" "help" for her! There is embodied all that is noblest, dearest, and best. By the side of these words how poor are "*tête d'armée*," "I am the state," and the other famous expressions attributed to the illustrious when dying!

Mr. SHACKELFORD was a patriot in every sense of that great and beautiful word. His country was always before his eyes, and always uppermost in his heart. For its welfare and honor no sacrifice was too dear. In all things his country was first; her liberties, her institutions, her history, her destiny, her very physical characteristics, everything of his country, was most dear to him. He esteemed it the greatest of honors to serve his country. The just reputation of being the faithful representative and benefactor of his people was the jewel which he sought. He looked upon that country as a young and noble lover would behold the loveliest of virgins, and think and feel it the highest and best duty and fortune to be constantly faithful and to secure her confidence and affection only by deserving them.

No man in all the South was more devoted to her fortunes; but when hostilities ceased no man sooner or more generously buried all sentiments of sectional enmity. In his earnest, practical, hopeful, manly breast there was no place for revenges, no room for bitter memories, no time for hopeless repinings. He desired to do something for the present and the future and not to look back in despair on the troubled past. He permitted nothing to embarrass his devoted purpose to restore and preserve the peace, honor, and happiness of his entire country. He loved with his whole soul the South; but he knew there was no conflict between that devotion and his duty to the Union. His attachment to his State, his district, his county, his own people, was so sincere and honest and intense that it made him love and honor the same virtue in others.

More than all, infinitely more than all, Mr. President, Mr. SHACKELFORD was a Christian. We cannot penetrate the heart or head and know their mysteries. I know not by what process of reason, in what form of conviction, or through what experience or by what impulse his faith came, but that faith was in him, and as clear to him as the daily light of heaven came to his physical eye and gave him knowledge of all things around him. It is not for me to speak of these great truths—the immortal life, the perfect law, the Supreme Ruler. When I consider the infinite ignorance and darkness of my state beside the wisdom and light which governs and blesses the universe, the past, the present, the future, it would be audacious and pitiful presumption for me to speculate; with deepest humility I should take the law as the most helpless child takes the law from the best of parents. I, who cannot continue my life for a moment; whose reason may be dethroned in an instant; who cannot see into the future for one second of time; who cannot comprehend the origin or nature of my own being; I, the merest atom in the inconceivable creation, who may pass away in the twinkling of an eye, presume to "scan the Almighty, the Eternal, the Maker of all things!" Mr. SHACKELFORD was a Christian, sincere, practical, fervent. He had a Christian's courage, a Christian's charity, a Christian's grace. He was not bigoted, nor intolerant, nor critical. His piety was liberal, just, beneficent; it shone in his daily life, in his kind words and kinder deeds, his regard, his compassion for and his duty to his fellow-man.

By your appointment, Mr. President, in company with my honored friends the Senator from Tennessee and the Senator from Wisconsin, together with a committee of the House, I went with his mortal remains to his home in North Carolina. I shall never forget the day and the occasion. Saturday, the 20th of January, 1883, dawned in clouds and showers. We had reached the beautiful village of Kinston, North Carolina. The whole face of nature was drooping with rain, which fell so heavily that hearts less faithful than those of the friends I have just named and of the gentlemen of the House would have faltered in their duty. Slowly the funeral procession left the sad village, and for thirty-five miles,

through a country of dense forest and thinly settled, and along a road but little traveled, took its silent way to the place of burial. It was a singular scene.

The tall, long-leafed pines towered above us with their stately, solemn heads almost to the clouds; their denuded trunks, glistening like snow with the white rosin incrusted all over them, appeared as shrouded watchers and sentinels of another world. The dark, dismal forests, with the gloomy cypress and the weeping ivies as they hung in wreaths of sable-green over our pathway—all were fitting emblems of sorrow. Ever and anon along the highway we were met by small groups of people who had come in their bereavement to pay the last offices of respect to their statesman and neighbor. Late in the evening, when the shadows were already darkening the western horizon, we reached Richland, a very small village with a few simple but tasteful buildings.

In the center of the village stood a large white church, one of those venerated edifices so common over the South, and in that church the people of the county had gathered. We were at the home of JOHN W. SHACKELFORD. We had taken to his people his earthly tabernacle. We there met and saw his neighbors, his friends, his countrymen; the aged, the middle-aged, the young, both sexes, white and colored—all were there. The rich and the poor, the high and the lowly, without social or political distinction, all were there. From the eloquent divine to the humblest colored child in that assembly every heart overflowed with sorrow. There was not a human face which was not dark with grief. The gloom was universal. With deepest, gentlest respect and tenderness the chosen men of his county bore the casket to the sepulcher; and then, as the last crumbling clods were composed over his ashes, the sad and silent mourners retired with aching hearts to their homes. There was the monument to JOHN W. SHACKELFORD—the confidence, the friendship, the affection, the love, the sorrow of his people. In their hearts his memory will never die, and their affections will better guard his tomb and his fame than the cold marble at Westminster Abbey or the costly mausoleum of a Roman emperor.

Address of Mr. VANCE, of North Carolina.

The Great Archer has been very busy with the Forty-seventh Congress, Mr. President. Thick and fast have his shafts fallen upon our ranks. Again and again has the orderly course of our proceedings been interrupted, and we have been compelled to pause in the presence of our dead. To this unbidden guest we must, however reluctantly, yield time and place; in his dread presence all earthly concerns must retire.

The latest brother to pay the great debt, the last to cross the great river, of whose shores we can see but one, was JOHN W. SHACKELFORD, a Representative from the third district of North Carolina, who died in this city on the 18th day of January last. I wish to say a word concerning his life and character, with which I was intimately acquainted.

The endowments and capacity of men are as various as the individuals themselves, for such the manner of nature is. Some are rich in the gifts of genius; of poesy that utters the songs which captivate the soul; of oratory that sways the judgment and the emotions of men; of the power to grasp scientific truth and lay bare the mysteries of matter. To such, a career leading to eminence and renown is always open in all countries, under all forms of government. But it is the pride of our country and a peculiar excellence of our age that men can attain to high place among their countrymen also by the less commanding but more desirable moral attributes.

The honored gentleman in whose commemoration we conduct these ceremonies was not a great orator, statesman, or popular leader, student, or devotee of science, but he was richly endowed with all those more excellent qualities of head and heart which go to make up the character of a valued and useful American citizen. He was a plain, unassuming man, full of practical common sense, upright, conscientious, charitable, kind, and abounding in all those high attributes which belong to "the noble family of truth." Not ambitious of political honors, not a place-seeker by nature, it was the

recognition of these qualities which early caused his countrymen to call him from his quiet home and business to represent them in the Legislature of his native State. Again and again this call was repeated, to both houses of that body, until finally, their confidence in his faithfulness to duty and to the maxims of political and personal integrity growing by these trials, he was called to represent them in the National Legislature. It was in the honest discharge of these responsible duties that the inevitable messenger overtook him.

I knew him well, Mr. President. He was my friend, in the earnest sense of that word, and I loved him. The faithfulness of that friendship was subjected to severe tests and was found pure gold. I sat by his bedside and watched his life departing, reason relaxing her hold, and yet struggling now and then to resume her throne, the light fading slowly from the eye and gently giving place to the ashen pallor which precedes and heralds the everlasting darkness, and I thought that after all my friend's lot was a happy one, and his career though brief had been in the best sense successful. "Euthanasia—an easy death." In life he had made no enemies; his kindliness had left him no remorse, but crowned his last hours with blessings; his upright walk in the path of duty had left no bitterness of spirit. No consciousness of wrong inflicted or of trust betrayed or obligation undischarged or unjust word to be recalled could have clouded his eyes as they gazed upon the eternal shores whither he was drifting. Undoubtedly he could contemplate the past and the future with more serenity of soul than had his life been full of the fierce aggression and polemic strife which usually accompany the politician's career in this land of turbulent democracy.

Though his life was marked by no great events or extraordinary vicissitudes, it was also undimmed by a single cloud upon a good name, untarnished by a single "blot on the scutcheon" of an honest man. In this respect he represented the people among whom he lived with more than ordinary fitness. His political principles were chosen from sincere conviction, and he demonstrated this by laboring with disinterested zeal for their promotion, whether he was or was not to be personally benefited thereby.

A modern author has aptly said:

The progression of man through the circle of evil is marked by three infelicities: Necessity, oblivion, and death. The deaths which follow our changes are so many escapes from their power.

The philosophy of death and the state which ensued was naturally a matter of much speculation by the learned of antiquity. Death, says the elder D'Israeli, was the only divinity to which the ancients never sacrificed, convinced that no human being could turn aside its stroke. They raised altars to fever, to misfortune, to all the evils of life; for these might change. In the beautiful fables of their allegorical religion, death was the daughter of night and the sister of sleep. We find in the old Latin chroniclers a delicacy about using the word death. They did not say that their friend had *died*, but that he had *lived—vixit.*

Honoring as we do the philosophical speculation of those men of human wisdom, we are happy in the better belief that we can say of our departed friend, he *lives*; lives in that other and brighter sphere for which a just and upright career in the midst of evil had fitted him. The great apostle has taught us that "since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead;" and that "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." And a great poet has said over the bier of the dead:

Come away; for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell,
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.

With these hopes for our friend, having placed his body in the embrace of his mother earth and commended his soul to God, we pay this last tribute to his memory, and hold out his upright and virtuous life for the imitation of his family and countrymen.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Rollins in the chair). The question is on the resolutions offered by the Senator from North Carolina (Mr. Ransom).

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and the Senate adjourned.

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

House documents

Bd.: [351.] 1882/83, Vol. 8 = Congress 47, Sess. 2

Washington, DC 1883
Am.b. 3040-351,8
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11547915-7